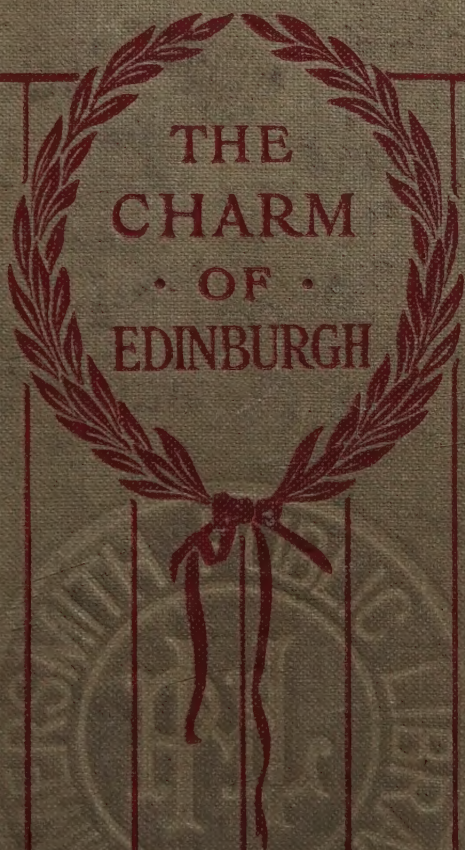




THE
CHARM
• OF •
EDINBURGH

ILLUSTRATED • BY • HARRY • MORLEY

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METROPOLITAN
SPECIAL COLLECTION

6 AUG

THE CHARM OF EDINBURGH



HIGH STREET, EDINBURGH

THE
CHARM OF EDINBURGH

AN ANTHOLOGY

COMPILED BY ALFRED H. HYATT

WITH 12 ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRY MORLEY



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EDITOR'S NOTE

EDINBURGH has been praised by many famous pens. The city's beautiful situation has afforded theme for the poet; the romances of its streets have presented the novelist with plots for tales of supreme interest; and in dealing with its past life the historiographer finds ample and rich material.

In the following pages have been gathered together poems and prose passages which illustrate the charm of Edinburgh. These, collected under various sections, introduce many famous names, and afford delightful word-pictures of the scenery and life of the Northern metropolis.

A. H. H.

To the present edition have been added twelve illustrations after the water-colour drawings of Mr. HARRY MORLEY.

September, 1913.

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THE CHARM OF EDINBURGH

EDINA'S CHARM

The combination of historic association with a matchless beauty which no change can efface gives Edinburgh her supreme attraction. By universal judgment, Edinburgh has a place, possibly the highest place, in the small group of the great towns of Europe conspicuous for romance and physical charm.

SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN.

Venice, it has been said, differs from all other cities in the sentiment which she inspires. The rest may have admirers ; she only, a famous fair one, counts lovers in her train. And, indeed, even by her kindest friends, Edinburgh is not considered in a similar sense. These like her for many reasons, not any one of which is satisfactory in itself. They like her whimsically, if you will, and somewhat as a virtuoso dotes upon his cabinet. Her attraction is romantic in the narrowest meaning of the term. Beautiful as she is, she is not so much beautiful as interesting. She is pre-eminently Gothic, and all the more so since she has set herself off with some Greek airs, and erected classic temples on her crags.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.



EDINBURGH :

THE FAMOUS METROPOLIS OF THE NORTH

THE ancient and famous metropolis of the North sits overlooking a windy estuary from the slope and summit of three hills. No situation could be more commanding for the head city of a kingdom ; none better chosen for noble prospects. From her tall precipice and terraced gardens she looks far and wide on the sea and broad champaigns. . . . Meditative people will find a charm in a certain consonancy between the aspect of the city and its odd and stirring history. Few places, if any, offer a more barbaric display of contrasts to the eye. In the very midst stands one of the most satisfactory crags in Nature—a Bass Rock upon dry land, rooted in a garden shaken by passing trains, carrying a crown of battlements and turrets, and describing its war-like shadow over the liveliest and brightest thoroughfare of the new town. From their smoky beehives, ten stories high, the unwashed look down upon the open squares and gardens of the wealthy ; and gay people, sunning themselves along Princes Street, with its mile of commercial palaces all beflagged upon some great occasion, see, across a gardened valley set with statues, where the washings of the Old Town flutter in the breeze at its high windows. And then, upon all sides, what a clashing of architecture ! In this one valley, where the life of the town goes most busily forward, there may be seen, shown one above and behind another by the accidents of the ground, buildings in

almost every style upon the globe. Egyptian and Greek temples, Venetian palaces and Gothic spires, are huddled one over another in a most admired disorder ; while, above all, the brute mass of the Castle and the summit of Arthur's Seat look down upon these imitations with a becoming dignity, as the works of Nature may look down upon the monuments of Art. But Nature is a more indiscriminate patroness than we imagine, and in no way frightened of a strong effect. The birds roost as willingly among the Corinthian capitals as in the crannies of the crag ; the same atmosphere and daylight clothe the eternal rock and yesterday's imitation portico ; and as the soft northern sunshine throws out everything into a glorified distinctness, or easterly mists, coming up with the blue evening, fuse all these incongruous features into one, and the lamps begin to glitter along the street, and faint lights to burn in the high windows across the valley, the feeling grows upon you that this also is a piece of Nature in the most intimate sense ; that this profusion of eccentricities, this dream in masonry and living rock, is not a drop-scene in a theatre, but a city in the world of everyday reality.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

A SPOT OF ENCHANTMENT

VERSES WRITTEN AT THE HERMITAGE OF BRAID, NEAR
EDINBURGH

WOULD you relish a rural retreat,
Or the pleasure the groves can inspire,
The city's allurements forget,
To this spot of enchantment retire,

Where a valley, and crystalline brook,
Whose current glides sweetly along,
Give Nature a fanciful look,
The beautiful woodlands among.

Behold the umbrageous trees
A covert of verdure have spread,
Where shepherds may loll at their ease,
And pipe to the musical shade :

For, lo ! thro' each op'ning is heard,
In concert with waters below,
The voice of a musical bird,
Whose numbers do gracefully flow.

The bushes and arbours so green,
The tendrils of spray interwove,
With foliage shelter the scene,
And form a retirement for love.

Here Venus transported may rove
From pleasure to pleasure unseen,
Nor wish for the Cyprian grove
Her youthful Adonis to screen.

Oft let me contemplative dwell
On a scene where such beauties appear ;
I could live in a cot or a cell,
And never think solitude near.

ROBERT FERGUSSON.

'OUR TOWN'

OUR Town, like the Castle, is in itself complete.
Metaphorically speaking, it is a walled city, having
within its walls all that it finds necessary for its exist-

ence. It has its social life, its intellectual life, its religious life,—all within its own metaphorical walls. And so it happens that people may come to Our Town and make it their home for years, and take no hold of it, remaining in it and yet not of it.

Criticized as a picture, Our Town may be lacking in colour : regarded as a photograph, it is the most beautiful city in the world. We all know that we live in the most beautiful city in the world. Strangers may jest or grumble, according to their natures and tempers, about our climate ; but we can afford to smile. Who would be such a boor as to cavil at the most beautiful woman in the world because her temper was not equable ?

I happened to be the only man at a large afternoon tea-gathering the other day, and I was trying to make myself inconspicuous in the doorway until some other man should arrive to bear me company, or until I could make good my escape. In this position I overheard the greetings and conversations of two ladies. They were both natives of Our Town, and knew each other intimately ; but the exigencies of marriage had torn one away for a few years. They sank down by one another on a sofa inside the doorway, and pressed each other's hands.

‘ It is a beautiful town, is it not ? ’ asked she who had remained in it.

‘ It is indeed ! ’ replied the other fervently. ‘ Coming back to Our Town after living elsewhere, one is struck afresh by it ! ’

‘ Ah, you will be ! ’ answered the first sympathetically. ‘ Indeed, I never go out but I say to myself, “ What a beautiful city it is we live in,—the Castle——” ’

- ' And such broad streets !'
- ' And the public gardens !'
- ' And the magnificent buildings !'
- ' And the Old Town—so picturesque !'
- ' And the New Town—so regular !'
- ' Ah, it is a beautiful city !'

Do you, in other towns, say all this when you meet after a few years' separation, I wonder ?

Our dear old Town ! We boast that it, like Rome, is spread amid seven hills ; but its grey old backbone lies jagged and worn along a single ridge from its Castle on the height to its Palace in the depth ; and every vertebra of that ancient backbone is rich in crusted association and legend and tragedy and history. Our dear old Town, with its haze of blue-grey smoke hanging over it by day, and its hundreds of twinkling lights by night ! Cold and grey and hard and beautiful, it is like some exquisite pearl flung up on the shores of the misty sea.

ROSALINE MASSON.

THE BEAUTY OF EDINBURGH

EVERY true Scotsman believes Edinburgh to be the most picturesque city in the world ; and truly, stands ing on the Calton Hill at early morning, when the smoke of fires newly kindled hangs in azure swathe, and veils about the Old Town—which from that point resembles a huge lizard, the Castle its head—church-spires spikes upon its scaly back, creeping up from its lair beneath the Craggs to look out on the morning world—one is quite inclined to pardon the enthusiasm of the North Briton. The finest view from the interior is obtained from the corner of

St. Andrew Street, looking west. Straight before you the Mound crosses the valley, bearing the white Academy buildings ; beyond, the Castle lifts, from grassy slopes and billows of summer foliage, its weather-stained towers and fortifications, the Half-Moon battery giving the folds of its standard to the wind. Living in Edinburgh there abides, above all things, a sense of its beauty. Hill, crag, castle, rock, blue stretch of sea, the picturesque ridge of the Old Town, the squares and terraces of the New—these things seen once are not to be forgotten. The quick life of to-day sounding around the relics of antiquity, and overshadowed by the august traditions of a kingdom, makes residence in Edinburgh more impressive than residence in any other British city. I have just come in—surely it never looked so fair before ? What a poem is that Princes Street ! The puppets of the busy, many-coloured hour move about on its pavement, while across the ravine Time has piled up the Old Town, ridge on ridge, grey as a rocky coast washed and worn by the foam of centuries ; peaked and jagged by gable and roof ; windowed from basement to cope ; the whole surmounted by St. Giles's airy crown. The New is there looking at the Old. Two Times are brought face to face, and are yet separated by a thousand years. Wonderful on winter nights, when the gully is filled with darkness, and out of it rises, against the sombre blue and the frosty stars, that mass and bulwark of gloom, pierced and quivering with innumerable lights. There is nothing in Europe to match that, I think. Could you but roll a river down the valley it would be sublime. Finer still, to place one's self near the Burns Monument and look toward the Castle. It is

more astonishing than an Eastern dream. A city rises up before you painted by fire on night. High in air a bridge of lights leaps the chasm; a few emerald lamps, like glow-worms, are moving silently about in the railway station below; a solitary crimson one is at rest. That ridged and chimneyed bulk of blackness, with splendour bursting out at every pore, is the wonderful Old Town, where Scottish history mainly transacted itself; while, opposite, the modern Princes Street is blazing throughout its length. During the day the Castle looks down upon the city as if out of another world; stern with all its peacefulness, its garniture of trees, its slopes of grass. The rock is dingy enough in colour, but after a shower, its lichens laugh out greenly in the returning sun, while the rainbow is brightening on the lowering sky beyond. How deep the shadow which the Castle throws at noon over the gardens at its feet where the children play! How grand when giant bulk and towery crown blacken against sunset! Fair, too, the New Town sloping to the sea. From George Street, which crowns the ridge, the eye is led down sweeping streets of stately architecture to the villas and woods that fill the lower ground, and fringe the shore; to the bright azure belt of the Forth, with its smoking steamer or its creeping sail; beyond, to the shores of Fife, soft blue, and flecked with fleeting shadows in the keen, clear light of spring, dark purple in the summer heat, tarnished gold in the autumn haze; and farther away still, just distinguishable on the paler sky, the crest of some distant peak, carrying the imagination into the illimitable world. Residence in Edinburgh is an education in itself. Its beauty refines

one like being in love. It is perennial, like a play of Shakespeare's. Nothing can stale its infinite variety.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

EDINBURGH'S CALL

THE tropics vanish, and meseems that I,
From Halkerside, from topmost Allermuir,
Or steep Caerketton, dreaming gaze again.
Far set in fields and woods, the town I see
Spring gallant from the shadows of her smoke,
Cragged, spired, and turreted, her virgin fort
Beflagged. About, on seaward-drooping hills,
New folds of city glitter. Last, the Forth
Wheels ample waters set with sacred isles,
And populous Fife smokes with a score of
towns.

There, on the sunny frontage of a hill,
Hard by the house of kings, repose the dead,
My dead, the ready and the strong of word.
Their works, the salt-encrusted, still survive ;
The sea bombards their founded towers ; the
night
Thrills pierced with their strong lamps. The
artificers,
One after one, here in this grated cell,
Where the rain erases, and the rust consumes,
Fell upon lasting silence. Continents
And continental oceans intervene ;
A sea unchartered, on a lampless isle,
Environs and confines their wandering child
In vain. The voice of generations dead

Summons me, sitting distant, to arise,
My numerous footsteps nimbly to retrace,
And, all mutation over, stretch me down
In that denoted city of the dead.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

EDINBURGH'S STATELY BEAUTY

It is a long trip from London to Edinburgh, but if you take the Flying Scotchman, you do it in ten hours. The Flying Scotchman is the fast express, which makes only three or four stops between the two cities, and goes, I believe, at the rate of sixty miles an hour. It does, indeed, seem like flying. A bird on rapid wing must get much such glimpses of the world about him as we got, tearing on through the country, that long day.

We reached Edinburgh in the evening. The friend we were to visit was glad of this; for he was an American of Scotch descent, and had enough of a Scotchman's pride in Edinburgh to want us first to see 'The Castle' in all its morning glory. Everybody talks of the Castle when you are in Edinburgh. You cannot forget it if you would, for it dominates everything, and it is the heart of everything.

Edinburgh is a city of hills and valleys. Castle Rock, as the site of the Castle is called, is some seven hundred feet in circumference, and on three sides it is just bare rock, so precipitous that foot of man could hardly scale it. Accessible only on one side, a place more perfectly adapted for a fortress can scarcely be imagined.

The old grey Castle itself is one of the most impressive of buildings. Whether you see it at sun-

rise, at high noon, in the tender twilight time, or when the pale moon visits it, it is alike beautiful ; but I think the view of it which will linger longest in my memory is that I had one afternoon when I sat on a green bank in the Princes Street Gardens. The sun sank lower and lower, until at last the valley was in shadow, while all the sunset glow and glory rested on the grey old Castle, making its windows flame like opals.

I remember Edinburgh and the region round it in a series of pictures. The buildings are all of stone,—a fine-grained sandstone, which is quite equal in beauty to marble. It is susceptible of the utmost delicacy of carving, and it so well resists the effects of time and the weather as to retain longer than almost any other stone its freshness of aspect. Arthur's Seat attracted me most among the many hills. The Seat itself is a great rock at the very top of the hill, in which you can trace a sort of fantastic resemblance to a chair.

I sat there on the jagged old rock, and looked forth with such a swelling at my heart as I cannot at all put into words. I have seldom if ever seen a view at once so extended and so lovely. Edinburgh lay spread out there in all its stately beauty. Other more distant hills confronted you with their solemn peace. Off at one side was Leith, the seaport of Edinburgh, and beyond it the sea, blue, bright, illimitable. It was worth a much harder climb to look upon such a scene.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

'A GRAN' SPEECH'

Shepherd. Mr. North, sir ; gie's ane o' your gran' speeches. I want to fa' asleep.

North. Yes, Edina, thou art indeed a noble city, a metropolis worthy the land of Mountain and of Flood, Glen, Forest, Loch, and long-winding arms of Ocean. Queen of the North ! which of thy august shrines dost thou love the best ? The Castle Cliff, within whose hoary battlements Kings were born ; the Green Hill looking down on deserted Holyrood ; the crags smitten into grandeur and beauty by time and the elements ; or the Mountain, like a lion couchant, reposing in the sky ?

Shepherd. Losh me ! that's beautifu' language.

North. The glorious works of Nature everywhere overshadow those of men's hands, and her primeval spirit yet reigns, with paramount and prevailing power, over the region that art has made magnificent with spires, towers, temples, and palaces !

Shepherd. Nane o' your asthmatic coughs ; on wi' ye, on wi' ye, ye deevil.

North. Wheel round the city, as on eagle's wing, skimming the edge of the smoke, and the din, and the tumult, in itself a world, yet bordered how beautifully by another world of plains, woods, and ranges of hills, and that glorious Firth, all silent, serene, sublime ; and overhead a heaven swept into cloudless azure by the sea-blasts, and stretching out an ample circumference for the path of the sun !

Shepherd. Eh ? Was ye speaking to me ? Oo ay, it's a gude jug.

North. Eastward : those are ships hanging afar off

between wave and weather-gleam ; westward : those are not clouds, but snow-capt mountains, whose sides are thundering with cataracts, and round whose bases lie a hundred lakes. . . . The eye needs not, here, the aid of Imagination ; but Imagination will not, in such a scene, suffer the eye to be without her aid. The past and the future she makes to darken or brighten on the present—the limits of the horizon she extends afar—and around ‘stately Edinburgh, throned on craggs,’ arises a vision of old Scotland from sea to sea !

Shepherd (starting). Lord, sirs, I thocht I had coupit ower a precipice just then.

CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

MAGNIFICENT EDINBURGH

THE situation of Edinburgh is probably as extraordinary an one as can well be imagined for a metropolis. The immense hills, on which great part of it is built, make the views uncommonly magnificent.

You have seen the famous street at Lisle, la Rue Royale, leading to the port of Tournay, which is said to be the finest in Europe ; but which I can assure you is not to be compared either in length or breadth to the High Street at Edinburgh ; and would they be at the expense of removing some buildings which obstruct the view, by being placed in the middle of the street, nothing could be conceived more magnificent. . . . I make no manner of doubt but that the High Street in Edinburgh is inhabited by a greater number of persons than any street in Europe. The ground floors and cellars are in general made use of for shops by the tradesmen ; who here style

themselves merchants, as in France ; and the higher houses are possessed by the genteeler people.

In London, you know, such an habitation would not be deemed the most eligible, and many a man in such a situation would not be sorry to descend a little lower. The style of building here has given rise to different ideas : Some years ago a Scotch gentleman, who went to London for the first time, took the uppermost storey of a lodging house, and was very much surprised to find what he thought the genteelest place in the whole at the lowest price. His friends who came to see him, in vain acquainted him with the mistake he had been guilty of. 'He ken'd vera weel,' he said, 'what gentility was, and when he lived all his life in a sixth storey, he was not come to London to live upon the ground.'

From the left of the High Street you pass down by a number of different alleys, or as they call them here, wynds and closes, to the different parts of the Old Town. They are many of them so very steep that it requires great attention to the feet to prevent falling ; but so well accustomed are the Scotch to that position of body required in descending these declivities, that I have seen a Scotch girl run down them with great swiftness in pattens. . . .

After all the agreeable hours I have passed here, the remembrance of which will ever be dear to me, I am on the point of taking my leave of this kingdom. Travellers, you know, generally affect a sorrow on parting with those who have received them civilly, and sometimes probably may feel one. But I can assure you that on this occasion it is not necessary 'to assume a virtue which I have not.' I am so well convinced of the merit of those I leave behind

me, that I feel the most sincere regret for my departure.

The wandering life I have hitherto led has by no means extinguished these sensations ; for, though I despise all attachments to this place or the other, merely for being such, I make it my study to conform, as far as I can, to the opinions, and even to the prejudices of every country into which I go. Every man should do so, because it is the means of making his own happiness.

The little time I have now left me must be employed in acknowledging the numerous civilities I have received, and in parting from those I most esteem. I wish this last office over, for it is a very painful one, and answers no one purpose that I know of but that of making us more melancholy. Were I to spare my own feelings alone on this occasion, I might probably be willing to escape without the ceremonies of an audience ; but the gratitude I owe the Scotch must make me forego such a thought.

CAPTAIN TOPHAM (1775).

QUEEN OF THE UNCONQUERED NORTH

THEN proudly fling thy white arms to the sea,
Queen of the unconquered North ! lo ! yonder deep,
With all his subject waves, doth worship thee !
Stately thou sittest on thy mountain throne,
Thy towers and temples like a cloudy sky ;
And scarce can tell what fabrics are thine own,
Hung 'mid the air-built phantoms floating by.
Oh ! ne'er may that bright diadem be shorn,
By thee, for many an age, majestically worn !

PROFESSOR WILSON.

A HOT-BED OF GENIUS

I SHOULD be very ungrateful, dear Lewis, if I did not find myself disposed to think and speak favourably of this people, among whom I have met with more kindness, hospitality, and rational entertainment in a few weeks, than ever I received in any other country during the whole course of my life. . . . Edinburgh is a hot-bed of genius. I had the good fortune to be made acquainted with many authors of the first distinction, such as the two Humes, Robertson, Smith, Wallace, Blair, Fergusson, Wilkie, etc., and I have found them all as agreeable in conversation as they are instructive and entertaining in their writings. . . . Though this city, from the nature of its situation, can never be made either very convenient or very cleanly, it has nevertheless an air of magnificence that commands respect. The Castle is an instance of the sublime in site and architecture. Its fortifications are kept in good order, and there is always in it a garrison of regular soldiers, which is relieved every year ; but it is incapable of sustaining a siege carried on according to the modern operations of war. The Castle-hill, which extends from the outward gate to the upper end of the High Street, is used as a public walk for the citizens, and commands a prospect equally extensive and delightful, over the county of Fife, on the other side of the Firth, and all along the sea-coast, which is covered with a succession of towns that would seem to indicate a considerable share of commerce ; but if the truth must be told, these towns have been falling to decay ever since the Union, by which the Scotch were in a great measure

deprived of their trade with France. The palace of Holyrood-house is a jewel in architecture, thrust into a hollow where it cannot be seen ; a situation which was certainly not chosen by the ingenious architect, who must have been confined to the site of the old palace, which was a convent. Edinburgh is considerably extended on the south side, where there are divers little elegant squares built in the English manner ; and the citizens have planned some improvements on the north, which, when put in execution, will add greatly to the beauty and convenience of this capital.

The sea-port is Leith, a flourishing town, about a mile from the city, in the harbour of which I have seen above one hundred ships lying altogether. You must know I had the curiosity to cross the Firth in a passage-boat, and stayed two days in Fife, which is remarkably fruitful in corn, and exhibits a surprising number of fine seats, elegantly built and magnificently furnished. There is an incredible number of noble houses in every part of Scotland, that I have seen—Dalkeith, Pinkie, Yester, and Lord Hopetoun's, all of them within four or five miles of Edinburgh, are princely palaces, in every one of which a sovereign might reside at his ease. I suppose the Scotch affect these monuments of grandeur. If I may be allowed to mingle censure with my remarks upon a people I revere, I must observe that their weak side seems to be vanity. I am afraid that even their hospitality is not quite free from ostentation. I think I have discovered among them uncommon pains taken to display their fine linen, of which indeed they have great plenty, their furniture, plate, housekeeping, and variety of wines, in which article, it must be

owned, they are profuse, if not prodigal. A burgher of Edinburgh, not content to vie with a citizen of London who has ten times his fortune, must excel him in the expense as well as elegance of his entertainments. . . . We shall set out [for Glasgow] in two days, and take Stirling in our way, well provided with recommendations from our friends at Edinburgh, whom, I protest, I shall leave with much regret. I am so far from thinking it any hardship to live in this country, that, if I was obliged to lead a town life, Edinburgh would certainly be the headquarters of, yours always, MATT BRAMBLE.

EDINBURGH, *August 8.*

TOBIAS SMOLLETT.

THE GOOD TOWN OF EDINBURGH

DEAR PHILLIPS,—If I stay much longer at Edinburgh, I shall be changed into a downright Caledonian. My uncle observes, that I have already acquired something of the country accent. The people here are so social and attentive in their civilities to strangers that I am insensibly sucked into the channel of their manners and customs, although they are in fact much more different from ours than you can imagine. That difference, however, which struck me very much at my first arrival, I now hardly perceive, and my ear is perfectly reconciled to the Scotch accent, which I find even agreeable in the mouth of a pretty woman. It is a sort of Doric dialect, which gives an idea of amiable simplicity. You cannot imagine how we have been caressed and feasted in the *good town of Edinburgh*, of which we are become free denizens and guild-brothers, by the special favour of the magistracy.

I had a whimsical commission from Bath, to a

citizen of this metropolis. Quin, understanding our intention to visit Edinburgh, pulled out a guinea, and desired the favour I would drink it at a tavern, with a particular friend and bottle-companion of his, one Mr. Robert Cullen, a lawyer of this city. I charged myself with the commission, and, taking the guinea, 'You see,' said I, 'I have pocketed your bounty.' 'Yes,' replied Quin, laughing, 'and a headache into the bargain, if you drink fair.' I made use of this introduction to Mr. Cullen, who received me with open arms, and gave me the rendezvous, according to the cartel. He had provided a company of jolly fellows, among whom I found myself extremely happy; and did Mr. Cullen and Quin all the justice in my power; but, alas! I was no more than a tyro among a troop of veterans, who had compassion upon my youth, and conveyed me home in the morning, by what means I know not. Quin was mistaken, however, as to the headache; the claret was too good to treat me so roughly. While Mr. Bramble holds conferences with the graver *litterati* of the place, and our females are entertained at visits by the Scotch ladies, who are the best and kindest creatures upon earth, I pass my time among the bucks of Edinburgh, who, with a great share of spirit and vivacity, have a certain shrewdness and self-command that is not often found among their neighbours in the hey-day of youth and exultation. Not a hint escapes a Scotchman that can be interpreted into offence by any individual in the company; and national reflections are never heard. In this particular, I must own, we are both unjust and ungrateful to the Scotch; for, as far as I am able to judge, they have a real esteem for the natives

of South Britain, and never mention our country but with expressions of regard. . . .

All the remarkable places in the city and its avenues, for ten miles around, we have visited, much to our satisfaction. In the Castle are some royal apartments, where the sovereign occasionally resided ; and here are carefully preserved the regalia of the kingdom, consisting of a crown, said to be of great value, a sceptre, and a sword of state adorned with jewels. Of these symbols of sovereignty the people are exceedingly jealous. A report being spread, during the sitting of the Union Parliament, that they were removed to London, such a tumult arose that the Lord Commissioner would have been torn in pieces if he had not produced them for the satisfaction of the populace.

The palace of Holyrood-house is an elegant piece of architecture, but sunk in an obscure, and, as I take it, unwholesome bottom, where one would imagine it had been placed on purpose to be concealed. The apartments are lofty but unfurnished ; and as for the pictures of the Scottish Kings, from Fergus I. to King William, they are paltry daubings, mostly by the same hand, painted either from the imagination, or porters hired to sit for the purpose. All the diversions of London we enjoy at Edinburgh in a small compass. Here is a well-conducted concert, in which several gentlemen perform on different instruments. The Scotch are all musicians. Every man you meet plays on the flute, the violin, or violoncello ; and there is one nobleman whose compositions are universally admired. Our company of actors is very tolerable, and a subscription is now on foot for building a new theatre. But their

assemblies please me above all other public exhibitions.

We have been at the hunters' ball, where I was really astonished to see such a number of fine women. The English who have never crossed the Tweed, imagine erroneously that the Scotch ladies are not remarkable for personal attractions : but I declare with a safe conscience, I never saw so many handsome ladies together as were assembled on this occasion. At the Leith races the best company comes hither from the remoter provinces, so that, I suppose, we had all the beauty of the kingdom concentrated, as it were, into one focus ; which was indeed so vehement that my heart could hardly resist its power. Between friends, it has sustained some damage from the bright eyes of the charming Miss Renton, whom I had the honour to dance with at the ball. The Countess of Melville attracted all eyes, and the admiration of all present. She was accompanied by the agreeable Miss Grieve, who made many conquests ; nor did my sister Liddy pass unnoticed in the assembly. She is become a toast at Edinburgh, by the name of the Fair Cambrian. . . . We shall set out to-morrow or next day for Stirling and Glasgow ; and we propose to penetrate a little way into the Highlands, before we turn our course to the southward.—Commend me to all our friends round Carfax, and believe me to be, ever yours, J. MELFORD.

Edinburgh, AUGUST 8.

TOBIAS SMOLLETT.

THE CANONGATE : ONE OF THE WORLD'S SIGHTS

The Canongate . . . has many visitors. The tourist is anxious to make acquaintance with it. Gentlemen



OLD EDINBURGH FROM WAVERLEY BRIDGE

of obtuse olfactory nerve, and of an antiquarian turn of mind, go down its closes, and climb its spiral stairs. Deep down these wynds the artist pitches his stool, and spends the day sketching some picturesque gable or doorway.

The New Town is divided from the Old by a gorge or valley, now occupied by a railway-station ; and the means of communication are from the Mound. . . . You stand on the South Bridge, and looking down, instead of a stream, you see the Cowgate, the . . . most densely peopled of Edinburgh streets. Admired once by a French ambassador at the court of one of the Jameses, and yet with certain traces of departed splendour, the Cowgate has fallen into the sere and yellow leaf of furniture-brokers, second-hand jewellers, and vendors of deleterious alcohol. These second-hand jewellers' shops, the trinkets seen by bleared gaslight, are the most melancholy sights I know. Watches hang there that once ticked comfortably in the fobs of prosperous men, rings that were once placed by happy bridegrooms on the fingers of happy brides, jewels in which lives the sacredness of death-beds. What tragedies, what disruptions of households, what fell pressure of poverty brought them there ! Looking in through the foul windows, the trinkets remind one of shipwrecked gold embedded in the ooze of ocean—gold that speaks of unknown, yet certain, storm and disaster, of the yielding of planks, of the cry of drowning men. Who has the heart to buy them, I wonder ? The Cowgate is the Irish portion of the city. Edinburgh leaps over it with bridges. . . . The people of the Cowgate seldom visit the upper streets. You may walk about the New Town for a twelvemonth before one of these

Cowgate pariahs comes between the wind and your gentility. Should you wish to see that strange people 'at home,' you must visit them. The Cowgate will not come to you : you must go to the Cowgate. To walk along it, then, from the West Port, through the noble open space of the Grassmarket—where the Covenanters and Captain Porteous suffered—on to Holyrood, is one of the world's sights, and one that does not particularly raise your estimate of human nature. . . .

But Edinburgh keeps all these evil things out of sight, and smiles, with Castle, tower, church-spire, and pyramid rising into sunlight out of garden spaces and belts of foliage. The Cowgate has no power to mar her beauty. There may be a canker at the heart of the peach—there is neither pit nor stain on its dusty velvet. Throned on crags, Edinburgh takes every eye ; and, not content with supremacy in beauty, she claims an intellectual supremacy also. She is a patrician amongst British cities, 'A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree.' She has wit if she lacks wealth : she counts great men against millionaires. The success of the actor is insecure until thereunto Edinburgh has set her seal. The poet trembles before the Edinburgh critics. The singer respects the delicacy of the Edinburgh ear. Coarse London may roar with applause : fastidious Edinburgh sniffs disdain, and sneers reputations away. London is the stomach of the empire—Edinburgh the quick, subtle, far-darting brain. Some pretension of this kind the visitor hears on all sides of him. It is quite wonderful how Edinburgh purrs over her own literary achievements. Swift, in the dark years that preceded his death,

looking one day over some of the productions of his prime, exclaimed, 'Good heaven! what a genius I once was!' Edinburgh, looking some fifty years back on herself, is perpetually expressing astonishment and delight. Mouldering Highland families, when they are unable to retain a sufficient following of servants, fill up the gaps with *ghosts*. Edinburgh maintains her dignity after a similar fashion, and for a similar reason. Lord-Advocate Moncreiff, one of the members for the city, hardly ever addresses his fellow-citizens without recalling the names of Jeffrey, Cockburn, Rutherford, and the other stars that of yore made the welkin bright. On every side we hear of the brilliant society of forty years ago. Edinburgh considers herself supreme in talent—just as it is taken for granted to-day that the present English navy is the most powerful in the world, because Nelson won Trafalgar. The Whigs consider *The Edinburgh Review* the most wonderful effort of human genius. The Tories would agree with them, if they were not bound to consider *Blackwood's Magazine* a still greater effort. It may be said that Burns, Scott, and Carlyle are the only men really great in literature—taking *great* in a European sense—who, during the last eighty years, have been connected with Edinburgh. I do not include Wilson in the list; for although he was as splendid as any of these for the moment, he was evanescent as a Northern light. In the whole man there was something spectacular. A review is superficially very like a battle. In both there is the rattle of musketry, the boom of great guns, the deploying of endless brigades, charges of brazen squadrons that shake the ground—only the battle changes kingdoms, while the review is gone

with its own smoke-wreaths. Scott lived in or near Edinburgh during the whole course of his life. Burns lived there but a few months. Carlyle went to London early, where he has written his important works, and made his reputation. Let the city boast of Scott—no one will say she does wrong in that—but it is not so easy to discover the amazing brilliancy of her other literary lights. Their reputations, after all, are to a great extent local. What blazes a sun at Edinburgh, would, if transported to London, not unfrequently become a farthing candle. Lord Jeffrey—when shall we cease to hear his praises? With perfect truthfulness one may admit that his lordship was no common man. His ‘vision’ was sharp and clear enough within its range. He was unable to relish certain literary forms, as some men are unable to relish certain dishes—an inaptitude that might arise from fastidiousness of palate, or from weakness of digestion. His style was perspicuous; he had an icy sparkle of epigram and antithesis, some wit, and no enthusiasm. He wrote many clever papers, made many clever speeches, said many clever things. But the man who could so egregiously blunder as to *Wilhelm Meister*, who hooted Wordsworth through his entire career, who had the insolence to pen the sentence that opens the notice of the *Excursion* in *The Edinburgh Review*, and who, when writing tardily, but really well, on Keats, could pass over the *Hyperion* with a slighting remark, might be possessed of distinguished parts, but no claim can be made for him to the character of a great critic. Hazlitt, wilful, passionate, splendidly gifted, in whose very eccentricities and fierce vagaries there was a generosity which belongs only to fine natures, has sunk

away into an almost unknown London grave, and his works into unmerited oblivion ; while Lord Jeffrey yet makes radiant with his memory the city of his birth. In point of natural gifts and endowment—in point, too, of literary issue and result—the Englishman far surpassed the Scot. Why have their destinies been so different ? One considerable reason is that Hazlitt lived in London—Jeffrey in Edinburgh. Hazlitt was partially lost in an impatient crowd and rush of talent. Jeffrey stood, patent to every eye, in an open space in which there were few competitors. London does not brag about Hazlitt—Edinburgh brags about Jeffrey. The Londoner, when he visits Edinburgh, is astonished to find that it possesses a Valhalla filled with gods—chiefly legal ones—of whose names and deeds he was previously in ignorance. The ground breaks into unexpected flowerage beneath his feet. He may conceive to-day to be a little cloudy—may even suspect east wind to be abroad—but the discomfort is balanced by the reports he hears on every side of the beauty, warmth, and splendour of yesterday. He puts out his hands and warms them, if he can, at that fire of the past. ‘ Ah ! that society of forty years ago ! Never on this earth did the like exist. Those astonishing men, Horner, Jeffrey, Cockburn, Rutherford ! What wit was theirs—what eloquence, what genius ! What a city this Edinburgh once was ! ’

ALEXANDER SMITH.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE PAST

EDINBURGH is not only in point of beauty the first of British cities—but, considering its population, the general tone of its society is more intellectual than

that of any other. In no other city will you find so general an appreciation of books, art, music, and objects of antiquarian interest. It is peculiarly free from the taint of the ledger and the counting-house. It is a Weimar without a Goethe—Boston without its nasal twang. But it wants variety ; it is mainly a city of the professions. London, for instance, contains every class of people ; it is the seat of legislature as well as of wealth ; it embraces Seven Dials as well as Belgravia. In that vast community class melts imperceptibly into class, from the Sovereign on the throne to the wretch in the condemned cell. In that finely-graduated scale the professions take their own place. In Edinburgh matters are quite different. It retains the gauds which royalty cast off when it went South, and takes a melancholy pleasure in regarding these—as a lady the love-tokens of a lover who has deserted her to marry into a family of higher rank. A crown and sceptre lie up in the Castle, but no brow wears the diadem, no hand lifts the golden rod. There is a palace at the foot of the Canongate, but it is a hotel for her Majesty, *en route* for Balmoral—a place where the Commissioner to the Church of Scotland holds his phantom Court. With these exceptions, the old halls echo only the footfalls of the tourist and sight-seer. When royalty went to London, nobility followed ; and in Edinburgh the field is left now, and has been so left for a long time back, to Law, Physic, and Divinity. The professions predominate ; than these there is nothing higher. At Edinburgh a Lord of Session is a Prince of the Blood, a Professor a Cabinet Minister, an Advocate an heir to a peerage. The University and the Courts of Justice are to Edinburgh what the Court and the

Houses of Lords and Commons are to London. . . . In Edinburgh we have *had* princes of late years, and seen the uses of them. A prince at Holyrood would effect for the country what 'Scottish Rights' Associations and University reformers have so long desired. The nobility would again gather—for a portion of the year at least—to their ancient capital; and their sons, as of old, would be found in the University class-rooms. Under the new influence life would be gayer, airier, brighter. The social tyranny of the professions would to some extent be broken up, the atmosphere would become less legal, and a new standard would be introduced whereby to measure men and their pretensions. For the Prince, himself, good results might be expected. He would at the least have some specific public duties to perform; and he would, through intercourse, become attached to the people, as the people in their turn would become attached to him. Edinburgh needs some little gaiety and courtly pomp to break the coldness of gray stony streets; to brighten a somewhat sombre atmosphere; to mollify the east wind that blows half the year, and the 'professional sectarianism' that blows the whole year round. You always suspect the east wind, somehow, in the city. You go to dinner, the east wind is blowing chillily from hostess to host. You go to church, a bitter east wind is blowing in the sermon. The text is that divine one, GOD IS LOVE; and the discourse that follows is full of all uncharitableness.

Of all British cities, Edinburgh—Weimar-like in its intellectual and æsthetic leanings, Florence-like in its freedom from the stains of trade, and more than Florence-like in its beauty—is one the best suited for

the conduct of a lettered life. The city, as an entity, does not stimulate like London, the present moment is not nearly so intense, life does not roar and chafe—it murmurs only; and this interest of the hour, mingled with something of the quietude of distance and the past—which is the spiritual atmosphere of the city—is the most favourable of all conditions for intellectual work or intellectual enjoyment. You have libraries—you have the society of cultivated men and women—you have the eye constantly fed by beauty—the Old Town, jagged, picturesque, piled up; and the airy, open, coldly-sunny, unhurried, uncrowded streets of the New Town—and, above all, you can ‘sport your oak,’ as they say at Cambridge, and be quit of the world, the gossip, and the dun. In Edinburgh you do not require to create quiet for yourself; you can have it ready-made. Life is leisurely; but it is not the leisure of a village, arising from a deficiency of ideas and motives—it is the leisure of a city reposing grandly on tradition and history, which has done its work, which does not require to weave its own clothing, to dig its own coals, to smelt its own iron. And then, in Edinburgh, above all British cities, you are released from the vulgarizing dominion of the hour. The past confronts you at every street corner. The Castle looks down out of history on its gayest thoroughfare. The winds of fable are blowing across Arthur’s Seat. Old kings dwelt in Holyrood. Go out of the city where you will, the past attends you like a cicerone. Go down to North Berwick, and the red shell of Tantallon speaks to you of the might of the Douglasses. Across the sea, from the grey-green Bass, through a cloud of gannets, comes the sigh of prisoners. From

the long sea-board of Fife—which you can see from George Street—starts a remembrance of the Jameses. Queen Mary is at Craigmillar, Napier at Merchiston, Ben Jonson and Drummond at Hawthornden, Prince Charles in the little inn at Duddingston ; and if you go out to Linlithgow, there is the smoke of Bothwell-haugh's fusee, and the Great Regent falling in the crooked street. Thus the past checkmates the present. To an imaginative man, life in or near Edinburgh is like residence in an old castle :—the rooms are furnished in consonance with modern taste and convenience ; the people who move about wear modern costume, and talk of current events in current colloquial phrases ; there is the last newspaper and book in the library, the air from the last new opera in the drawing-room ; but, while the hour flies past, a subtle influence enters into it—enriching, dignifying—from oak panelling and carvings on the roof—from the picture of the peaked-bearded ancestor on the wall—from the picture of the fanned and hooped lady—from the old suit of armour and the moth-eaten banner. On the intellectual man, living or working in Edinburgh, the light comes through the stained window of the past. To-day's event is not raw and *brusque* ; it comes draped in romantic colour, hued with ancient gules and or. And when he has done his six hours' work, he can take the noblest and most renovating exercise. He can throw down his pen, put aside his papers, and walk round the Queen's Drive, where the wind from the sea is always fresh and keen ; and in his hour's walk he has wonderful variety of scenery—the fat Lothians—the craggy hill-side—the valley, which seems a bit of the Highlands—the wide sea, with smoky towns

on its margin, and islands on its bosom—lakes with swans and rushes—ruins of castle, palace, and chapel—and, finally, homeward by the high towering street through which Scottish history has rushed like a stream. There is no such hour's walk as this for starting ideas, or, having started, captured, and used them, for getting quit of them again.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

THE SCOT ABROAD

THE old land is still the true love, the others are but pleasant infidelities. . . . Somewhere, deep down in the heart of each one of us, something yearns for the old land, and the old kindly people. Of all mysteries of the human heart, this is perhaps the most inscrutable. There is no special loveliness in that gray country, with its rainy, sea-beat archipelago ; its fields of dark mountains ; its unsightly places, black with coal ; its treeless, sour, unfriendly looking cornlands ; its quaint, gray, castled city, where the bells clash of a Sunday, and the wind squalls, and the salt showers fly and beat. I do not even know if I desire to live there ; but let me hear, in some far land, a kindred voice sing out, ' Oh, why left I my hame ? ' and it seems at once as if no beauty under the kind heavens, and no society of the wise and good, can repay me for my absence from my country. And though I think I would rather die elsewhere, yet in my heart of hearts I long to be buried among good Scots clods. I will say it fairly, it grows on me with every year : there are no stars so lovely as Edinburgh street-lamps. When I forget thee, auld Reekie, may my right hand forget its cunning !

The happiest lot on earth is to be born a Scotchman. You must pay for it in many ways, as for all other advantages on earth. You have to learn the shorter catechism ; you generally take to drink ; your youth, as far as I can find out, is a time of louder war against society, of more outcry and tears and turmoil, than if you had been born, for instance, in England. But somehow life is warmer and closer ; the hearth burns more redly ; the lights of home shine softer on the rainy street ; the very names, endeared in verse and music, cling nearer round our hearts.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THE SCOTTISH EXILES -

CANADIAN BOAT-SONG

LISTEN to me, as when you heard our father
Sing, long ago, the song of other shores ;
Listen to me, and then in chorus gather
All your deep voices as ye pull your oars.

Fair these broad meads, these hoary woods are grand ;
But we are exiles from our fathers' land.

From the lone shieling of the misty island
Mountains divide us, and the waste of seas ;
Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,
And we, in dreams, behold the Hebrides.

We never shall tread the fancy-haunted valley
Where 'tween the dark hills creeps the small clear
stream,
In arms around the patriarch banner rally,
Nor see the moon on royal tombstones gleam.

When the bold kindred, in the time long vanished,
Conquered the soil and fortified the keep,
No seer foretold the children should be banished,
That a degenerate lord might boast his sheep.

Come foreign raid ! let discord burst in slaughter !
Oh, then, for clansmen true and stern claymore !
The hearts that would have given their blood likewater
Beat heavily beyond the Atlantic roar.

Fair these broad meads, these hoary woods are grand ;
But we are exiles from our fathers' land.

HUGH MONTGOMERIE, EARL OF EGLINTON.

(From the Gaelic.)

HOME

WHEN, of an autumn evening, the train brought me into Edinburgh, the scales of familiarity having to some little extent fallen from my eyes, I thought I had never before seen it so beautiful. Its brilliancy was dazzling and fairy-like. It was like a city of Chinese lanterns. It was illuminated as if for a great victory, or the marriage of a king. Princes Street blazed with street-lamps and gay shop-windows. The Old Town was a maze of twinkling lights. The Mound lifted up its starry coil. The North Bridge, leaping the chasm, held lamps high in air. There were lights on the Calton Hill, lights on the crest of the Castle. The city was in a full blossom of lights—to wither by midnight, to be all dead ere dawn. And then, to an ear accustomed to silence, there arose on every side the potent hum of moving multitudes, more august in itself, infinitely more suggestive to the imagination, than the noise of the Atlantic on the

Skye shores. The sound with which I had been for some time familiar was the voice of many billows ; the sound which was in my ears was the noise of men.

And in driving home, too, I was conscious of a curious oppugnancy between the Skye life which I had for some time been leading, and the old Edinburgh life which had been dropped for a little, and which had now to be resumed. The two experiences met like sheets of metal, but they were still separate sheets—I could not solder them together and make them one. I knew that a very few days would do that for me ; but it was odd to attempt, by mental effort, to unite the experiences and to discover how futile was all such effort. Coming back to Edinburgh was like taking up abode in a house to which one had been for a while a stranger, in which one knew all the rooms and all articles of furniture in the rooms, but with whose knowledge there was mingled a feeling of strangeness. I had changed my clothes of habit, and for the moment I did not feel so much at ease in the strange Edinburgh, as the familiar Skye, suit.

It was fated, however, that the two modes of life should, in my consciousness, melt into each other imperceptibly. When I reached home, I found that my friend the Rev. Mr. Macpherson of Inverary had sent me a packet of Ossianic translations. These translations, breathing the very soul of the wilderness I had lately left, I next day perused in my Edinburgh surroundings, and through their agency the two experiences coalesced. Something of Edinburgh melted into my remembrance of Skye—something of Skye was projected into actual Edinburgh. Thus is life enriched by ideal contrast and interchange.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

EDINBURGH : AN IMPRESSION

IMAGINATION stirs thy pavèd ways
With hapless heroes and with poets brave,
Whose glory was a thrust or song to save
Their country's fame ; thy pillared pride obeys
Their summons, and upon thee ever stays
A large recording majesty sublime,
The chronicled impassiveness of time,
The silent emblem of triumphant days.

Guard yet thy beauty as thou guard'st it now,
Unheeding aught of gain so beauty brood
Inviolatè upon thine unseared brow,
And strangers still, departing from thy gates,
Shall gather of thy changeless quietude
A measure for the solace of their fates.

JOHN DRINKWATER.

THE PRAISE OF EDINBURGH

Stately Edinburgh throned on crags.

WORDSWORTH.

Edinburgh, the most beautiful of Scotch towns, and, indeed, in its way, of European towns, whatever a peevish poet caught by the east winds may say.

MRS. OLIPHANT.

Edinburgh is really a very interesting place,—to me very singular. How can I describe the view from the hill that overlooks the palace ; the fine group of buildings which form the castle ; the bridges, uniting the two towns ; and the beautiful view of the Firth and its islands ?

CRABBE.

When looking forth,
I view yon Empress of the North
Sit on her hilly throne ;
Her palace's imperial bowers,
Her castle, proof to hostile powers,
Her stately halls and holy towers.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The sun, going down behind the Pentlands, casts golden lights and blue shadows on their snow-clad summits, stunted obliquely into the rich plains before them, bathing with rosy splendour the leafless, snow-sprinkled trees, and fading gradually into shadow in the distance. To the south, too, they behold a deep-shaded amphitheatre of heather and bracken—the course of the Esk, near Penicuik, winding about at the foot of its gorge—the broad, brown expanse of Maw Moss—and fading into blue distinctness in the south, the wild heath-clad Peebles-shire hills.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

EDINBURGH FROM BLACKFORD HILL

MINE OWN ROMANTIC TOWN

BLACKFORD ! on whose uncultured breast,
Among the broom, and thorn, and whin,
A truant-boy, I sought the nest,
Or listed, as I lay at rest,
While rose, on breezes thin,
The murmur of the city crowd,
And, from his steeple jangling loud,
Saint Giles's mingling din.
Now, from the summit to the plain,
Waves all the hill with yellow grain ;
And o'er the landscape as I look,
Nought do I see unchanged remain,
Save the rude cliffs and chiming brook.
To me they make a heavy moan
Of early friendships past and gone.

But different far the change has been
Since Marmion, from the crown
Of Blackford, saw that martial scene
Upon the bent so brown :
Thousand pavilions, white as snow,
Spread all the Borough-moor below,
Upland, and dale, and down :—
A thousand did I say ? I ween
Thousands on thousands there were seen,
That chequered all the heath between
The streamlet and the town ;

In crossing ranks extending far,
Forming a camp irregular ;
Oft giving way, where still there stood
Some relics of the old oak wood,
That darkly huge did intervene,
And tamed the glaring white with green :
In these extended lines there lay
A martial kingdom's vast array.

For from Hebudes, dark with rain,
To eastern Lodon's fertile plain,
And from the Southern Redswire edge,
To farthest Rosse's rocky ledge ;
From west to west, from south to north,
Scotland sent all her warriors forth.
Marmion might hear the mingled hum
Of myriads up the mountain come ;
The horses' tramp, the tingling clank,
Where chiefs review'd their vassal rank,
 And charger's shrilling neigh ;
And see the shifting lines advance,
While frequent flash'd, from shield to lance,
 The sun's reflected ray.

Thin curling in the morning air,
The wreathes of falling smoke declare
To embers now the brands decay'd,
Where the night-watch their fires had made.
They saw, slow rolling on the plain,
Full many a baggage-cart and wain,
And dire artillery's clumsy car,
By sluggish oxen tugg'd to war ;
And there were Borthwick's Sisters Seven,
And culverins which France had given.

Ill-omen'd gift ! the guns remain
The conquer'd spoil on Flodden plain.

Nor mark'd they less, where in the air
A thousand streamers flaunted fair ;
Various in shape, device, and hue,
Green, sanguine, purple, red, and blue,
Broad, narrow, swallow-tail'd, and square,
Scroll, pennon, pensil, bandrol there,
O'er the pavilions flew.

Highest and midmost, was descried
The royal banner floating wide ;
The staff, a pine-tree, strong and straight,
Pitch'd deeply in a massive stone,
Which still in memory is shown,

Yet bent beneath the standard's weight
Whene'er the western wind unroll'd,
With toil, the huge and cumbrous fold,
And gave to view the dazzling field,
Where, in proud Scotland's royal shield,
The ruddy lion ramp'd in gold.

Lord Marmion view'd the landscape bright—
He view'd it with a chief's delight—

Until within him burn'd his heart,
And lightning from his eye did part,
As on the battle-day ;
Such glance did falcon never dart,
When stooping on his prey.

' Oh ! well, Lord-Lion, hast thou said,
Thy King from warfare to dissuade
Were but in vain essay ;
For, by St. George, were that host mine,
Not power infernal nor divine,

Should once to peace my soul incline,
Till I had dimm'd their armour's shine
In glorious battle-fray !'
Answer'd the Bard, of milder mood :
' Fair is the sight—and yet 'twere good
That kings would think withal,
When peace and wealth their land has bless'd,
'Tis better to sit still at rest,
Than rise, perchance to fall.'

Still on the spot Lord Marmion stay'd,
For fairer scene he ne'er survey'd.
When sated with the martial show
That peopled all the plain below,
The wandering eye could o'er it go,
And mark the distant city glow
With gloomy splendour red ;
For on the smoke-wreathes, huge and slow
That round her sable turrets flow,
The morning beams were shed,
And tinged them with a lustre proud,
Like that which streaks a thunder-cloud.
Such dusky grandeur clothed the height,
Where the huge Castle holds its state,
And all the steep slope down,
Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,
Piled deep and massy, close and high,
Mine own romantic town !
But northward far, with purer blaze,
On Ochil mountains fell the rays,
And as each heathy top they kiss'd,
It gleam'd a purple amethyst.
Yonder the shores of Fife you saw ;
Here Preston-Bay and Berwick-Law :

And, broad between them roll'd,
The gallant Firth the eye might note,
Whose islands on its bosom float,
Like emeralds chased in gold.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

'EMERALDS CHASED IN GOLD'

*'The gallant Firth . . .
Whose islands on its bosom float,
Like emeralds chased in gold.'*

SCOTT.

VIEW from this height the winding Forth,
That lovely jewel of the north ;
See, on its glittering bosom lie
Islands, like gems, majestically.

From Blackford Hill the eye may count
Ten islands on that shining fount,
That, till they reach the open main
Are emeralds in a golden chain.

The giant Bass Rock, Inchgarvie,
May's Isle, Cramond, Inchmickery,
Inchcolm, and Findra, and Inchkieth,
Lamb, and the island of Craigleith.

Fair, glittering 'emeralds chased in gold,'
What sight more lovely to behold !
Spread for the wandering eye to see,
This emerald island rosary.

A. HUME HAMILTON.

THIS DELIGHTFUL AND BEAUTIFUL CITY !

THIS delightful and beautiful city ! I thought
Bristol, taking in its heights and Clifton with its

rocks and river, was the finest city in the world ; but it is nothing to Edinburgh, with its castle, its hills, its pretty little seaport detached from it, its vale of rich land lying all around, its lofty hills in the background, its views across the Firth. I think little of its streets and its rows of fine houses, though all built of stone, and though everything in London and Bath is *beggary* to these ; I think nothing of Holyrood House ; but I think a great deal of the fine and well-ordered streets of shops ; of the regularity which you perceive everywhere in the management of business ; and I think still more of the absence of that foppishness and that affectation of carelessness and insolent assumption of superiority in almost all young men you meet in the fashionable parts of the great towns in England. I was not disappointed, for I expected to find Edinburgh the finest city in the kingdom.

WILLIAM COBBETT.

ADDRESS TO EDINBURGH

EDINA ! Scotia's darling seat !

All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,
Where once beneath a monarch's feet
Sat Legislation's sov'reign pow'rs !
From marking wildly-scatter'd flow'rs,
As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd,
And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours,
I shelter in thy honour'd shade.

Here wealth still swells the golden tide,
As busy Trade his labour plies !
There Architecture's noble pride
Bids elegance and splendour rise ;

Here Justice, from her native skies,
High wields her balance and her rod ;
There Learning, with his eagle eyes,
Seeks Science in her coy abode.

Thy sons, Edina ! social, kind,
With open arms the stranger hail ;
Their views enlarg'd, their lib'ral mind,
Above the narrow, rural vale ;
Attentive still to sorrow's wail,
Or modest merit's silent claim ;
And never may their sources fail !
And never envy blot their name !

Thy daughters bright thy walks adorn,
Gay as the gilded summer sky,
Sweet as the dewy milk-white thorn,
Dear as the raptur'd thrill of joy !
Fair Burnet strikes th' adoring eye,
Heav'n's beauties on my fancy shine ;
I see the Sire of Love on high,
And own his work indeed divine !

There, watching high the least alarms,
Thy rough, rude fortress gleams afar ;
Like some bold vet'ran, grey in arms,
And mark'd with many a seamy scar :
The pond'rous wall and massy bar,
Grim-rising o'er the rugged rock,
Have oft withstood assailing war,
And oft repell'd th' invader's shock.

With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears,
I view that noble, stately dome,
Where Scotia's kings of other years,
Fam'd heroes ! had their royal home :

Alas, how chang'd the times to come !
 Their royal name low in the dust !
 Their hapless race wild-wand'ring roam !
 Tho' rigid law cries out, ' 'Twas just !'

Wild beats my heart, to trace your steps,
 Whose ancestors, in days of yore,
 Thro' hostile ranks and ruin'd gaps
 Old Scotia's bloody lion bore :
 Ev'n I who sing in rustic lore,
 Haply, my sires have left their shed,
 And fac'd grim danger's loudest roar,
 Bold-following where your fathers led !

Edina ! Scotia's darling seat !
 All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,
 Where once beneath a monarch's feet
 Sat Legislation's sov'reign pow'rs !
 From marking wildly-scatter'd flow'rs,
 As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd,
 And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours,
 I shelter in thy honour'd shade.

ROBERT BURNS.

ELOQUENT EDINBURGH

DR. JOHNSON named Edinburgh as 'a city too well known to admit description.' That judgment was proclaimed more than a hundred years ago—before yet Caledonia had bewitched the world's heart as the haunted land of Robert Burns and Walter Scott—and if it were true then it is all the more true now. But while the reverent pilgrim along the ancient highways of history may not wisely attempt description, which would be superfluous, he perhaps may usefully

indulge in brief chronicle and impression—for these sometimes prove suggestive to minds that are kindred with his own. Hundreds of travellers visit Edinburgh ; but it is one thing to visit and another thing to see ; and every suggestion, surely, is of value that helps to clarify our vision. This capital is not learnt by driving about in a cab ; for Edinburgh to be truly seen and comprehended must be seen and comprehended as an exponent of the colossal individuality of the Scottish character ; and therefore it must be observed with thought. Here is no echo and no imitation. Many another provincial city of Britain is a miniature copy of London ; but the quality of Edinburgh is her own. Portions of her architecture do indeed denote a reverence for ancient Italian models, while certain other portions reveal the influence of the semi-classical taste that prevailed in the time of the Regent, afterwards George IV. The democratic tendency of this period—expressing itself here precisely as it does everywhere else, in button-making pettiness and vulgar commonplace—is likewise sufficiently obvious. Nevertheless in every important detail of Edinburgh, and of its life, the reticent, resolute, formidable, impetuous, passionate character of the Scottish race is conspicuous and predominant. Much has been said against the Scottish spirit—the tide of cavil purling on from Dr. Johnson to Sydney Smith. Dignity has been denied to it, and so has magnanimity, and so has humour ; but there is no audience more quick than the Scottish audience to respond either to pathos or to mirth ; there is no literature in the world so musically, tenderly, and weirdly poetical as the Scottish literature ; there is no place on earth where the imaginative instinct of

the national mind has resisted, as it has resisted in Scotland, the encroachment of utility upon the domain of romance; there is no people whose history has excelled that of Scotland in the display of heroic, intellectual, and moral purpose, combined with passionate sensibility; and no city could surpass the physical fact of Edinburgh as a manifestation of broad ideas, unstinted opulence, and grim rugged grandeur. Whichever way you turn, and whatever object you behold, that consciousness is always present to your thought—the consciousness of a race of beings intensely original, individual, passionate, authoritative, and magnificent.

The capital of Scotland is not only beautiful but eloquent. . . . At every step the sensitive mind is impressed with the splendid intellect, the individual force, and the romantic charm of the Scottish character, as it is commemorated and displayed in this delightful place. What a wealth of significance it possesses may be indicated by even the most meagre record and the most superficial commentary upon the passing events of a traveller's ordinary day.

WILLIAM WINTER. °

WRITTEN IN EDINBURGH

EVEN thus, methinks, a city reared should be,
Yea, an imperial city, that might hold
Five times an hundred noble towns in fee,
And either with their might of Babel old,
Or the rich Roman pomp of empery
Might stand compare, highest in arts enrolled,
Highest in arms; brave tenement for the free,
Who never crouch to thrones, or sin for gold.

Thus should her towers be raised—with vicinage
Of clear bold hills, that curve her very streets,
As if to vindicate 'mid choicest seats
Of art, abiding Nature's majesty ;
And the broad sea beyond, in calm or rage
Chainless alike, and teaching Liberty.

ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM.

THE HEART OF SCOTLAND

'The Heart of Scotland, Britain's other eye.'

BEN JONSON.



A BRIGHT blue sky, across which many masses of thin white cloud are borne swiftly on the cool western wind, bends over the stately city, and all her miles of grey mansions and spacious, cleanly streets sparkle beneath it in a flood of summer sunshine. It is the Lord's Day, and most of the highways are deserted and quiet. From the top of the Calton Hill you look down upon hundreds of blue smoke-wreaths curling upward from the chimneys of the resting and restful town, and in every direction the prospect is one of opulence and peace. A thousand years of history are here crystallized within the circuit of a single glance, and while you gaze upon one of the grandest emblems that the world contains of a storied and romantic past, you behold likewise a living and resplendent pageant of the beauty of to-day. Nowhere else are the Past and the Present so lovingly blended. There, in the centre, towers the great crown of St. Giles. Hard by are the quaint slopes of the Canongate,—teeming with illustrious, or picturesque, or terrible figures of Long Ago. Yonder the glorious Castle Crag looks steadfastly westward,—its manifold,

wonderful colours continuously changing in the changeful daylight. Down in the valley Holyrood, haunted by a myriad of memories and by one resplendent face and entrancing presence, nestles at the foot of the giant Salisbury Crag ; while the dark, rivened peak of Arthur's Seat rears itself supremely over the whole stupendous scene. Southward and westward, in the distance, extends the bleak range of the Pentland Hills ; eastward the cone of Berwick Law and the desolate Bass Rock seem to cleave the sea ; and northward, beyond the glistening crystal of the Forth, —with the white lines of embattled Inchkeith like a diamond on its bosom—the lovely Lomonds, the virginal mountain breasts of Fife, are bared to the kiss of heaven. It is such a picture as words can but faintly suggest ; but when you look upon it you readily comprehend the pride and the passion with which a Scotsman loves his native land.

WILLIAM WINTER.

TWILIGHT IN EDINBURGH STREETS

IN due time Kit Kennedy went to Edinburgh. It was the dowie time of the year. November was just beginning. . . . The noise and stir of the city took Kit by the throat. And though from the point of view of the Strand and Fleet Street, Edinburgh may be considered a quiet city ; to a boy accustomed to the Black Craig of Dee it roared like Babylon. . . . Kit Kennedy and Dick Bisset went into the pale blue misty twilight of Edinburgh streets. A frosty wind had whipped them dry, and now drove a stray flake or two of snow horizontally along the roadways which opened out north and south. Kit had never

in his life been conscious of so keen an elation of the blood as on this humming lamplit evening of early winter. A tingling appreciation of life bubbled headily in his brain. He saw everything with a curious clearness, and seemed to divine by instinct whither each passenger was going and what drew him thither.

Kit did not know that this power of heightening his own sensations by contrast with those of others was due to a certain essential corpuscle of his blood inherited from his father. . . . Kit only knew that merely to walk by the side of Dick Bisset in the crisp frosty bite of the winter twilight, through the exciting pour of the well-dressed people, made the Cottage by the Crae seem a thousand miles away. It came upon him suddenly and not at all remorsefully that for the first time in his life he had that morning forgotten to say his prayers. As the two youths swung out of the defile of high houses on the Bridges they emerged upon that astonishing panorama, which, seen at the hour of gloaming, never fails to excite a thrill in the most hardened and most unemotional—in the lawyer escaping from the grinding monotony of Parliament House, and the engine-driver coming up from a twelve-hours' spell upon the footplate.

The Waverley station was now no more a prosaic railway terminus. Common details were sunk in a pale, luminous, silver mist, through which burned a thousand lights, warm, yellow, and kindly. The blue deepened beneath the Castle rock. There it was indigo, with a touch of royal scarlet where the embers of the sunset lay broadly dashed in against the west. Princes Street, that noblest of earthly promenades, whose glory it is to be no mere street, lay along the edge of a blue and misty sea, bejewelled

with scattered lights, festooned with fairy points of fire, converging, undulating, and receding till they ran red as blood into the eye of the sunset.

Above all towered the ancient strength of the Castle, battlemented from verge to verge, light as a cloud, insurgent as a wave, massive as its own foundations, etched bold and black against the spreading splendours of the west.

‘Oh, look,’ said Kit, laying his hand impulsively on the arm of his companion, ‘I did not know God had created anything half so beautiful!’

S. R. CROCKETT.

EDINBURGH

INSTALL'D on hills, her head near starry bowers,
Shines Edinburgh, proud of protecting powers.
Justice defends her heart ; Religion east
With temples ; Mars with towers doth guard the west ;
Fresh Nymphs and Ceres serving, wait upon her,
And Thetis, tributary, doth her honour.
The sea doth Venice shake, Rome Tiber beats,
While she but scorns her vassal water's threats.
For sceptres nowhere stands a town more fit,
Nor place where town, world's queen, may fairer sit ;
But this my praise is, above all most brave,
No man did e'er defame thee but a slave.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN.

QUEEN OF THE NORTH

A FRAGMENT

YET, ere Oblivion shade each fairy scene,
Ere capes and cliffs and waters intervene,
Ere distant walks my pilgrim feet explore,
By Elbe's slow wanderings, and the Danish shore,—

Still to my country turns my partial view
That seems the dearest at the last adieu !

Ye lawns and grottos of the clustered plain ;
Ye mountain-walks, Edina's green domain ;
Haunts of my youth, where oft, by fancy drawn
At vermeil eve, still noon, or shady dawn,
My soul, secluded from the deafening throng,
Has wooed the bosom-prompted power of song :
And thou, my loved abode,—romantic ground,
With ancient towers and spiry summits crowned !—
Home of the polished arts and liberal mind,
By truth and taste enlightened and refined !
Thou scene of Scotland's glory, now decayed,
Where once her Senate and her Sceptre swayed,
As round thy mouldered monuments of fame
Tradition points an emblem and a name,
Lo ! what a group Imagination brings
Of starréd barons, and of thronéd kings !
Departed days in bright succession start,
And all the patriot kindles in my heart !

.

Even musing here, beside the Druid-stone,
Where British Arthur built his airy throne,
Far as my sight can travel o'er the scene,
From Lomond's height to Roslin's lovely green,
On every moor, wild wood, and mountain side,
From Forth's fair windings to the ocean tide,—
On each, the legendary loves to tell,
Where chiefs encounter'd, and the mighty fell ;
Each war-worn turret on the distant shore
Speaks, like a herald, of the feats of yore ;
And though the shades of dark Oblivion frown
On sacred seats and deeds of high renown,

Yet still some oral tale, some chanted rhyme,
Still mark the spot, and teach succeeding time
How oft our fathers, to their country true,
The glorious sword of Independence drew ;
How well the plaided clans, in battle tried,
Impenetrably stood or greatly died,—
How long the genius of their rights delay'd,—
How sternly guarded, and how late betrayed.
Fair fields of Roslin—memorable name !
Attest my words, and speak my country's fame !
Soft as yon mantling haze of distance broods
Around thy waterfalls and aged woods,
The south sun checkers all thy birchen glade
With glimmering lights and deep-retiring shade ;
Fresh coverts of the dale, so dear to tread,
When morn's wild blackbird carols overhead ;
Or, when the sunflower shuts her bosom fair,
And scented berries breathe delicious air.
Dear is thy pastoral haunt to him that woos
Romantic Nature—Silence—and the Muse !
But dearer still—when that returning time
Of fruits and flowers—the year's Elysian prime—
Invites, one simple festival to crown,
Young social wanderers from the sultry town !

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

A DISTANT VIEW OF EDINBURGH

THE path runs down and peeps out in the lane
That loiters on by fields of wheat and bean,
Till the white-gleaming road winds cityward.
Afar, in floods of sunshine, blinding white,
The city lieth in its quiet pride,
With castled crown, looking on Towns and Shires,

And Hills from which cloud-highlands climb the
heavens :

A happy thing in glory smiles the Firth ;

Its flowing azure winding like an arm

Around the warm waist of the yielding land.

GERALD MASSEY.

FAMOUS EDINBURGH

Arnold. O how sweetly the weather smiles, the horizon looks clear, the sky is serene, and the birds you may see them beat the ambient air with their tunable notes. Come, Theophilus, let us mount our horses, and lift up our eyes to behold those lofty embellishments of Edinburgh.

Theophilus. They are obvious enough, half an eye may see them.

Ar. Welcome to these elevated parts, the princely court of famous Edinburgh. This city stands upon a mighty scopulous mountain, whose foundations are cemented with mortar and stone ; where the bulk of her lofty buildings represent it a rock at a reasonable distance, fronting the approaching sun ; whose elevations are seven or eight stories high, mounted aloft in the ambient air. But the length, as I take it, exceeds not one mile, and the breadth on't measures little more than half a mile ; nor is there more than one fair street, to my best remembrance. But then it's large and long, and very spacious, whose ports are splendid, so are her well-built houses and palaces, corresponding very much to complete it their metropolis.

Th. What fabric is that on the east of Edinburgh ?

Ar. Halliroad House, the Regal Court of Scotland.

Th. But there's yet another great fabric that presents westward.

Ar. That's Edinburgh Castle, elevated in the air, on an impregnable precipice of rocky earth, perpendicular in some parts, rampir'd and barrocadoed with thick walls of stone and grass proportionable, to contribute an additional strength. So that you are to consider this inaccessible castle shines from a natural as well as an artificial product ; because part of it you see contiguous with the rock ; but the other part, because affixed by cemented stone, which inoculates and incorporates them so firmly together, that the whole mass of building is of such incredible strength, that it's almost fabulous for any man to report it, or sum up the impregnable lustre and beauty of this fair fortress, that defies all attempts, except famine, disease, or treachery be conduct. . . . True it is, many arguments of art and artillery have been sent to examine this impregnable castle, but none were ever found more successful than hunger and disease, or the golden apples of the Hesperides. Such kind of magnets muzzle mercenaries, and make them a golden bridge to pass over.

Th. Is this fair fabric the Parliament House, where the grandees sit on national affairs ?

Ar. Yes, this is their palace where the Parliament sits to accommodate the kingdom, whose famous ports we now relinquish to take a review of the bars of Musselburg. But that on our right hand is delicate Dalkeith.

RICHARD FRANCK.

EDINBURGH : A NATIVE'S PRAISE

EDINA's guardian genius, lend
A humble bard, no muckle ken'd,
Thy aid to sing, in verses wild,
Edina, Scotia's auldest child,
A town that yields to nane, I ken,
For bonny queans an' strappin' men ;
The place where first I drew my breath,
Whilk I to leave hae aft been laith,
An' aye shall hae, while warm my bluid,
My wishes best an' gratitude.
An' tho' by fortune's biting blast,
I should be far 'mang strangers cast,
I'll aye think on the happy hours
I've spent beside Edina's towers,
Which while my throbbing heart shall beat,
I'll aye wish prosp'rous, rich, an' great.

My muse, frae cowrin' now tak's wing,
Thy praise, Auld Reekie, now I sing. . . .
The Castle proud oure-tapping stands,
An' the wide country round commands ;
Ilk auld grey tower sae venerable,
Reminds us o' the days o' trouble,
While lang impregnable they stood,
Ere cannon's awfu' thunder loud
Was heard, or that vile monk was known
Wha brought sic mischief mankind on.
High-munted on stupendous rock,
Ilk warlike art it then could mock,
An' nought but fraud or famine's spite
Could get possession o' this height.
There kings were born and princes bred
Secure, while factious bluid was shed.

But now, alas ! nae king dwells there,
Auld Scotia mourn'd their loss fu' sair. . . .
Now silence reigns, and naught is heard
Save the slow pace o' watchfu' guard.
Twa regiments still are kept therein,
An' cannons big to make a din
On hallow days, wi' loud rebound
Frae Arthur's Seat an' hills around.

Then we descend to the parade
Improvement by Lord Adam made.
Parade like this, ye'll find but few,
Commanding sic a bonny view
O' hills an' dales on ilka side,
An' the braid Forth whar vessels ride
Proudly at anchor, while the gale
O' ithers sweetly swells the sail.

Down the Lawn-market neist we daunder,
Whar 'bout their doors shopkeepers wander,
Shawin' their wares, wi' muckle clack,
An' tryin' in the wives to tak'.
Far fam'd's this street for politicians,
Wha fain wad be the States' physicians. . . .

Saint Giles's lofty spire in view,
For architecture match'd by few ;
In shape like an imperial crown,
It towers majestic o'er the Town.
On festive days, whan bailies meet,
Her music-bells soun' simply sweet,
Or her great bell, wi' thundering noise,
Gars ilka burger's heart rejoice.
Beneath this steeple four kirks join,
O' Gothic art a sample fine,
An' in condition seldom seen,
Whar presbyterians were sae keen.

A pile o' noble buildings soon
Will grace this part o' Reekie's town ;
The braw town-ha's to front the street,
Whar provost will wi' council meet,
An' a' their cronies drest fu' gay
To drink the healths on King's birth-day.
There lords an' tinklers, knights, an' waukers,
Will o' red wine tak' hearty caukers. . . .

In Parl'ment Square, near to the corse,
We see King Charles an' his horse,
A specimen of sculpture fine,
Whilk in this square cuts nae sma' shine ;
An' had Edina twa or three mae,
'Twad grace her squares sae rich an' gay.

The Royal Exchange, a building fine,
Spoilt by some council's love o' coin ;
The piazzas, ance meant to be open,
Are now completely cram'd wi' shopin' ;
An' sons o' commerce eke and trade,
Maun meet at corse, whar bargain's made ;
But if it rain on market-day,
Beneath the pillars they maun gae,
Or stand thereout like drouket mouse,
Or daunder to some public-house,
When, had the Exchange still open been,
They'd a' been there, snug, dry, an' clean.

Down the High Street, see the Tron Kirk,
Whilk formerly look'd fearfu' mirk ;
But worthy Blair, in lucky hour,
Buskt her fu' braw, whilk gar's fock glowr ;
Some scarcely think it the same place
Since their auld friend gat her new face.
Fergusson said little o' hersel',
But made immortal her curs'd bell ;*

* See Fergusson's ' The Tron Kirk Bell,' p. 137.

The council sure our thanks should hae
For gi'en the deel his bell away.

Just here, North-Brig an' South Brig meets,
Twa spacious, han'some, usefu' streets,
That northern parts an' southern join,
An' makes Edina trigly shine. . . .

The College stands at the south side,
For architecture, Reekie's pride ;
But sure they've been to prospects blind
Wha a' its grandeur sae confin'd.
There's no ae point, by a' that's true,
Ye can hae o't a proper view ;
But for professors, wise an' clear,
Few wi' Edina can compare ;
In physic, an' philosophy,
Law, logic, an' divinity,
She's lang excel'd, and climes remote
Send aff their sons to this fam'd spot,
Whar the wise sage points out the way
By many a bright enlightening ray,
How studious youth attains a name,
An' gains, like him, immortal fame. . . .

Now wi' my muse I took a flight
To Arthur's Seat, whose towering height
Affords a most saul-cheering sight.
Here's a' that mak's a picture sweet,
In this ae spot the e'e does meet.
See countless lovely seats around,
Begirt wi' verdant pleasure-ground ;
Trees in full blossom, bonny fields,
That please the e'e an' plenty yields ;
Wee hillocks, an' tremendous mountains,
Clear loughs, sma' burns, and wimpling fountains;
The sea, whar Forth and Ocean meet,

On whilk plies many a boatie sweet,
Large fleets o' ships, an' islands sma',
Inch Keith, the Bass, North Berwick Law ;
Towns, villages, along the coast,
An' distant hills, in clouds maist lost.
When on Edina's bonny town,
Wi' bird's e'e view ane glanceth down,
It has sae grand an' strange effect,
I wad hae nane this view neglect.
I stood enchanted, glowr'd below,
An' hardly frae the spot could go ;
My enraptured fancy lost was quite ;
My muse observ'd me no that right,
An' urged me then to gang away,
When smiling I to her did say,
Sair it maun be, or black as night,
The heart that does nae gie delight.

ANON (1810).

VOICES OF MYSTERY

By mountain sheer and column tall,
How solemn was the evening fall !
The air was calm, the stars were bright,
The hoar-frost flightered down the night.
But oft the listening groups stood still,
For spirits talk'd along the hill.
The fairy tribes had gone and won
In southland climes beneath the sun ;
By shady woods, and waters sheen,
And vales of everlasting green,
To sing of Scotia's woodlands wild,
Where human face had never smiled.
The ghost that left the haunted yew,
The wayward bogle fled the clough,

The darksome pool of crisp and foam
Was now no more the Kelpie's home :
But polar spirits sure had spread
O'er hills which native fays had fled ;
For all along, from cliff to tree,
On Arthur's Seat and Salisbury,
Came voices floating down the air
From viewless shades that lingered there.
The words were fraught with mystery :
Voices of men they could not be.
Youths turned their faces to the sky,
With beating heart, and bended eye ;
Old chieftains walked with hastened tread,
Loath that their hearts should bow to dread,
They feared the spirits of the hill
To sinful Scotland boded ill.

JAMES HOGG.

EDINBURGH : RICH IN ELEGANCIES AND AMENITIES

THE Scottish capital is one of the few great cities of the empire that possesses natural features, and which, were the buildings away, would, while it ceased to be *town*, become very picturesque *country*. And hence one of the peculiar characteristics of Edinburgh. The natural features so overtop the artificial ones—its hollow valleys are so much more strongly marked than its streets, and its hills and precipices than its buildings,—Arthur's Seat and the Crag look so proudly down on its towers and spires,—and so huge is the mass, and so bold the outline of its Castle rock and its Calton, compared with those of the buildings which overtop them,—that intelligent visitors, with

an eye for the prominent and distinctive in scenery, are led to conceive of it rather as a great country place than as a great town. It is a scene of harmonious contrasts. Not only does it present us with a picturesque city of the grey, time-faded past, drawn out side by side, as if for purposes of comparison with a gay, freshly-tinted city of the present, rich in all the elegancies and amenities, but it exhibits also, in the same well-occupied area, town and country ; as if they, too, had been brought together for purposes of comparison, and as if, instead of remaining in uncompromising opposition, as elsewhere, they had resolved on showing how congruously, and how much to their mutual advantage, they could unite and agree.

HUGH MILLER.

EDINBURGH

AH me, the years they come and go !
Twelve times the snowdrop o'er the snow
Hath shivered ; June hath sway'd
Rich rose-branch, full-blown rose and bud ;
Broad sun-flower from its disc of blood
A sun-like glory ray'd—
Since, urged by passionate unrest
I sang the City of the West.

Grown staid, somewhat now I scorn
The mavis of my early morn,
Clear-singing 'gainst the shaven ;
Care, that sleeps late, and early stirs,
Like daily feet of villagers
Across the village green,
Hath worn its track—and youth's delight
An Autumn swallow, taken flight.

Another and a nobler Me
 Dwells in regretful memory,
 Bright-eyed, and golden-hair'd ;
 No more I breathe melodious song ;
 Yet to these later years belong
 Moods, passions, unimpair'd :
 Still lives the rapture of the eye,
 Dim city, hanging in the sky !

The dazzling cataract, strong and loud ;
 The reddening of the morning cloud ;
 Ben Blaaven's craggy spears,
 And ridge, half lost in misty steam ;
 Brown tangle-beds, that heave and gleam
 Idly round stony piers ;
 Rude turf hut, girl in scarlet cloak
 Sit in an azure film of smoke—

I love, as I did long ago ;—
 Yea, better ; for I've come to know
 The loveliest space of sky
 Is that which silently o'erbends
 Old apple-blossom'd gable-ends,
 Wherein men live and die.
 The world is lovely ; and the sight
 Of man adds pathos to delight.

Girt with thy cloudy equipage,
 Swart city, thou wert once the cage
 In which I sang—Afar
 I cannot hear thy solemn roar
 Ascending, when day's toil is o'er,
 To meet the evening star.
 My later home is still and fair
 With mournfulness of sunset air.

Edina, high in heaven wan,
Towered, templed, Metropolitan,
 Waited upon by hills,
River, and widespread ocean—tinged
By April light, or draped and fringed
 As April vapour wills,
Thou hangest, like a Cyclop's dream,
High in the shifting weather-gleam.

Fair art thou when above thy head
The mistless firmament is spread ;
 But when the twilight's screen
Draws glimmering round thy towers and spires,
And thy lone bridge, uncrown'd by fires,
 Hangs in the dim ravine,
Thou art a very Persian tale—
Oh, Mirza's vision, Bagdad's vale !

The springtime stains with emerald
Thy Castle's precipices bald ;
 Within thy streets and squares
The sudden summer camps, and blows
The plenteous chariot-shaken rose ;
 Or, lifting unawares
My eyes from out thy central strife,
Lo, far off, harvest-brazen Fife !

When, rain-drops gemming tree and plant,
The rainbow is thy visitant,
 Lovely as on the moors ;
When sunset flecks with loving ray
Thy wilderness of gables grey,
 And hoary embrasures ;
When great Sir Walter's moon-blanch'd shrine,
Rich carved, as Melrose, gleams divine,

I know thee ; and I know thee, too,
On winter nights, when, 'gainst the blue
Thy high, gloom-wilder'd ridge
Breaks in a thousand splendours ; lamps
Gleam broadly in the valley damps ;
The air-suspended bridge
Shines steadfast ; and the modern street
Looks on, star-fretted, loud with feet.

Once, on 'a Royal Nuptial Eve,
I saw thy bulk of Castle heave*
In fire and vapour roll'd ;
St. Giles wore strange and gem-like light ;
St. George's dome, aloft in night,
Hung like a fleece of gold ;
Sir Walter's shrine, 'mid rubies, beryls
Glow'd with the chasten'd glow of pearls :

March winds in fitful gusts that came
Made stream the wild padella flame ;
Dull came the cannon's boom :
Past all thy fronts of blazing pride,
Through streets that shone, a jubilant tide
Rolled, hued, with sudden bloom,
As rainbow-like, through festal air,
Passed emerald gleam and crimson glare.

Fair 'art thou, City, to the eye,
But fairer to the memory :

There is no place that breeds—
Not Venice 'neath her mellow moons,
When the sea-pulse of full lagoons
Waves all her palace weeds—

Such wistful thoughts of far away,
Of the eternal yesterday,

* On the occasion of the marriage of Edward VII.

Within thy high-piled Canongate
The air is of another date ;

 All speaks of ancient time :
Traces of gardens, dials, wells,
Thy dizzy gables, oyster-shells
 Imbedded in the lime—

Thy shields above the doors of peers
Are old as Mary Stuart's tears.

Street haunted by the step of Knox ;
Darnley's long, heavy-scented locks ;
 Ruthven's blood-freezing stare :
Dark Murray, dreaming of the crown—
His ride through fair Linlithgow town,
 And the man waiting there
With loaded fuse, undreamed of—wiles
Of Mary, and her mermaid smiles !

Thou saw'st Montrose's passing face
Shame-strike the gloating silk and lace,
 And jeering plumes that filled
The balcony o'erhead ; with pride
Thou saw'st Prince Charles bare-headed ride
 While bagpipes round him shrilled,
And far Culloden's smoky racks,
Hid scaffold craped, and bloody axe.

What wine hast thou known brawl be-spilt !
What daggers ruddy to the hilt !
 What stately minuets
Walked slowly o'er thy oaken floors !
What hasty kisses at thy doors !
 What banquetings and bets !
What talk, o'er man that lives and errs,
Of double-chinned philosophers !

Great City, every morning I
 See thy wild fringes in the sky,
 Soft-blurr'd with smoky grace :
 Each evening note the blazing sun
 Flush luridly thy vapours dun—
 A spire athwart his face :
 Each night I watch thy wondrous feast,
 Like some far city in the East.

But most I love thee faint and fair,
 Dim-pencill'd in the April air,
 When in the dewy bush
 I hear from budded thick remote
 The rapture of the blackbird's throat,
 The sweet note of the thrush ;
 And all is shadowless and clear
 In the uncoloured atmosphere.

ALEXANDER SMITH
(last poem, unfinished).

EDINBURGH

I.

CITY of mist and rain and blown grey spaces,
 Dashed with wild wet colour and gleam of tears,
 Dreaming in Holyrood halls of the passionate faces
 Lifted to one Queen's face that has conquered the
 years,
 Are not the halls of thy memory haunted places ?
 Cometh there not as a moon (where the blood-rust
 sears
 Floors a-flutter of old with silks and laces),
 Gliding, a ghostly Queen, thro' a mist of tears ?

II.

Proudly here, with a loftier pinnaced splendour,
Throned in his northern Athens, what spells remain
Still on the marble lips of the Wizard, and render
Silent the gazer on glory without a stain !
Here and here, do we whisper, with hearts more
tender,
Tusitala wandered thro' mist and rain,
Rainbow-eyed and frail and gallant and slender,
Dreaming of pirate-isles in a jewelled main.

III.

Up the Canongate climbeth, cleft asunder
Raggedly here, with a glimpse of the distant sea
Flashed thro' a crumbling alley, a glimpse of wonder !
Nay, for the City is throned on Eternity !
Hark ! from the soaring Castle a cannon's thunder
Closeth an hour for the world and an æon for me,
Gazing at last from the war-swept heights where-
under
Deathless memories roll to an ageless sea.

ALFRED NOYES.

TO EDINBURGH

FAREWELL VERSES

QUEEN of cities, for the last time
Now mine eyes upon you fall,
Looking down upon your Palace,
Gazing up to Castle wall.

THE CHARM OF EDINBURGH

While I view your long and stately
Street, and many a noble square,
Let them fade in wonted beauty
As eve's lamps are planted there.

Let me muse upon your history
In these moments that are mine,
As it passes here before me
Like a pageant divine ;
As a masque of stately figures
Fancy conjures from your past,
Men and women whose life's story
Shall be told while ages last. . . .

City, as I muse upon you,
Thus the pageant goes by,
And before me one Queen passes,
Falleth from her lips a sigh,—
Mary, that elusive woman,
Fathomed not shall be her tale,
Nor her story be unravelled
While the ages long prevail.

Queen of cities, fade in splendour !
To your twilight bells I list ;
Palace, die in pearly shadow,
Castle, fade in purple mist !
North or south, whichever calls me,
East or west, where'er I be,
Nought shall dim your fame and beauty,
City of my memory !

A. HUME HAMILTON.

EDINBURGH TOWN

‘Come wi’ me, Jock, and I’ll show ye Edinburgh, as you have showed me the hills of heather!’ This was Ralph’s invitation.

‘Na,’ said Jock, ‘an’ thank ye kindly a’ the same. There’s muckle cankersome loons there that micht snap up a guid-lookin’ lad like Jock, an’ ship him ontill their nesty ships afore he could say “Mulwharchar and Craignell!” Jock Gordon may be a fule, but he kens when he’s weel aff. Nae Auld Reekies for him, an’ thank ye kindly.’

S. R. CROCKETT.

From the summit of Calton Hill, there is a prospect unequalled by any to be seen from the midst of a great city. Westward lies the Forth, and beyond it, dimly blue, the far away Highland hills; eastward, rise the bold contours of Arthur’s Seat, and the rugged crags of the Castle Rock, with the grey Old Town of Edinburgh; while, far below, from a maze of crowded thoroughfares, the hoarse murmur of the toil of a polity of energetic men is borne upon the ear. At times, a man may be as solitary here as in a veritable wilderness; and may meditate undisturbedly upon the epitome of nature and of man—the kingdoms of this world—spread out before him.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY.



EDINBURGH FROM CALTON HILL



APPROACHING A MAGICAL CITY

AFTER losing sight of the Hill of Cromarty, the Leith smack in which I sailed was slowly threading her way, in a morning of light airs and huge broken fog-wreaths, through the lower tracts of the Firth of Forth. The islands and distant land looked dim and grey through the haze, like objects in an unfinished drawing; and at times some vast low-browed cloud from the sea applied the sponge as it rolled past, and blotted out half a county at a time; but the sun occasionally broke forth in partial glimpses of great beauty, and brought out into bold relief little bits of the landscape—now a town, and now an islet, and anon the blue summit of a hill. A sunlit wreath rose from around the abrupt and rugged Bass as we passed; and my heart leaped within me as I saw, for the first time, that stern Patmos of the devout and brave of another age looming dark and high through the diluted mist, and enveloped for a moment, as the cloud parted, in an amber-tinted glory. . . . I looked with a double interest on the bold sea-girt rock, and the sun-gilt cloud that rose over its scared forehead, like that still brighter halo which glorifies in the memories of the Scottish people. Many a long-cherished association drew my thoughts to Edinburgh. I was acquainted with Ramsay, and Ferguson, and the 'Humphrey Clinker' of Smollett, and had read a description of the place in the 'Marmion' and the earlier novels of Scott; and I was not yet too old to feel as if I were approaching a great

magical city—like some of those in the ‘Arabian Nights’—that was even more intensely poetical than Nature itself. I did somewhat chide the tantalizing mist, that, like a capricious showman, now raised one corner of its curtain, and anon another, and showed me the place at once very indistinctly, and only by bits at a time ; and yet I know not that I could in reality have seen it to greater advantage, or after a mode more in harmony with my previous conceptions. . . . At one time a flat reach of the New Town came full into view, along which, in the general dimness, the multitudinous chimneys stood up like stacks of corn in a field newly reaped ; at another the Castle loomed out dark in the cloud ; then, as if suspended over the earth, the rugged summit of Arthur’s Seat came strongly out, while its base still remained invisible in the wreath ; and anon I caught a glimpse of the distant Pentlands, enveloped by a clear blue sky, and lighted up by the sun. Leith, with its thicket of masts, and its tall round Tower, lay deep in shade in the foreground. . . . Such was the strangely picturesque countenance with which I was favoured by the Scottish capital, when forming my earliest acquaintance with it. . . .

I was as entirely unacquainted with great towns at this time as the shepherd in Virgil ; and, excited ay what I saw, I sadly tasked my friend’s peripatetic abilities, and, I fear, his patience also, in taking an admiring survey of all the more characteristic streets, and then in setting out for the top of Arthur’s Seat—from which, this evening, I watched the sun set behind the distant Lomonds—that I might acquaint myself with the features of the surrounding country, and the effect of the city as a whole. And amid much con-

fused and imperfect recollections of picturesque groups of ancient buildings, and magnificent assemblages of elegant modern ones, I carried away with me two vividly distinct ideas—first results, as a painter might say, of a ‘fresh eye,’ which no after survey has served to freshen or intensify. I felt that I had seen, not one, but two cities—a city of the past and a city of the present—set down side by side, as if for purposes of comparison, with a picturesque valley drawn like a deep score between them, to mark off the line of division. And such in reality seems to be the grand peculiarity of the Scottish capital—its distinguishing trait among the cities of the empire; though, of course . . . greatly modernized in many parts, has become less uniformly and consistently antique in its aspect. . . . Of its older portions I used never to tire; I found I could walk among them as purely for the pleasure which accrued as among the wild and picturesque of Nature itself.

HUGH MILLER.

LORD MARMION ENTERS EDINBURGH

THUS through the Scottish camp they pass'd,
And reach the City gate at last,
Where all around, a wakeful guard,
Arm'd burghers kept their watch and ward.
Well had they cause of jealous fear,
When lay encamped, in field so near,
The Borderer and the Mountaineer.
As through the bustling streets they go,
All was alive with martial show :
At every turn, with dinning clang,
The armourer's anvil clash'd and rang ;

Or toil'd the swarthy smith, to wheel
The bar that arms the charger's heel ;
Or axe, or falchion, to the side
Of jarring grindstone was applied.
Page, groom, and squire, with hurrying pace,
Through street, and lane, and market-place,
Bore lance, or casque, or sword ;
While burghers, with important face,
Described each new-come lord,
Discuss'd his lineage, told his name,
His following, and his warlike fame.
The Lion led to lodging meet,
Which high o'erlook'd the crowded street ;
There must the Baron rest,
Till past the hour of vesper tide,
And then to Holy-Rood must ride—
Such was the King's behest.
Meanwhile the Lion's care assigns
A banquet rich, and costly wines,
To Marmion and his train ;
And when the appointed hour succeeds,
The Baron dons his peaceful weeds,
And following Lindesay as he leads,
The palace-halls they gain.

Old Holy-Rood rung merrily
That night, with wassell, mirth, and glee ;
King James within her princely bower
Feasted the Chiefs of Scotland's power,
Summon'd to spend the parting hour ;
For he had charged, that his array
Should southward march by break of day.
Well loved that splendid monarch aye
The banquet and the song.

By day the tourney, and by night
The merry dance, traced fast and light,
The maskers quaint, the pageant bright,
The revel loud and long.

This feast outshone his banquets past,
It was his blithest—and his last.
The dazzling lamps, from gallery gay,
Cast on the Court a dancing ray ;
Here to the harp did minstrels sing ;
There ladies touch'd a softer string ;
With long-ear'd cap, and motley vest,
The licensed fool retail'd his jest ;
His magic tricks the juggler plied ;
At dice and draughts the gallants vied ;
While some, in close recess apart,
Courted the ladies of their heart,
Nor courted them in vain ;
For often, in the parting hour,
Victorious Love asserts his power
O'er coldness and disdain ;
And flinty is her heart, can view
To battle march a lover true—
Can hear, perchance, his last adieu,
Nor own her share of pain.

Through this mix'd crowd of glee and game,
The King to greet Lord Marmion came,
While, reverent, all made room.
An easy task it was, I trow,
King James's manly form to know,
Although, his courtesy to show,
He doff'd to Marmion bending low,
His broider'd cap and plume.
For royal was his garb and mien,

His cloak, of crimson velvet piled,
Trimm'd with the fur of martin wild ;
His vest of changeful satin sheen,
The dazzled eye beguiled ;
His gorgeous collar hung adown,
Wrought with the badge of Scotland's crown,
The thistle brave, of old renown ;
His trusty blade, Toledo right,
Descended from a baldric bright ;
White were his buskins, on the heel
His spurs inlaid of gold and steel ;
His bonnet, all of crimson fair,
Was button'd with a ruby rare :
And Marmion deem'd he ne'er had seen
A prince of such a noble mien.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

FROM DUNBAR TO EDINBURGH

DEAR LEWIS,—Dunbar is well situated for trade, and has a curious basin, where ships of small burden may be perfectly secure ; but there is little appearance of business in the place. From thence, all the way to Edinburgh, there is a continual succession of fine seats belonging to noblemen and gentlemen ; and, as each is surrounded by its own parks and plantation, they produce a very pleasing effect in a country which lies otherwise open and exposed. At Dunbar there is a noble park, with a lodge, belonging to the Duke of Roxburgh, where Oliver Cromwell had his head-quarters, when Leslie, at the head of a Scotch army, took possession of the mountains in the neighbourhood, and hampered in such a manner, that he would have been obliged to embark and get away by

sea, had not the fanaticism of the enemy forfeited the advantage which they had obtained by their general's conduct. Their ministers, by exhortation, prayer, assurance, and prophecy, instigated them to go down and slay the Philistines in Gilgal, and they quitted their ground accordingly, notwithstanding all that Leslie could do to restrain the madness of their enthusiasm. When Oliver saw them in motion, he exclaimed, 'Praised be the Lord, he hath delivered them into the hands of his servant !' and ordered his troops to sing a psalm of thanksgiving, while they advanced in order to the plain, where the Scotch were routed with great slaughter. . . . At Musselburgh, however, I had the good fortune to drink tea with my old friend Mr. Cardonel, and at his house I met with Dr. Carlyle, the parson of the parish, whose humour and conversation inflamed me with a desire of being better acquainted with his person. I am not at all surprised that these Scotch make their way in every quarter of the globe.

This place is but four miles from Edinburgh, towards which we proceeded along the sea-shore, upon a firm bottom of smooth sand, which the tide had left uncovered in its retreat. Edinburgh, from this avenue, is not seen to much advantage ; we had only an imperfect view of the castle and upper parts of the town, which varied incessantly according to the inflections of the road, and exhibited the appearance of detached spires and turrets, belonging to some magnificent edifice in ruins.

The palace of Holyrood-house stands on the left as you enter the Canongate. This is a street continued from hence to the gate called the Netherbow, which is now taken away ; so that there is no interrup-

tion for a long mile, from the bottom to the top of the hill, on which the castle stands in a most imperial situation. Considering its fine pavement, its width, and the lofty houses on each side, this would be undoubtedly one of the noblest streets in Europe, if an ugly mass of mean buildings, called the Luckenbooths, had not thrust itself, by what accident I know not, into the middle of the way, like Middle Row in Holborn. The city stands upon two hills, and the bottom between them ; and, with all its defects, may very well pass for the capital of a moderate kingdom. It is full of people ; and continually resounds with the noise of coaches and other carriages, for luxury as well as commerce. . . . All the people of business at Edinburgh, and even the genteel company, may be seen standing in crowds every day, from one to two in the afternoon, in the open street, at a place where formerly stood a market cross, which, by the bye, was a curious piece of Gothic architecture, still to be seen in Lord Somerville's garden in this neighbourhood : I say the people stand in the open street from the force of custom rather than move a few yards to an exchange, that stands empty on one side, or to the Parliament close on the other, which is a noble square, adorned with a fine equestrian statue of King Charles II. The company thus assembled are entertained with a variety of tunes, played upon a set of bells, fixed in a steeple hard by. As these bells are well toned, and the musician, who has a salary from the city for playing upon them with keys, is no bad performer, the entertainment is really agreeable, and very striking to the ears of a stranger. . . .

I shall stay [in Edinburgh] until I have seen everything that is remarkable in and about this

capital. I now begin to feel the good effect of exercise. I eat like a farmer, sleep from midnight till eight in the morning, without interruption, and enjoy a constant tide of spirits, equally distant from in-anition and excess ; but whatever ebbs or flows my constitution may undergo, my heart will still declare that I am, dear Lewis, your affectionate friend and servant, MATT. BRAMBLE.

EDINBURGH, *July 18th.*

TOBIAS SMOLLETT.

THE MERRY GLEE OF EDINBURGH TOWN

FAREWELL, my bonny, lovely, witty, pretty Maggy,
 And a' the rosy lasses milking on the down :
 Adieu the flowery meadows, aft sae dear to Jocky,
 The sports and merry glee of Edinborrow town.
 Since French and Spanish lowns stand at bay,
 And valiant lads of Britain hold 'em play,
 My reap-hook I maun cast quite away,
 And fight too like a man
 Among 'em for our royal Queen Anne.

Each carle of Irish mettle battles like a dragon :
 The Germans waddle, and straddle to the drum ;
 The Italian and the butter bowzy Hogan Morgan :
 Good - faith then, Scottish Jocky mauna ly at
 hame :
 For since they are ganging to hunt renown,
 And swear they'll quickly ding auld Monsieur
 down,
 I'll follow for a pluck at his crown,
 To show that Scotland can
 Excel 'em for our royal Queen Anne.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

THE PLEASANT ENTRANCE INTO EDINBURGH

THE distant view of Edinburgh is picturesque and romantic. . . . It is, compared to that of London, what the poem of the *Seasons* is with respect to *Paradise Lost*, the castellated descriptions of Walter Scott to the *Darkness* of Byron, the *Sabbath* of Graham to the *Robbers* of Schiller. In the approach to Edinburgh, leisure and cheerfulness are on the road : large spaces of rural and pastoral nature are spread openly around : and mountains, and seas, and headlands : and vessels passing beyond them, going like those that die, we know not whither, while the sun is bright on their sails, and hope with them. But in coming to this Babylon there is an eager haste and a hurrying on from all quarters towards that stupendous pile of gloom, through which no eye can penetrate ; an unceasing sound, like the enginery of an earthquake at work, rolls from the heart of that profound and indefinable obscurity ; sometimes a faint and yellow beam of the sun strikes here and there on the vast expanse of edifices, and churches and holy asylums are dimly seen lifting up their countless steeples and spires—like so many lightning-rods to avert the wrath of Heaven.

The entrance to Edinburgh awakens feelings of a more pleasing character also. The rugged, veteran aspect of the Old Town is agreeably contrasted with the bright, smooth forehead of the New, and there is not such an overwhelming torrent of animal life as to make you pause before venturing to stem it : the noises are not so deafening, and the occasional sound of a ballad-singer or of a Highland piper varies and enriches the discords. But here, a multitudinous

assemblage of harsh alarms, of selfish contentions, and of furious carriages driven by a fierce and insolent race, shatter the very hearing, till you partake of the activity with which all seem as much possessed as if a general apprehension prevailed that the great clock of Time would strike the doom-hour before their tasks were done. . . .

Betimes in the morning, having taken our breakfast, we got a caddy to guide us and our wallise to Widow M'Vicar's, at the head of the Covenanters' Close. She was a relation to my first wife, Betty Lanshaw, my own full cousin that was, and we had advised her, by course of post, of our coming and intendment to lodge with her as uncos and strangers. But Mrs. M'Vicar kept a cloth shop and sold plaidings and flannels, besides Yorkshire superfines, and was use to the sudden incoming of strangers, especially visitants, from both the West and the North Highlands, and was withal a gawsy, furthy woman, taking great pleasure in hospitality, and every sort of kindness and discretion ; and she would not allow of such a thing as our being lodgers in her house, but was so cagey to see us, and to have it in her power to be civil to a minister (as she was pleased to say) of such repute, that nothing less would content her but that we must live upon her, and partake of all the best that could be gotten for us within the walls of 'the gude town.'

When we found ourselves so comfortable, Mrs. Balwhidder and me waited on my patron's family that was, the young ladies, and the laird, who had been my pupil, but was now an advocate high in the law. They likewise were kind. In short, everybody in Edinburgh was in a manner wearisome kind, and

we could scarcely find time to see the Castle and the palace of Holyrood House, and the more sanctified place where the Maccabeus of the Kirk of Scotland, John Knox, was wont to live. . . . It was in this visit to Edinburgh that Mrs. Balwhidder bought her silver teapot, and other ornamental articles ; but this was not done, as she assured me, in a vain spirit of bravery (which I could not have abided), because it was well known that tea draws better in a silver pot, and drinks pleasanter in a china cup, than out of any other kind of cup or teapot.

JOHN GALT.

DUN-EDIN

SEE yon little hamlet, o'ershadowed with smoke ;
See yon hoary battlement throned on the rock ;
Even there shall a city in splendour break forth,—
The haughty Dun-Edin, the Queen of the North ;
There learning shall flourish, and liberty smile,—
The awe of the world, and the pride of the isle.

But thy lonely spirit shall roam in dismay,
And weep o'er thy labours so soon to decay,
In yon western plain, where thy power overthrew
The bulwarks of Caledon, valiant and few ;
Where beamed the red faulchion of ravage and
wrath ;

Where tyranny, horsed on the dragons of death,
Rode ruthless through blood of the honoured and just,
When Græme and brave Stuart lay bleeding in dust,
The wailings of liberty pierced the sky ;
The Eternal, in pity, averted His eye !

Even there the dread power of thy nations combined,
Proud England, green Erin, and Normandy joined,

Exulting in numbers, and dreadful array,
Led on by Carnavon, to Scotland away,
As thick as the snow-flakes that pour from the pole,
Or silver-maned waves on the ocean that roll,
By a handful of heroes, all desperate driven,
Impelled by the might and the vengeance of heaven,—
By them shall these legions be all overborne,
And melt from the field like the mist of the morn.
The Thistle shall rear her rough front to the sky,
And the Rose and the Shamrock at Carron shall die.

JAMES HOGG.

ENTERING EDINBURGH

DEAR WAT,—We entered Scotland by a frightful muir of sixteen miles, which promises very little for the interior parts of the kingdom ; but the prospect mended as we advanced. Passing through Dunbar, which is a neat little town, situated on the sea-side, we lay at a country inn, where our entertainment far exceeded our expectation. . . . Yesterday we dined at Haddington, which has been a place of some consideration, but is now gone to decay ; and in the evening arrived [at Edinburgh]. It is very romantic, from its situation on the declivity of a hill, having a fortified castle at the top, and a royal palace at the bottom. . . . What first strikes the eye is the unconscionable height of the houses, which generally rise to five, six, seven, and eight stories, and, in some places (as I am assured) to twelve. This manner of building, attended with numberless inconveniences, must have been originally owing to want of room. Certain it is, the town seems to be full of people ; but their books, their language, and their customs, are so

different from ours, that I can hardly believe myself in Great Britain. . . . Recollecting that [my uncle] had a letter of recommendation to one Mr. Mitchelson, a lawyer, he sent it by his servant, with a compliment, imparting that he would wait upon him next day in person ; but that gentleman visited us immediately, and insisted upon our going to his own house, until he could provide lodgings for our accommodation. We gladly accepted of his invitation, and repaired to his house, where we were treated with equal elegance and hospitality, to the utter confusion of our aunt, whose prejudices, though beginning to give way, were not yet entirely removed. To-day, by the assistance of our friend, we are settled in convenient lodgings, up four pair of stairs, in the High Street, the fourth story being, in this city, reckoned more genteel than the first. The air is, in all probability, the better ; but it requires good lungs to breathe it at this distance above the surface of the earth. While I do remain above it, whether higher or lower, provided I breathe at all, I shall ever be, dear Philip, yours, J. MELFORD.

EDINBURGH, *July 18th.*

TOBIAS SMOLLETT.

WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBURGH TOWN

'Twas within a mile of Edinburgh town,
In the rosy time of the year,
Sweet flowers bloom'd and the grass was down,
And each shepherd woo'd his dear.
Bonnie Jockie, blythe and gay,
Kissed young Jennie making hay ;
The lassie blushed, and frowning cried,
' Na, na, it winna do :
' I canna, winna, maunna buckle to.'

Jockie was a wag that never wad wed,
Though lang he had followed the lass ;
Contented she earned and ate her brown bread,
And merrily turned up the grass.
Bonnie Jockie, blythe and free,
Won her heart right merrily ;
Yet still she blushed, and frowning cried,
' Na, na, it winna do :
' I canna, winna, maunna buckle to.'

But when he vow'd he wad make her his bride,
Though his flocks and herds were not few,
She gie'd him her hand and a kiss beside,
And vow'd she'd for ever be true.
Bonnie Jockie, blythe and free,
Won her heart right merrily ;
At kirk so no more frowning cried :
' Na, na, it winna do :
' I canna, winna, maunna buckle to.'

T. D'UFREY.

THOUGHTS ON MAKING EDINBURGH'S ACQUAINTANCE

I KNOW not a feeling of more delightful excitation than that which attends a traveller, when he sallies out on a fine clear morning, to make his first survey of a splendid city, to which he is a stranger. I have often before experienced this charming spirit-stirring sensation. . . . A thick blue smoke hung low upon the houses, and their outlines reposed behind on ridges of purple cloud ; the smoke and the clouds, and the murky air, giving yet more extravagant bulk and altitude to those huge strange dwellings, and increasing the power of contrast which met our view,

when a few paces more brought us once again upon the New Town, the airy bridge, the bright green vale below and beyond it, and skirting the line of the vale on either side, the rough crags of the Castle rock, and the broad glare of Princes Street, that most superb of terraces ; steeples and towers, and cupolas scattered bright beneath our feet ; and, far as the eye could reach, the whole pomp and richness of distant commotion, the heart of the city. Such was my first view of Edinburgh. I descended again into her streets in a sort of stupor of admiration. . . . The way [to Holyrood] lies straight down the only great street of the Old Town, a street by far the most impressive in its character of any I have ever seen in Britain. The sombre shadows, cast by those huge houses of which it is composed, and the streams of faint light cutting the darkness here and there, where the entrance to some fantastic alley pierces the sable mass of building ; the strange projectings, recedings, and windings ; the roofs, the stairs, the windows, all so luxuriating in endless variety of carved work ; the fading and mouldering coats of arms, helmets, crests, coronets, supporters, mantles, and pavilions ; all these testimonials of forgotten pride, mingled so profusely with the placards of old-clothes men, and every sign of plebeian wretchedness ; it is not possible to imagine more speaking emblems of the decay of a once royal city. . . . Since I came to this town the weather has in general been of a very unpleasant kind. When you look out from the windows of your apartment, nothing can be finer than the appearance everything presents. The air is as clear as amber overhead, and the sun shines with so much power, that in these splendid streets, the division of the bright from the

shadowy part, reminds one of the richest effects of a Cuyyp, or a Sachtleeven. . . . Either at what hour or from what point of view, the external appearance of this city is productive of the noblest effect. I walk round and round it, and survey it from east, west, north and south, and everywhere it assumes some new and glorious aspect, which delights me so much at the moment, that I am inclined to think I have at last hit upon the true station from whence to survey its beauties. A few steps bring me to some new eminence, from which some yet wider and more diversified picture of its magnificence opens itself to my eyes, or perhaps to some winding ravine, the dark and precipitous sides of which, while they shut out much of this imposing expanse of magnitude, form a deep and concentrating framework, in whose centre some one isolated fragment assumes a character of sublimity, that seems almost to throw the wider field of variety and splendour into temporary shade. I have at last given up the attempt ; and am contented to let my admiration be as impartial as the charm is universal.

J. G. LOCKHART.

THE GRAY METROPOLIS OF THE NORTH

O LOVE, what hours were thine and mine,
 In lands of palm and southern pine ;
 In lands of palm, of orange-blossom,
 Of olive, aloë, and maize and vine.

 We took our last adieu,
 And up the snowy Splügen drew,
 But ere we reach'd the highest summit,
 I pluck'd a daisy, I gave it you.

THE CHARM OF EDINBURGH

It told of England then to me,
And now it tells of Italy.

O Love, we two shall go no longer
To lands of summer across the sea ;

So dear a life your arms enfold
Whose crying is a cry for gold :

Yet here to-night in this dark city,
When ill and weary, alone and cold,

I found, tho' crush'd to hard and dry,
This nurseling of another sky

Still in the little book you lent me,
And where you tenderly laid it by :

And I forgot the clouded Forth,
The gloom that saddens Heaven and Earth,

The bitter east, the misty summer,
And gray metropolis of the North.

Perchance, to lull the throbs of pain,
Perchance, to charm a vacant brain,

Perchance, to dream you still beside me,
My fancy fled to the South again.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

COLONEL MANNERING IN EDINBURGH

MANNERING, with Sampson for his companion, lost no time in his journey to Edinburgh. They travelled in the Colonel's post-chariot, who, knowing his companion's habits of abstraction, did not choose to lose him out of his own sight, far less to trust him on horseback, where, in all probability, a knavish stable-boy might with little address have contrived to mount

him with his face to the tail. Accordingly, with the aid of his valet, who attended on horseback, he contrived to bring Mr. Sampson safe to an inn in Edinburgh,—for hotels in those days there were none,—without any other accident than arose from his straying twice upon the road. . . . As soon as they arrived in Edinburgh, and were established at the George Inn, near Bristo-Port, then kept by old Cockburn (I love to be particular), the Colonel desired the waiter to procure him a guide to Mr. Pleydell's, the advocate, for whom he had a letter of introduction from Mr. Mac-Morlan. He then commanded Barnes to have an eye to the Dominie, and walked forth with a chairman, who was to usher him to the man of law.

The period was near the end of the American War. The desire of room, of air, and of decent accommodation had not as yet made very much progress in the capital of Scotland. Some efforts had been made on the south side of the town towards building houses *within themselves*, as they are emphatically termed; and the New Town on the north, since so much extended, was then just commenced. But the great bulk of the better classes, and particularly those connected with the law, still lived in flats or dungeons of the Old Town. The manners also of some of the veterans of the law had not admitted innovation. One or two eminent lawyers still saw their clients in taverns, as was the general custom fifty years before; and although their habits were already considered as old-fashioned by the younger barristers, yet the custom of mixing wine and revelry with serious business was still maintained by these senior counsellors, who loved the old road, either because it was

such, or because they had got too well used to it to travel any other. Among those praisers of the past time, who with ostentatious obstinacy affected the manners of a former generation, was this same Paulus Pleydell, Esq., otherwise a good scholar, an excellent lawyer, and a worthy man.

Under the guidance of his trusty attendant, Colonel Mannering, after threading a dark lane or two, reached the High Street, then clanging with the voices of the oyster-women and the bells of pie-men, for it had, as his guide assured him, just 'chappit eight upon the Tron.' It was long since Mannering had been in the street of a crowded metropolis, which, with its noise and clamour, its sounds of trade, of revelry and of license, its variety of lights, and the eternally changing bustle of its hundred groups, offers, by night especially, a spectacle which, though composed of the most vulgar materials when they are separately considered, has, when they are combined, a striking and powerful effect on the imagination. The extraordinary height of the houses was marked by lights, which, glimmering irregularly along their front, ascended so high among the attics that they seemed at length to twinkle in the middle sky. This *coup d'œil*, which still subsists in a certain degree, was then more imposing, owing to the uninterrupted range of buildings on each side, which, broken only at the space where the North Bridge joins the main street, formed a superb and uniform Place, extending from the front of the Lucken-booths to the head of the Canongate, and corresponding in breadth and length to the uncommon height of the buildings on either side.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

AULD REIKIE

'*Auld Reeky*, a name the country people give Edinburgh, from the cloud of smoke or reek that seems always impending over her.'—ALLAN RAMSAY.

AULD REIKIE, wale o' ilka town
That Scotland kens beneath the moon !
Whare couthy chiels at e'ening meet
Their bizzing craigs and mous to weet ;
And blythly gar auld care gae by
Wi' blinkit and wi' bleering eye :
O'er lang frae thee the Muse has been
Sae frisky on the simmer's green,
Whan flowers and gowans wont to glent
In bonny blinks upo' the bent ;
But now the leaves o' yellow dye,
Peel'd frae the branches, quickly fly ;
And now frae nouthier bush nor brier
The spreckl'd mavis greets your ear ;
Nor bonny blackbird skims and roves
To seek his love in yonder groves.

Then Reikie, welcome ! Thou canst charm
Unfleggit by the year's alarm ;
Not Boreas, that sae snelly blows,
Dare here pap in his angry nose :
Thanks to our dads, whase biggin stands
A shelter to surrounding lands.

Now morn, wi' bonny purple smiles,
Kisses the air-cock o' St. Giles ;
Rakin' their ein, the servant lasses
Early begin their lies and clashes ;
Ilk tells her friend o' saddest distress
That still she broods frae scawling mistress. . . .

On stair wi' tub, or pat in hand,
The barefoot housemaids loe to stand,

That antrin fock may ken how snell
 Auld Reikie will at morning smell :
 Then, with an inundation big as
 The burn that 'neath the Nor' Lochbrig is,
 They kindly shower Edina's roses,
 To quicken and regale our noses.
 Now some for this, wi' satire's leesh,
 Hae gi'en auld Edinbrough a creesh :
 But without souring nocht is sweet ;
 The morning smells that hail our streets,
 Prepare and gently lead the way
 To simmer canty, braw and gay :
 Edina's sons mair eithly share
 Her spices and her dainties rare,
 Than he that's never yet been call'd
 Aff frae his pladdie or his fauld.

Now stair-head critics, senseless fools,
 Censure their aim, and pride their rules,
 In Luckenbooths wi' glouring eye,
 Their neighbour's sma'est fauts descry :
 If ony loun shou'd dander there,
 O' aukward gate, and foreign air :
 They trace his steps, till they can tell
 His pedigree as weel's himsell.

Whan Phœbus blinks wi' warmer ray,
 And schools at noon-day get the play,
 Then, bus'ness, weighty bus'ness, comes,
 The trader glours ; he doubts, he hums :
 The lawyers eke to Cross repair,
 Their wings to shaw, and toss an air :
 While busy agent closely plies,
 And a' his kittle cases tries.

Now night, that's cunzied chief for fun,
 Is wi' her usual rites begun ;
 Thro' ilka gate the torches blaze,

And globes send out their blinkin' rays.
The usefu' cadie plies the street,
To bide the profits o' his feet ;
For by their lads Auld Reikie's fock
Ken but a sample o' the stock
O' thieves, that nightly wad oppress,
And mak baith goods and gear the less.
Near him the lazy chairman stands,
And wats na how to turn his hands ;
Till some daft birky, ranting fu',
Has matters somewhare else to do ;
The chairman willing gi'es his light
To deeds o' darkness and o' night. . . .

If kail sae green, or herbs, delight,
Edina's street attracts the sight ;
Not Covent-garden, clad sae braw,
Mair fouth o' herbs can eithly shaw :
For mony a yard is here sair sought,
That kail and cabbage may be bought,
And healthfu' salad to regale,
Whan pamper'd wi' a heavy meal.
Glowr up the street at simmer morn,
The birk sae green, and sweet-brier thorn,
Wi' spraingit flow'rs that scent the gale,
Ca' far awa the morning smell,
Wi' which our ladies' flow'r-pats fill'd,
And every noxious vapour kill'd.
O Nature ! canty, blythe and free,
Whare is there kneeling-glass like thee ?
Is there on earth that can compare
Wi' Mary's shape and Mary's air,
Save the empurpl'd speck that grows
In the saft faulds o' yonder rose ?
How bonny seems the virgin breast,
Whan by the lilies here carest,

And leaves the mind in doubt to tell
Which maist in sweets and hue excel ? . . .

On Sunday here, an alter'd scene
O' men and manners meets our ein ;
Ane wad maist trow some people chose
To change their faces wi' their clo'es,
And fain wad gar ilk neighbour think
They thirst for goodness as for drink ;
But there's an unco dearth o' grace,
That has nae mansion but the face ;
And never can obtain a part
In benmost corner o' the heart.
Why shou'd religion mak us sad,
If good frae Virtue's to be had ?
Na, rather gleefu' turn your face ;
Forsake hypocrisy, grimace ;
And never hae it understood
You fleg mankind frae being good.

In afternoon, a' brawly buskit,
The joes and lasses loe to frisk it ;
Some tak a great delight to place
The modest bon-grace o'er the face ;
Tho' you may see, if so inclin'd,
The turning o' the leg behind.
Now Comely-garden, and the Park,
Refresh them, after forenoon's wark ;
Newhaven, Leith, or Canon-mills,
Supply them in their Sunday's gills ;
Whare writers aften spend their pence,
To stock their heads wi' drink an' sense.

While dand'ring its delight to stray
To Castle Hill, or public way,
Whare they nae other purpose mean,
Than that foul cause o' being seen :

Let me to Arthur's Seat pursue,
Whare bonny pastures meet the view;
And mony a wild-lorn scene accrues,
Befitting Willie Shakespeare's muse :
If Fancy there would join the thrang,
The desert rocks and hills amang,
To echoes we should lilt and play,
And gie to Mirth the live-lang day.

Or shou'd some canker'd biting show'r
The day and a' her sweets deflow'r,
To Holyrood-house let me stray,
And gie to musing a' the day ;
Lamenting what auld Scotland knew
Bien days for ever frae her view :
O Hamilton, for shame ! the Muse
Wad pay to thee her couthy vows
Gin ye wad tent the humble strain,
And gie 's our dignity again :
For O, waes me ! the thistle springs
In domicile o' ancient kings,
Without a patriot to regret
Our palace and our ancient state. . . .

Reikie, farewell ! I ne'er cou'd part
Wi' thee but wi' a dowy heart ;
Aft frae the Fifan coast I've seen
Thee towering on thy summit green,
So glowr the saints when first is given
A fav'rite keek o' glore and heaven ;
On earth nae mair they bend their ein,
But quick assume angelic mien ;
So I on Fife wad glowr no more,
But gallop'd to Edina's shore.

ROBERT FERGUSON.

THE WATER POET IS ENTERTAINED IN
EDINBURGH

THE moon [being] four days old, the wind at west, I came to take rest, at the wished, long expected, ancient famous city of *Edinburgh*, which I entered like Pierce Penniless, altogether moneyless, but I thank God, not friendless; for being there, for the time of my stay, I might borrow, (if any man would lend) spend if I could get, beg if I had the impudence, and steal if I durst adventure the price of a hanging, but my purpose was to house my horse, and to suffer him and my apparel to lie in durance, or lavender instead of litter, till such time as I could meet with some valiant friend, that would desperately disburse.

Walking thus down the street, (my body being tired with travel, and my mind attired with moody, muddy Moor-ditch melancholy) my contemplation did devoutly pray, that I might meet one or other to prey upon, being willing to take any slender acquaintance of any map whatsoever, viewing, and circumviewing every man's face I met, as if I meant to draw his picture. . . . At last I resolved, that the next gentleman that I met withal, should be acquaintance whether he would or no : and presently fixing mine eyes upon a gentleman-like object, I looked on him, as if I would survey something through him, and make him my perspective : and he much musing at my gazing, and I much gazing at his musing, at last he crossed the way and made toward me, and then I made down the street from him, leaving him to encounter my man, who came after me leading my horse whom he thus accosted. My friend (quoth he), doth yonder gentleman, (meaning me) know me, that he looks so

wistly on me? Truly, sir, said my man, I think not, but my master is a stranger come from *London*, and would gladly meet some acquaintance to direct him where he may have lodging and horse-meat. Presently the gentleman, (being of a generous disposition) overtook me with unexpected and undeserved courtesy, brought me to a lodging, and caused my horse to be put into his own stable whilst we discoursing over a pint of Spanish, I relate as much English to him, as made him lend me ten shillings, (his name was Master *John Maxwell*) which money I am sure was the first that I handled after I came from out the walls of *London*: but having rested two hours and refreshed myself, the gentleman and I walked to see the City and the Castle, which as my poor unable and unworthy pen can, I will truly describe.

The Castle on a lofty rock is so strongly grounded, bounded, and founded, that by force of man it can never be confounded; the foundation and walls are impenetrable, the rampiers impregnable, the bulwarks invincible, no way but one it is possible or can be possible to be made passable. In a word, I have seen many straits and fortresses in *Germany*, the *Netherlands*, *Spain* and *England*, but they must all give place to this unconquered Castle, both for strength and situation.

Amongst the many memorable things which I was shewed there, I noted especially a great piece of ordnance of iron; it is not for battery, but it will serve to defend a breach, or to toss balls of wild-fire against any that should assail or assault the Castle; it [Mons Meg] lies now dismounted. . . .

So leaving the Castle, as it is both defensive against

my opposition, and magnific for lodging and receite, I descended lower to the City, wherein I observed the fairest and goodliest street that ever mine eyes beheld, for I did never see or hear of a street of that length, (which is half an English mile from the Castle to a fair part which they call the *Nether-Bow*) and from that part, the street which they call the *Kenny-gate* is one quarter of a mile more, down to the King's Palace, called *Holy-rood-House*, the buildings on each side of the way being all of squared stone, five, six, and seven stories high, and many bye-lanes and closes one each side of the way, wherein are gentlemen's houses, much fairer than the buildings in the High Street, for in the High Street the merchants and tradesmen do dwell, but the gentlemen's mansions and goodliest houses are obscurely founded in the aforesaid lanes : the walls are eight to ten foot thick, exceeding strong, not built for a day, a week, or a month, or a year ; but from antiquity to posterity, for many ages ; there I found entertainment beyond my expectation or merit, and there is fish, flesh, bread, and fruit, in such variety, that I think I may offenceless call it superfluity, or satiety. The worst was, that wine and ale was so scarce, and the people there such misers of it, that every night before I went to bed, if any man had asked me a civil question, all the wit in my head could not have made him a sober answer. . . .

But once more, a word or two of *Edinburgh*, although I have scarcely given it that due which belongs unto it, for their lofty and stately buildings, and for their fair and spacious streets, yet my mind persuades me that they in former ages that first founded that city did not so well in that they built it

in so discommodious a place ; for the sea, and all navigable rivers being the chief means for the enriching of towns and cities, by the reason of traffic with foreign nations, with exportation, transportation, and receite of variety of merchandizing ; so this city, had it been built but one mile lower on the seaside, I doubt not but it had long before this been comparable to many a one of our greatest towns and cities in *Europe*, both for spaciousness of bounds, port, state, and riches.

JOHN TAYLOR.

TO THE MERCHANTS OF EDINBURGH

AN ADDRESS

QUHY will ye, Merchantis of renoun,
Lat Edinburgh, your nobill toun
For laik of reformatioun
The commone proffeitt tyne and fame ?
Think ye nocht schame,
That ony uther regioun
Sall with dishonour hurt your Name ! . . .

At your hie Croce, quhair gold and silk
Sould be, thair is bot curdis and milk ;
And at your Trone but cokill and wilk,
Pausches, pudingis of Jok and Jame :
Think ye nocht schame,
Sen as the world sayis that ilk
In hurt and sclander of your Name !

Your commone Menstrallis hes no tone,
But Now the day dawis, and Into Joun ;
Cuningar men scherve Sanct Clown,

And nevir to uther craftis clame :

Think ye nocht schame,

To hald sic mowaris on the mounne,

In hurt and sclander of your Name !

Tail youris, Soutteris, and craftis vyll,

The fairest of your streitis dois fyll ;

And merchandis at the stinkand Styll

Ar hamperit in ane honey came :

Think ye nocht schame,

That ye have nether witt nor wyll

To win your selff ane bettir Name !

Your Burgh of beggaris is ane nest,

To schout and swen youris will nocht rest ;

All honest folk they do molest,

Sa piteuflic thai cry and rame :

Think ye nocht schame,

That for the poore hes no thing drest,

In hurt and sclander of your Name !

Your proffeit daylie dois incress

Your godlie workis less and less ;

Through streittis nane may mak progress,

For cry of cruikit, blind, and lame ;

Think ye nocht schame,

That ye sic substance dois possess,

And will nocht win ane bettir Name !

Sen for the Court and the Sessioun,

The great repair of this regioun

Is in your Burgh, thairfoir be boun

To mend all faultis that ar to blame,

And eschew schame ;

Gif thai pas to ane uther Toun

Ye will decay, and your great Name !

Thairfoir strangeris and leigis treit,
 Tak nocht ouer meikle for thair meit,
 And gar your Merchandis be discriet,
 That na extortiounnes be proclaime,
 Awfrand ane schame :
 Keip ordour, and poore nychtbouris be it,
 That ye may gett ane bettir Name !

Singular proffeit so dois yow blind,
 The common proffeit gois behind :
 I pray that Lord remeid to fynd
 That deit into Jerusalem ;

And gar you schame !
 That sum tyme ressoun may yow bind,
 For to reconqueis yow guid Name !

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

THE EDINBURGH OF MARIE STUART

‘ THIS, then, is Edinburgh ? ’ said the youth, as the fellow-travellers arrived at one of the heights to the southward, which commanded a view of the great northern capital—‘ this is that Edinburgh of which we have heard so much ? ’

‘ Even so, ’ said the falconer ; ‘ yonder stands Auld Reekie—you may see the smoke hover over her at twenty miles’ distance, as the goss-hawk hangs over a plump of young wild-ducks—ay, yonder is the heart of Scotland, and each throb that she gives is felt from the edge of Solway to Duncan’s-bay head. See, yonder is the old Castle ; and see to the right, on yon rising ground, that is the Castle of Craigmillar, which I have known a merry place in my time.’

‘ Was it not there, ’ said the page in a low voice,
 ‘ that the Queen held her court ? ’

‘Ay, ay,’ replied the falconer, ‘Queen she was then, though you must not call her so now.—Well, they may say what they will—many a true heart will be sad for Mary Stewart, e’en if all be true men say of her ; for look you, Master Roland—she was the loveliest creature to look upon that I ever saw with eye, and no lady in the land liked better the fair flight of a falcon. I was at the great match on Roslin-moor betwixt Bothwell—he was a black sight to her that Bothwell—and the Baron of Roslin, who could judge a hawk’s flight as well as any man in Scotland—a butt of Rhenish and a ring of gold was the wager, and it was flown as fairly for as ever was red gold and bright wine. And to see her there on her white palfrey, that flew as if it scorned to touch more than the heather blossom ; and to hear her voice, as clear and sweet as the mavis’s whistle, mix among our jolly whooping and whistling ; and to mark all the nobles dashing round her—happiest he who got a word or a look—tearing through moss and hag, and venturing neck and limb to gain the praise of a bold rider, and the blink of a bonny Queen’s bright eye !—she will see little hawking where she lies now—ay, ay, pomp and pleasure pass away as speedily as the wap of a falcon’s wing.’ . . .

The principal street of Edinburgh was then, as now, one of the most spacious in Europe. The extreme height of the houses, and the variety of Gothic gables, and battlements, and balconies, by which the sky-line on each side was crowded and terminated, together with the width of the street itself, might have struck with surprise a more practised eye than that of young Græme. The population, close packed within the walls of the city, and at this time increased by the

number of the lords of the King's party who had thronged to Edinburgh to wait upon the Regent Murray, absolutely swarmed like bees on the wide and stately street. Instead of the shop-windows, which are now calculated for the display of goods, the traders had their open booths projecting on the street, in which, as in the fashion of the modern bazaars, all was exposed which they had upon sale. And though the commodities were not of the richest kinds, yet Græme thought he beheld the wealth of the whole world in the various bales of Flanders cloths, and the specimens of tapestry ; and, at other places, the display of domestic utensils, and pieces of plate, struck him with wonder. The sight of cutlers' booths, furnished with swords and poniards, which were manufactured in Scotland, and with pieces of defensive armour, imported from Flanders, added to his surprise ; and, at every step, he found so much to admire and to gaze upon, that Adam Woodcock had no little difficulty in prevailing on him to advance through such a scene of enchantment.

The sight of the crowds which filled the streets was equally a subject of wonder. Here a gay lady, in her muffler, or silken veil, traced her way delicately, a gentleman-usher making way for her, a page bearing up her train, and a waiting gentlewoman carrying her Bible, thus intimating that her purpose was towards the church. There he might see a group of citizens bending the same way, with their short Flemish cloaks, wide trowsers, and high-caped doublets ; a fashion to which, as well as to their bonnet and feather, the Scots were long faithful. Then, again, came the clergyman himself, in his black Geneva cloak and band, bending a grave and attentive ear to the dis-

course of several persons who accompanied him, and who were doubtless holding serious converse on the religious subject he was about to treat of. Nor did there lack passengers of a different class and appearance.

At every turn, Roland Græme might see a gallant ruffe along in the newer or French mode, his doublet slashed, and his points of the same colours with the lining, his long sword on one side, and his poniard on the other, behind him a body of stout serving-men proportioned to his estate and quality, all of whom walked with an air of military retainers, and were armed with sword and buckler, the latter being a small round shield, not unlike the Highland target, having a steel spike in the centre. Two of these parties, each headed by a person of importance, chanced to meet in the very centre of the street, or, as it was called, 'the crown of the causeway,' a post of honour as tenaciously asserted in Scotland, as that of giving or taking the wall used to be in the more southern part of the island. The two leaders being of equal rank, and, most probably, either animated by political dislike, or by recollection of some feudal enmity, marched close up to each other, without yielding an inch to the right or the left; and neither showing the least purpose of giving way, they stopped for an instant, and then drew their swords. Their followers imitated their example; about a score of weapons at once flashed in the sun, and there was an immediate clatter of swords and bucklers, while the followers on either side cried their master's name; the one shouting 'Help! a Leslie!' while the others answered with shouts of 'Seyton! Seyton!' with the additional punning slogan, 'Set on, set on—bear the knaves to the ground!'

If the falconer found difficulty in getting the page to go forward before, it was now perfectly impossible. He reined up his horse, clapped his hands, and, delighted with the fray, cried and shouted as fast as any of those who were actually engaged in it.

The noise and cries thus arising on the High-gate, as it was called, drew into the quarrel two or three other parties of gentlemen and their servants, besides some single passengers, who, hearing a fray betwixt these two distinguished names, took part in it, either for love or hatred.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

EDINBURGH : A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY
VIGNETTE

EDENBOROW is the seat of the King of Scotland, and the Courts of Justice are held in the same. Of old, according to the changeable fortune of warre, it was sometimes in the possession of the Scots, sometimes of the English inhabiting this Easterne part of Scotland, till the English Kingdome being shaken with invasions of the Danes, at last about the yeere 960, it became wholly in the power of the Scots. This City is high seated, in a fruitfull soyle and wholesome aire, and is adorned with many Noblemens' Towers lying about it, and aboundeth with many springs of sweet waters. At the end towards the East, is the King's Pallace joyning to the Monastery of the Holy Crosse, which King David the First built, over which, in a Parke of Hares, Conies, and Deare, an high mountaine hangs, called the chaire of Arthur (of Arthur the Prince of the Britanes, whose monuments, famous among all Ballad-makers, are for the most part to be

found on these borders of England and Scotland). From the King's Pallace at the East, the City still riseth higher and higher towards the West, and consists especially of one broad and very faire street (which is the greatest part and sole ornament thereof). . . . This length from the East to the West is about a mile, whereas the bredth of the City from the North to the South is narrow, and cannot be halfe a mile. At the furthest end towards the West, is a very strong Castle, which the Scots hold unexpugnable. Camden saith this Castle was of old called by . . . the Scots 'The Castle of the Maids' (of certaine Virgines kept there by the King of the Picts), and by Ptolemy 'The Winged Castle.' And from this Castle towards the West, is a most steepe Rocke pointed on the highest top, out of which this Castle is cut. But on the North and South sides without the wals, lie plaine and fruitful fields of corne. In the midst of the fore-said faire streete, the Cathedrall Church is built, which is large and lightsome, but little stately for the building, and nothing at all for the beauty and ornament. In this Church the King's seate is built some few staires high of wood, and leaning upon the pillar next to the pulpit. And opposite to the same is another seate very like it, in which the incontinent use to stand and doe pennance ; and some few weekes past, a gentleman, being a stranger, and taking it for a place wherein men of better quality used to sit, boldly entered the same in sermon time, till he was driven away with the profuse laughter of the common sort, to the disturbance of the whole congregation. The houses are built of unpolished stone, and in the faire streete good part of them is of free stone, which in that broade streete would make a faire shew, but that the

outsides of them are faced with wooden galleries, built upon the second story of the houses ; yet these galleries give the owners a faire and pleasant prospect, into the said faire and broad streete, when they sit or stand in the same.

FYNES MORYSON.

EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY EDINBURGH

THE City is built between two steep hills, and the Castle on another, so that it may not improperly be compar'd to a spread Eagle. The hill whereon the Castle is built being the head, and the two barren mountains on each side of it the wings. I have the more reason to make this comparison, because Adam in the British signifys wing'd, so that Edenborough being a Compound of British and Saxon, implyes a wing'd Borough. . . . When I first came in sight of Edenborough, I thought the loftiness of the houses and the prospect of the Castle made a fine show, but I was soon of the same opinion with the English Captain, who having been well entertain'd by the Scotch, was ask'd how he lik'd the Country, he answered not at all, upon which enquiring into the reason, he told them, he thought they had not so much Religion as other Nations. At that they were amazed, knowing their religion even carry'd them to Superstition, so they requir'd why he thought soe, because sayes the English Captain, you have but 8 commandments, they told him they had 10, as well as he, No says the Captain, you have but 8, for you have nothing to covet and nothing to steale. . . . We went on Sunday to the Kirk. . . . The Minister made such a prodigious noise in broad Scotch, and beat his Pulpit so violently, that he seem'd better

qualified for a Drummer than a Parson. The women were most vail'd with plods, which gave us but little opportunity of passing our Judgment on the Scotch beautyes, but those we saw were very indifferent. There is no other place but the Church to take a view of them at, for in Edenborough the Kirk allows of no plays, or public Entertainments, neither are there any walks for the Ladyes; when any one dyes, the Bellman gives notice to all faithfull brothers and sisters, and a day or two after acquaints them with his Funerall. It's very observable that a poor pedlar . . . wears his Sword, and has his little Box resembling a Tapp fill'd with Mindungoe in his pocket, without which he can't live, and if he has but a few Baubies, or half pennyes, about him, he struts like an Emperour; they talk of everything in the Superlative degree, and gave us a large account of their Royall Navy, which when we came to enquire into was only one single Ship, call'd by that name, commanded by Captain Gordon, who has taken severall Ffrench prizes with her: The Highlander's dress is very pretty, he wears a Scotch plodd over his Shoulders, like a Scarfe, and a great Basket hilted Sword by his side, a Pistoll tuck't into his Belt, a Bonnet with a Bunch of Ribbons on his head, and a pair of pumps on his feet, with which hee'l travell 60 miles a day.

JOSEPH TAYLOR.

SOME LOUNGING SHOPS OF OLD EDINBURGH

THE only great lounging book-shop in the New Town of Edinburgh is Mr. Blackwood's. . . . This shop is situated very near my hotel, so Mr. Wastle carried me into it almost immediately after my arrival in

Edinburgh ; indeed, I asked him to do so, for the noise made even in London about the Chaldee MS., and some other things in the *Magazine*, had given me some curiosity to see the intrepid publisher of these things, and the possible scene of their concoction. Wastle has contributed a variety of poems, chiefly ludicrous, to the pages of the *New Miscellany*, so that he is of course a mighty favourite with the proprietor, and I could not have made my introduction under better auspices than his.

The length of vista presented to me on entering the shop has a very imposing effect, for it is carried back, room after room, through various gradations of light and shadow, till the eye cannot distinctly trace the outline of any object in the farthest distance. First there is, as usual, a spacious place set apart for retail business, and a numerous detachment of young clerks and apprentices, to whose management that important department of the concern is entrusted. Then you have an elegant oval saloon, lighted from the roof, where various groups of loungers and literary *dilettanti* are engaged in looking at, or criticising amongst themselves, the publications just arrived by that day's coach from London. In such critical colloquies the voice of the bookseller himself may ever and anon be heard mingling the broad and unadulterated notes of its Auld Reekie music ; for, unless occupied in the recesses of the premises with some other business, it is here he has his usual station. He is a nimble, active-looking man, of middle age, and moves about from one corner to another with great alacrity, and apparently under the influence of high animal spirits. His complexion is very sanguineous, but nothing can be more intelligent, keen, and sagacious than the ex-

pression of the whole physiognomy ; above all, the grey eyes and eyebrows, as full of locomotion as those of Catalani. The remarks he makes are, in general, extremely acute—much more so, indeed, than those of any other member of the trade I ever heard upon such topics. The shrewdness and decision of the man can, however, stand in need of no testimony beyond what his own conduct has afforded—above all, in the establishment of his Magazine (the conception of which, I am assured, was entirely his own), and the subsequent energy with which he has supported it through every variety of good and ill fortune. . . .

Another of the great morning lounges has its seat in a shop, the character of which would not at first sight lead one to expect any such thing—a clothier's shop, namely, occupied by a father and son, both of the name of David Bridges. The cause and centre of the attraction, however, is entirely lodged in the person of the junior member of the firm, an active, intelligent, and warm-hearted fellow, who has a prodigious love for the Fine Arts, and lives on familiar terms with all the artists of Edinburgh. Around him, in consequence of these circumstances, the whole connoisseurs and connoisseurships of the North have by degrees become clustered and concentrated, like the meeting of the red and yellow stripes in the back of a tartan jacket.

This shop is situated in the High Street, not above a couple of yards from the house of my friend Wastle, who, as might be supposed, is one of its most frequent visitors. I had not been long in Edinburgh before I began to make some enquiries concerning the state of art in Scotland, and Wastle immediately conducted me to this *dilettanti* lounge, saying, that here

was the only place where I might be furnished with every means of satisfying all my curiosity. On entering, one finds a very neat and tasteful looking shop. . . . A few sedate-looking old-fashioned cits are probably engaged in conning over the Edinburgh papers of the day, and perhaps discussing *mordicus* the great question of burgh reform. . . . After waiting a few minutes the younger partner tips a sly wink across his counter, and beckons you to follow him through a narrow cut in its mahogany surface, into the unseen recesses of the establishment. A few steps downwards, and in the dark, land you in a sort of cellar below the shop proper, and here by the dim and religious light which enters through one or two well-grated peeping-holes, your eyes soon discover enough of the furniture of the place, to satisfy you that you have at last reached the *sanctum sanctorum* of the Fine Arts.

J. G. LOCKHART.

MERRY EDINBURGH

FOR sekerly the truth to tell,
 I come among you here to dwell ;
 Fra sound of St. Giles's bell
 Never think I to flee.
 Wherefor in Scotland come I here,
 With you to bide and persevere
 In Edinburgh, where is merriest cheer ;
 Pleasant disport, and play ;
 Which is the lamp, and *A per se*
 Of this region, in all degree
 Of wellfare and of honesty,
 Renown and rich array.

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

AN INCIDENT FROM 'WAVERLEY'

AN EXTERIOR ASPECT OF EDINBURGH

EARLY in the morning they [the travellers] were again mounted, and on the road to Edinburgh, though the pallid visages of some of the troop betrayed that they had spent a night of sleepless debauchery. They halted at Linlithgow, distinguished by its ancient palace, which, *Sixty Years* since, was entire and habitable, and whose venerable ruins, *not quite Sixty Years since*, very narrowly escaped the unworthy fate of being converted into a barrack for French prisoners. May repose and blessings attend the ashes of the patriotic statesman, who amongst his last services to Scotland, interposed to prevent this profanation !

As they approached the metropolis of Scotland, through a champaign and cultivated country, the sounds of war began to be heard. The distant, yet distinct report of heavy cannon, fired at intervals, apprized Waverley that the work of destruction was going forward. Even Balmawhapple seemed moved to take some precautions, by sending an advanced party in front of his troop, keeping the main body in tolerable order, and moving steadily forward.

Marching in this manner, they speedily reached an eminence, from which they could view Edinburgh stretching along the ridgy hill which slopes eastward from the Castle. The latter, being in a state of siege, or rather of blockade, by the northern insurgents, who had already occupied the town for two or three days, fired at intervals upon such parties of Highlanders as exposed themselves, either on the main street, or elsewhere in the vicinity of the fortress. The morning being calm and fair, the effect of this dropping

fire was to invest the Castle in wreaths of smoke, the edges of which dissipated slowly in the air, while the central veil was darkened ever and anon by fresh clouds poured forth from the battlements ; the whole giving, by the partial concealment, an appearance of grandeur and gloom, rendered more terrific when Waverley reflected on the cause by which it was produced, and that each explosion might ring some brave man's knell.

Ere they approached the city, the partial cannonade had wholly ceased. Balmawhapple, however, having in his recollection the unfriendly greeting which his troop had received from the battery at Stirling, had apparently no wish to tempt the forbearance of the artillery of the Castle. He therefore left the direct road, and sweeping considerably to the southward, so as to keep out of the range of the cannon, approached the ancient palace of Holyrood, without having entered the walls of the city. He then drew up his men in front of that venerable pile, and delivered Waverley to the custody of a guard of Highlanders, whose officer conducted him into the interior of the building.

A long, low, and ill-proportioned gallery, hung with pictures, affirmed to be the portraits of kings, who, if they ever flourished at all, lived several hundred years before the invention of painting in oil colours, served as a sort of guard chamber, or vestibule, to the apartments which the adventurous Charles Edward now occupied in the palace of his ancestors. Officers, both in the Highland and Lowland garb, passed and repassed in haste, or loitered in the hall, as if waiting for orders. Secretaries were engaged in making out passes, musters and returns.

All seemed busy, and earnestly intent upon something of importance ; but Waverley was suffered to remain seated in the recess of a window unnoticed by anyone, in anxious reflection upon the crisis of his fate, which seemed now rapidly approaching.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

NOBLE EDINBURGH

OF all the cities in the British Islands, Edinburgh is the one which presents most advantages for the display of a noble building ; and which, on the other hand, sustains most injury in the erection of a commonplace or unworthy one. You are all proud of your city : surely you must feel it a duty in some sort to justify your pride ; that is to say, to give yourselves a *right* to be proud of it. That you were born under the shadow of its two fantastic mountains—that you live where from your room windows you can trace the shores of its glittering Firth, are no rightful subjects of pride. You did not raise the mountains, nor shape the shores ; and the historical houses of your Canongate, and the broad battlements of your Castle, reflect honour upon you only through your ancestors. Before you boast of your city, before even you venture to call it *yours*, ought you not scrupulously to weigh the exact share you have had in adding to it or adorning it, to calculate seriously the influence upon its aspect which the work of your own hands has exercised ? I do not say that, even when you regard your city in this scrupulous and testing spirit, you have not considerable ground for exultation. As far as I am acquainted with modern architecture, I am aware of no streets which, in

simplicity and manliness of style, or general breadth and brightness of effect, equal those of the New Town of Edinburgh. But yet I am well persuaded that as you traverse those streets, your feelings of pleasure and pride in them are much complicated with those which are excited entirely by the surrounding scenery.

As you walk up or down George Street, for instance, do you not look eagerly for every opening to the north and south, which lets in the lustre of the Firth of Forth, or the rugged outline of the Castle Rock ? Take away the sea-waves, and the dark basalt, and I fear you would find little to interest you in George Street by itself. Now I remember a city, more nobly placed even than your Edinburgh, which, instead of the valley that you have now filled by lines of railroad, has a broad and rushing river of blue water sweeping through the heart of it ; which, for the dark and solitary rock that bears your castle, has an amphitheatre of cliffs crested with cypresses and olive ; which, for the two masses of Arthur's Seat and the ranges of the Pentlands, has a chain of blue mountains higher than the haughtiest peaks of your Highlands ; and which, for your far-away Ben Ledi and Ben More, has the great central chain of the St. Gothard Alps : and yet, as you go out of the gates, and walk in the suburban streets of that city—I mean Verona—the eye never seeks to rest on that external scenery, however gorgeous ; it does not look for the gaps between the houses, as you do here : it may for a few moments follow the broken line of the great Alpine battlements ; but it is only where they form a background for other battlements, built by the hand of man. There is no necessity felt to dwell on the blue river or the burning hills. The heart and eye have enough

to do in the streets of the city itself ; they are contented there ; nay, they sometimes turn from the natural scenery, as if too savage and solitary, to dwell with a deeper interest on the palace walls that cast their shade upon the streets, and the crowd of towers that rise out of that shadow into the depth of the sky.

That is a city to be proud of, indeed ; and it is this kind of architectural dignity which you should aim at, in what you add to Edinburgh or rebuild in it. For remember, you must either help your scenery or destroy it ; whatever you do has an effect of one kind or the other ; it is never indifferent. But, above all, remember that it is chiefly by private, not by public, effort that your city must be adorned. It does not matter how many beautiful public buildings you possess, if they are not supported by, and in harmony with, the private houses of the town. Neither the mind nor the eye will accept a new college, or a new hospital, or a new institution, for a city. It is the Canongate, and the Princes Street, and the High Street that are Edinburgh. It is in your own private houses that the real majesty of Edinburgh must consist ; and, what is more, it must be by your own personal interest that the **style** of the architecture which rises around you must be principally guided. Do not think that you can have good architecture merely by paying for it. It is not by subscribing liberally for a large building once in forty years that you can call up architects and inspiration. It is only by active and sympathetic attention to the domestic and every-day work which is done for each of you, that you can educate either yourselves to the feeling, or your builders to the doing, of what is truly great.

JOHN RUSKIN.

REVISITING EDINBURGH

YOU must know I am a native of Edinburgh, where I passed my youth, and received my education ; but have long been settled in London. Some years ago, I was impelled by a very natural desire to revisit my native country. . . . On my arrival in Edinburgh, I will own that what first struck me was the total change of faces. Very few were left whom I knew when a boy, and those so altered in their appearance, so much the shadows only of what they once were, as could not fail to excite many serious reflections. Hardly a single house did I find inhabited by the same persons I left in it ; but everywhere a new race, new manners, and new modes of living. In short, I found myself, in almost every sense of the word, an utter stranger. Even the improvements that had been made during my long absence displeased me. The corn-fields on the south side of the town were quite covered with substantial houses ; Barefoot's Parks, where I have had many a retired and pleasant walk, converted into a splendid city ; and in the old town, many ruinous buildings, the scenes of some of my youthful amusements, now rebuilt with equal solidity and elegance.

Nor were these my only grievances. The removal of the Cross, of the Netherbow-port, and of many other incumbrances ; in short, every alteration, though evidently for the better, that had taken place since my departure, more or less displeased me. . . . I will acknowledge, however, that I had the satisfaction to find many more places that did not hurt me by any alteration or improvement. Your *wynd*s and *closes* were nearly in the state I left them ; and where, in some parts of the streets, you

have got new pavements, the good people who live at the sides of them take care that there shall be no innovation in point of cleanliness. Your Theatre and Concert-hall are new buildings ; but your Assembly-room, where people of the highest fashion resort, is just as paltry as ever. But as they dance there for the benefit of the *poor*, I shall forbear any farther remarks on it.—*Charity covereth a multitude of sins.*

The High-school, and its environs, I found unaltered, though the yards appeared to me to be much diminished in their extent. The College, too, remained the same plain, mean, unadorned building it was half a century ago, and seemed to me, after having seen the splendid palaces of Oxford and Cambridge, more homely than ever. Though, perhaps, in literature, as in religion, *Sister Peg* confines herself to substance, without much regard to ornament ; yet, methinks, it is rather a reproach to the capital of our country, that, amidst all its improvements, this university, so much celebrated over Europe for the ability of its professors, and the success with which every branch of science is there cultivated, should present to the eye of a stranger a set of buildings so inconvenient as well as mean. The present period is, perhaps, not very favourable to expensive public designs. . . . Nor could I refrain, as I passed along, from dropping a tear over the ruins of our religious houses ; which, however they might have perverted from the original purposes of their erection, I could not help considering as splendid monuments of the piety of our ancestors. Some of them I saw had still more tender ties upon my mind. I remembered having played when a boy, under arches, which Time had since mouldered away, with companions, the echo of whose

voices were still fresh in my memory, though they, alas ! as well as those arches, were now crumbled into dust !

Were I to go on, I find I should be in danger of growing too serious. Recalling to remembrance days long past, and the juvenile society of those who are now no more, is an awful operation of the human mind ; and while it speaks loudly of the truth of St. Paul's observation, that '*the fashion of this world passeth away*,' imperceptibly leads to a train of thinking that might be here out of place, though it is neither unpleasing nor unsuitable to the character of a rational being, who hath been taught and accustomed to consider himself as an immortal part of the creation.

HENRY MACKENZIE.

THERE'S A YOUTH IN THIS CITY

THERE's a youth in this city,
It were a great pity
That he frae our lasses shou'd wander awa' ;
For he's bonnie and braw,
Weel favour'd witha',
And his hair has a natural buckle an' a'.
His coat is the hue
Of his bonnet sae blue :
His fecket is white as the new driven snaw ;
His hose they are blae,
And his shoon like the slae,
And his clear siller buckles they dazzle us a'.

For beauty and fortune
The laddie's been courtin' ;
Weel-featured, weel-tocher'd, weel-mounted, and braw ;

But chiefly the siller,
 That gars him gang till her,
 The pennie's the jewel that beautifies a'.
 There's Meg wi' the mailen
 That fain wad a haen him ;
 And Susie, whose daddy was laird o' the ha' ;
 There's lang-tocher'd Nancy
 Maist fetters his fancy—
 But the laddie's dear sel' he lo'es dearest of a'.

ROBERT BURNS.

SALISBURY CRAGS

*Arthur's Seat shall be my bed,
 The sheets shall ne'er be pressed by me ;
 St. Anton's well shall be my drink,
 Sin' my true-love's forsaken me.*
Old Song.

IF I were to choose a spot from which the rising or setting sun could be seen to the greatest possible advantage, it would be that wild path winding around the foot of the high belt of semicircular rocks, called Salisbury Crag, and marking the verge of the steep descent which slopes down into the glen on the south-eastern side of the city of Edinburgh. The prospect, in its general outline, commands a close-built, high-piled city, stretching itself out beneath in a form, which, to a romantic imagination, may be supposed to represent that of a dragon ; now, a noble arm of the sea, with its rocks, isles, distant shores, and boundary of mountains ; and now, a fair and fertile champaign country, varied with hill, dale, and rock, and skirted by the picturesque ridge of the Pentland mountains. But as the path gently circles around the base of the cliffs, the prospect, composed

as it is of these enchanting and sublime objects, changes at every step, and presents them blended with, or divided from, each other, in every possible variety which can gratify the eye and the imagination. When a piece of scenery so beautiful, yet so varied,—so exciting by its intricacy, and yet so sublime,—is lighted up by the tints of morning or of evening, and displays all that variety of shadowy depth, exchanged with partial brilliancy, which gives character even to the tamest of landscapes, the effect approaches near to enchantment.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

TO FRIENDS LEFT IN EDINBURGH

WRITTEN AT ST. ANDREWS

ALONG the shelves that line Kilriven's shore
I lingering pass, with steps well poised and slow,
Where brown the slippery wreathes of sea-weeds
grow,
And listen to the weltering ocean's roar.
When o'er the crisping waves the sunbeams gleam,
And from the hills the latest streaks of day
Recede, by Eden's shadowy banks I stray,
And lash the willows blue that fringe the stream ;
And often to myself, in whispers weak,
I breathe the name of some dear gentle maid,
Of some loved friend, whom in Edina's shade
I left, when forced these eastern shores to seek.
And for the distant months I sigh in vain,
To bring me to those favourite haunts again.

JOHN LEYDEN.

FAREWELL ON LEAVING EDINBURGH

FAREWELL, Edina ! pleasing name,—

Congenial to my heart !

A joyous guest to thee I came,

And mournful I depart.

And fare *thee* well, whose blessings seem

Heaven's blessing to portend.

Endeared by nature and esteem—

My sister and my friend !

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

IN EDINBURGH STREETS

Princes Street,—that noblest of earthly promenades.

S. R. CROCKETT.

August, around, what public works I see !

Lo, stately streets ! lo, squares that court the breeze !

THOMSON.

Queen Street is a very gay one, and so is Princes Street,
for all the lads and lasses, besides bucks and beggars, parade
there.

MARJORIE FLEMING (' PET MARJORIE ').



FROM A WINDOW IN PRINCES STREET

ABOVE the Craggs that fade and gloom
Starts the bare knee of Arthur's Seat ;
Ridged high against the evening bloom,
The Old Town rises, street on street ;
With lamps bejewelled, straight ahead,
Like rampired walls the houses lean,
All spired and domed and turreted,
Sheer to the valley's darkling green ;
Ranged in mysterious disarray,
The Castle, menacing and austere,
Looms through the lingering last of day ;
And in the silver dusk you hear,
Reverberated from crag to scar,
Bold bugles blowing points of war.

W. E. HENLEY.

THE HIGH STREET OF EDINBURGH

TIER upon tier I see the mansions rise,
Whose azure summits mingle with the skies ;
There, from the earth the labouring porters bear
The elements of fire and water high in air ;
There, as you scale the steps with toilsome tread,
The dripping barrel modifies your head ;
Thence, as adown the giddy round you wheel,
A rising porter greets you with his creel !
Here, in these chambers, ever dull and dark,
The lady gay received her gayer spark,
Who, clad in silken coat, with cautious tread,
Trembled at opening casements overhead ;

But when in safety at her porch he trod,
He seized the ring, and rasped the twisted rod.
No idlers then, I trow, were seen to meet,
Linked, six-a-row, six hours in Princes Street ;
But, one by one, they panted up the hill,
And picked their steps with most uncommon skill ;
Then, at the Cross, each joined the motley mob—
' How are ye, Tam ? ' and, ' How's a' wi' ye, Bob ? '
Next to a neighbouring tavern all retired,
And draughts of wine their various thoughts inspired.
O'er draughts of wine the beau would moan his love ;
O'er draughts of wine the cit his bargain drove ;
O'er draughts of wine the writer penned the will ;
And legal wisdom counselled o'er a gill. . . .
Yes ! mark the street, for youth the great resort,
Its spacious width the theatre of sport.
There, midst the crowd, the jingling hoop is driven ;
Full many a leg is hit, and curse is given.
There, on the pavement, mystic forms are chalked,
Defaced, renewed, delayed—but never balked ;
There romping Miss the rounded state may drop,
And kick it out with persevering hop.
There, in the dirty current of the strand,
Boys drop the rival corks with ready hand,
And, wading through the puddle with slow pace,
Watch in solicitude the doubtful race !
And there, an active band, with frequent boast,
Vault in succession o'er each wooden post.
Or a bold stripling, noted for his might,
Heads the array, and rules the mimic fight.
From hand and sling now fly the whizzing stones,
Unheeded broken heads and broken bones.
The rival hosts in close engagement mix,
Drive and are driven by the dint of sticks.

The bicker rages, till some mother's fears
Ring a sad story in a bailie's ears.
Her prayer is heard ; the order quick is sped,
And, from that corps which hapless Porteous led,
A brave detachment, probably of two,
Rush, like two kites, upon the warlike crew,
Who, struggling, like the fabled frogs and mice,
Are pounced upon, and carried in a trice.

SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL.

THE PLAID IN THE HIGH STREET

LIGHT as the pinions of the airy fry
Of larks and linnets who traverse the sky,
Is the Tartana, spun so very fine
Its weight can never make the fair repine ;
Nor does it move beyond its proper sphere,
But lets the gown in all its shape appear ;
Nor is the straightness of her waist denied
To be by every ravished eye surveyed ;
For this the hoop may stand at largest bend,
It comes not nigh, nor can its weight offend. . . .
If shining red Campbella's cheeks adorn,
Our fancies straight conceive the blushing morn,
Beneath whose dawn the sun of beauty lies,
Nor need we light but from Campbella's eyes.
If lined with green Stuarda's plaid we view,
Or thine, Ramsilia, edged around with blue,
One shows the spring when nature is most kind,
The other heaven whose spangles lift the mind. . . .
From when the cock proclaims the rising day,
And milkmaids sing around *sweet curds and whey*,
Till grey-eyed twilight, harbinger of night,
Pursues o'er silver mountains sinking light,

I can unwearied from my casement view
The Plaid, with something still about it new.
How we are pleased when, with a handsome air,
We see Hepburna walk with easy care !
One arm half circles round her slender waist,
The other like an ivory pillar placed,
To hold her plaid around her modest face,
Which saves her blushes with the gayest grace ;
If in white kids her slender fingers move,
Or, unconfined, jet through the sable glove.

With what a pretty action Keitha holds
Her plaid, and varies oft its airy fold !
How does that naked space the spirits move,
Between the ruffled lawn and envious glove !
We by the sample, though no more be seen,
Imagine all that's fair within the screen.

Thus belles in plaids veil and display their charms,
The love-sick youth thus bright Humea warms,
And with her graceful mien her rivals all alarms.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

BOB AINSLIE AND I

FOUR-AND-THIRTY years ago, Bob Ainslie and I were coming up Infirmary Street from the High School, our heads together, and our arms intertwined, as only lovers and boys know how, or why.

When we got to the top of the street, and turned north, we espied a crowd at the Tron Church. 'A dog-fight !' shouted Bob, and was off ; and so was I, both of us all but praying that it might not be over before we got up ! and is not this boy-nature ? and human nature too ? and don't we all wish a

house on fire not to be out before we see it? Dogs like fighting; old Isaac says they 'delight' in it, and for the best of all reasons; and boys are not cruel because they like to see the fight. They see three of the great cardinal virtues of dog or man—courage, endurance, and skill—in intense action. This is very different from a love of making dogs fight, and enjoying, and aggravating, and making gain by their pluck. A boy—be he ever so fond himself of fighting, if he be a good boy, hates and despises all this, but he would have run off with Bob and me fast enough: it is a natural, and a not wicked interest, that all boys and men have in witnessing intense energy in action.

Does any curious and finely-ignorant woman wish to know, how Bob's eye at a glance announced a dog-fight to his brain? He did not, he could not see the dogs fighting; it was a flash of an inference, a rapid induction. The crowd round a couple of dogs fighting is a crowd, masculine mainly, with an occasional active, compassionate woman, fluttering wildly round the outside, and using her tongue and her hands freely upon the men, as so many 'brutes'; it is a crowd annular, compact, and mobile; a crowd centripetal, having its eyes and its heads all bent downwards and inwards, to one common focus.

Well, Bob and I are up, and find it is not over: a small, thoroughbred, white bull-terrier is busy throttling a large shepherd's dog, unaccustomed to war, but not to be trifled with. They are hard at it; the scientific little fellow doing his work in great style, his pastoral enemy fighting wildly, but with the sharpest of teeth and a great courage. Science and breeding, however, soon took their own; the

Game Chicken, as the premature Bob called him, working his way up, took his final grip of poor Yarrow's throat,—and he lay gasping and done for. His master, a brown, handsome, big young shepherd from Tweedsmuir, would have liked to have knocked down any man, 'drunk up Esil, or eaten a crocodile,' for that part, if he had a chance: it was no use kicking the little dog; that would only make him hold the closer. Many were the means shouted out in mouthfuls, of the best possible ways of ending it. 'Water!' but there was none near, and many shouted for it who might have got it from the well at Blackfriars Wynd. 'Bite the tail!' and a large, vague, benevolent, middle-aged man, more anxious than wise, with some struggle got the bushy end of *Yarrow's* tail into his ample mouth, and bit it with all his might. This was more than enough for the much-enduring, much-perspiring shepherd, who, with a gleam of joy over his broad visage, delivered a terrific facer upon our large, vague, benevolent, middle-aged friend,—who went down like a shot.

Still the Chicken holds; death not far off. 'Snuff! a pinch of snuff!' observed sharply a calm, highly-dressed young buck, with an eye-glass in his eye. 'Snuff, indeed!' growled the angry crowd, affronted and glaring. 'Snuff! a pinch of snuff!' again observes the buck, but with more urgency; whereon were produced several open boxes, and from a mull which may have been at Culloden, he took a pinch, knelt down, and presented it to the nose of the Chicken. The laws of physiology and of snuff take their course; the Chicken sneezes, and Yarrow is free!

The young pastoral giant stalks off with Yarrow in his arms,—comforting him.

But the Chicken's blood is up, and his soul unsatisfied ; he grips the first dog he meets, but discovering she is not a dog, in Homeric phrase, he makes a brief sort of *amende*, and is off. The boys, with Bob and me at their head, are after him ; down Niddry Street he goes, bent on mischief ; up the Cowgate like an arrow—Bob and I, and our small men, panting behind.

There, under the large arch of the South Bridge, is a huge mastiff, sauntering down the middle of the causeway, as if with his hands in his pockets : he is old, grey, brindled ; as big as a little Highland bull, and has the Shakesperian dewlaps shaking as he goes.

The Chicken makes straight at him, and fastens on his throat. To our astonishment, the great creature does nothing but stand still, hold himself up, and roar—yes, roar ; a long, serious, remonstrative roar. How is this ? Bob and I are up to them. *He is muzzled !* The bailies had proclaimed a general muzzling, and his master, studying strength and economy mainly, had encompassed his huge jaws in a home-made apparatus, constructed out of the leather of some ancient *breechin*. His mouth was open as far as it could ; his lips curled up in rage—a sort of terrible grin ; his teeth gleaming, ready, from out the darkness ; the strap across his mouth tense as a bowstring ; his whole frame stiff with indignation and surprise ; his roar asking us all round, ‘ Did you ever see the like of this ? ’ He looked a statue of anger and astonishment, done in Aberdeen granite.

We soon had a crowd : the Chicken held on. ‘ A knife ! ’ cried Bob ; and a cobbler gave him his knife : you know the kind of knife, worn away obliquely to a point, and always keen. I put its edge to the

tense leather ; it ran before it ; and then ! one sudden jerk of that enormous head, a sort of dirty mist about his mouth, no noise,—and the bright and fierce little fellow is dropped, limp, and dead. A solemn pause ; this was more than any of us had bargained for. I turned the little fellow over, and saw he was quite dead : the mastiff had taken him by the small of the back like a rat, and broken it.

He looked down at his victim appeased, ashamed, and amazed ; snuffed him all over, stared at him, and taking a sudden thought, turned round and trotted off. Bob took the dead dog up, and said, ‘ John, we’ll bury him after tea.’ ‘ Yes,’ said I ; and was off after the mastiff. He made up the Cowgate at a rapid swing : he had forgotten some engagement. He turned up the Candlemaker Row, and stopped at the Harrow Inn.

There was a carrier’s cart ready to start, and a keen, thin, impatient, black-a-vised little man, his hand at his grey horse’s head, looking about angrily for something. ‘ Rab, ye thief !’ said he, aiming a kick at my great friend, who drew cringing up, and avoiding the heavy shoe with more agility than dignity, **and** watching his master’s eye, slunk dismayed under the cart,—his ears down, and as much as he had of tail down too.

What a man this must be—thought I—to whom my tremendous hero turns tail ! The carrier saw the muzzle hanging, cut and useless, from his neck, and I eagerly told him the story, which Bob and I always thought, and still think, Homer, or King David, or Sir Walter, alone were worthy to rehearse. The severe little man was mitigated, and condescended to say, ‘ Rab, my man, puir Rabbie,’—whereupon the stump of a tail rose up, the ears were cocked,

the eyes filled, and were comforted ; the two friends were reconciled. ' Hupp ! ' and a stroke of the whip were given to Jess ; and off went the three.

JOHN BROWN, M.D.

A CHARACTER OF THE HIGH STREET

Who can revert to the literature of the land of Scott and of Burns without having directly in his mind, as inseparable from the subject and foremost in the picture, that old man of might, with his lion heart and sceptred crutch—Christopher North. I am glad to remember the time when I believed him to be a real, actual, veritable old gentleman, that might be seen any day hobbling along the High Street of Edinburgh with the most brilliant eye—but that is no fiction—and the greyest hair in all the world—who wrote not because he cared to write, not because he cared for the wonder and admiration of his fellow-men, but who wrote because he could not help it, because there was always springing up in his mind a clear and sparkling stream of poetry which must have vent, and like the glittering fountain in the fairy tale, draw what you might, was ever at the full, and never languished even by a single drop or bubble.

CHARLES DICKENS.

THE LAST SPEECH OF EDINBURGH CROSS

I was built up in Gothic times,
And have stood several hundred reigns ;
Sacred my mem'ry and my name,
For kings and queens I did proclaim.
I peace and war did oft declare,
And roused my country ev'rywhere :

Your ancestors around me walk'd,
Your kings and nobles 'side me talk'd,
And lads and lasses with delight
Set tryst with me to meet at night ;
No tryster e'er was at a loss,
For why, *I'll meet you at the Cross.*
I country people did direct
Through all the city with respect,
Who missing me will look as droll
As mariners without the pole.
On me great men have lost their lives,
And for a *maiden* left their wives. . . .
With loyal men on loyal days
I dress'd myself in lovely bays,
And with sweet apples treat the crowd,
While they hurra'd around me loud.
Professions many have I seen,
And never have disturbed been ;
I've seen the Tory party slain,
And Whigs exulting o'er the plain.
I've seen again the Tories rise,
And with loud shouting pierce the skies,
Then crown their king and chase the Whig
From Pentland Hill to Bothwell Brig.
I've seen the Covenant by all sworn,
And likewise seen them burned and torn.
I neutral stood as peaceful Quaker,
With neither side was I partaker.
I wish my life had longer been,
That I might greater ferlies seen,
Or else like other things decay,
Which time alone does waste away.

CLAUDERO.

TO THE TRON KIRK BELL

WANWORDY, crazy, dinsome thing,
As e'er was fram'd to jow or ring,
What gar'd them sic in steeple hing
 They ken themsel',
But weel wat I they coudna bring
 War sounds frae hell.

What de'il are ye ? that I should bann,
Your neither kin to pat nor pan ;
Nor ugly pig, nor maister cann,
 But weel may gie
Mair pleasure to the ear o' man
 Than stroke o' thee.

Fleece merchants may look baul' I trow,
Sin' a' Auld Reikie's childer now
Maun strap their lugs wi' teats o' woo,
 Thy sound to bang,
And keep it frae gawn thro' and thro'
 Wi' jarrin' twang.

Your noisy tongue, there's nae abidin 't,
Like scauldin wife's, there is nae guidin 't :
Whan I'm 'bout ony bis'ness eident,
 It's sair to thole :
To deave me, than, ye tak a pride in't
 Wi' senseless knoll.

O ! were I provost o' the town,
I swear by a' the pow'rs aboon,
I'd bring ye wi' a reesle down ;
 Nor shou'd you think
(Sae sair I'd crack an' clour your crown)
 Again to clink.

For whan I've toom'd the meikle cap,
And fain wad fa' owr in a nap,
Troth I cou'd doze as soun's a tap,
 Wer't na for thee
That gies the tither weary chap
 To wauken me.

I dreamt ae night I saw Auld Nick ;
Quo' he : ' This bell o' mine's a trick,
A wyly piece o' politic,
 A cunnin' snare
To trap folk in a cloven stick,
 Ere they're aware.

' As lang's my dautit bell hings there,
A'budy at the kirk will skair ;
Quo' they, gif he that preaches there
 Like it can wound,
We douna care a single hair,
 For joyfu' sound.'

If magistrates wi' me wud 'gree,
For ay tongue-tackit shou'd ye be,
Nor fleg wi' anti-melody
 Sic honest folk,
Whase lugs were never made to dree
 Thy doolfu' shock.

But far frae thee the bailies dwell,
Or they wou'd scunner at your knell :
Gie the foul thief his riven bell,
 And than, I trow,
The by-word hads, ' The de'il himsel'
 Has got his due.'

ROBERT FERGUSON.

EMBRO HIE KIRK

THE Lord Himsel' in former days
Waled out the proper tūnes for praise
An' named the proper kind o' claes
For folk to preach in :
Preceese and in the chief o' ways
Important teachin'.

He ordered a' things late and air' ;
He ordered folk to stand at prayer,
(Although I cannae just mind where
He gave the warnin'),
An' pit pomatum on their hair
On Sabbath mornin'.

The hale o' life by His commands
Was ordered to a body's hands ;
But see ! this *corpus juris* stands
By a' forgotten ;
An' God's religion in a' lands
Is deid an' rotten.

While thus the lave o' mankind's lost,
O' Scotland still God makes His boast—
Puir Scotland, on whase barren coast
A score or twa
Auld wives wi' mutches an' a hoast
Still keep His law.

In Scotland, a wheen canty, plain,
Douce, kinty-leevin' folk retain
The Truth—or did so aince—alane
Of a' men leevin' ;
An' noo just twa o' them remain—
Just Begg an' Niven.

For noo, unfaithfu to the Lord,
 Auld Scotland joins the rebel horde ;
 Her human hymn-books on the board
 She noo displays :
 An' Embro Hie kirk's been restored
 In popish ways.

O *punctum temporis* for action
 To a' o' the reformin' faction,
 If yet, by ony act or paction,
 Thocht, word, or sermon,
 This dark an' damnable transaction
 Micht yet determine !

For see—as Doctor Begg explains—
 Hoo easy 't's düne ! a pickle weans,
 Wha in the Hie Street gaither stanes
 By his instruction,
 The uncovenantit, pentit panes
 Ding to destruction.

Up, Niven, or ower late—an' dash
 Laigh in the glaur that carnal hash ;
 Let spires and pews wi' gran' stramash
 Thegether fa' ;
 The rumlin' kist o' whustles smash
 In pieces sma'.

Noo choose ye out a walie hammer ;
 About the knottit buttress clam'er ;
 Alang the steep roof stoyt an' stammer,
 A gate mis-chancy ;
 On the aul' spire, the bells' hie cha'mer,
 Dance your bit dancie.

Ding, devel, dunt, destroy, an' ruin,
Wi' carnal stanes the square bestrewin',
Till your loud chaps frae Kyle to Fruin,
 Frae Hell to Heeven,
Tell the guid wark that baith are doin'—
 Baith Begg an' Niven.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

SCOTLAND'S SHRINE

I LEAVE the busy crowded street
 To step within your silent aisles,
Where the dead hearts of centuries beat
 Beneath your storied roof, St. Giles' !
Where choir and chapel void and vast
Are filled with spirits of the Past !
In golden shafts and rainbow spears
 The light falls soft on oak and stone,
So filters through nine hundred years
 The glory that is Scotland's own ;
For these your sombre walls include
Our country's pride of nationhood !
The feet of heroes tread your pave
 While echo to their fame replies ;
The voice of Knox still fills your nave ;
 Dead Stewart in your south aisle lies ;
Your roof and steeple once again
Are rampart for Queen Mary's men !
The sounds of trampling feet intrude,
 A slow procession winds in state
Out of the grey-towered Holyrood
 And up the mourning Canongate.
'Tis great Montrose they carry home
To his long rest beneath your dome !

Around me stand, Time's trusted fanes,
 The tributes to our later Dead ;
 The triumph fadeth, there remains
 But grief—the tears that Scotland shed ;
 And high upon your splendid walls
 The stained old colours droop like palls !

Deep falls the early winter eve,
 And deeper grows the winding spell
 That old Romance will always weave
 Around the shrine we love so well !
 Oh ! House of Heroes, proud, apart,
 How much you hold of Scotland's heart !

WILL H. OGILVIE.

ON A STATUE IN PARLIAMENT CLOSE

There is in the stately square at Edinburgh, the Parliament Close, a very fine statue of Charles II. on horseback, a cast in lead larger than life. Some years ago the Provost of the city, from a strange Gothic fancy, had it laid over with a thick coat of paint, to make it look WHITE and NEW. This occasioned the following :

WELL done, my Lord, with noble taste,
 You've made Charles gay as five-and-twenty ;
 We may be scarce of gold and corn,
 But sure there's lead and gold in plenty.
 Yet for a public work like this
 I would have had some famous artist,
 Though I had made each mark a pound
 I would have had the very smartest.

Why not bring Allan Ramsay down
 From stately coronet and cushion ?
 For he can paint a living king
 And knows—the English Constitution.

The milk-white steed is well enough,
But why thus daub the man all over,
And to the swarthy Stuart give
The cream complexion of Hanover ?

JAMES BOSWELL.

SCOTTISH INNS

THE courtesy of an invitation to partake a traveller's meal, or at least that of being invited to share whatever liquor the guest called for, was expected by certain old landlords in Scotland even in the youth of the author. In requital, mine host was always furnished with the news of the country, and was probably a little of a humourist to boot. The devotion of the whole actual business and drudgery of the inn upon the poor gudewife, was very common among the Scottish Bonifaces. There was in ancient times, in the city of Edinburgh, a gentleman of good family, who condescended, in order to gain a livelihood, to become the nominal keeper of a coffee-house, one of the first places of the kind which had been opened in the Scottish metropolis. As usual, it was entirely managed by the careful and industrious Mrs. B——; while her husband amused himself with field sports, without troubling his head about the matter. Once upon a time the premises having taken fire, the husband was met, walking up the High Street loaded with his guns and fishing-rods, and replied calmly to some one who enquired after his wife, 'that the poor woman was trying to save a parcel of crockery, and some trumpery-books'; the last being those which served her to conduct the business of the house.

There were many elderly gentlemen in the author's younger days, who still held it part of the amusement of a journey 'to parley with mine host,' who often resembled, in his quaint humour, mine Host of the Garter in 'The Merry Wives of Windsor'; or Blague of the George in 'The Merry Devil of Edmonton.' Sometimes the landlady took her share of entertaining the company. In either case the omitting to pay them due attention gave displeasure, and perhaps brought down a smart jest, as on the following occasion :—

A jolly dame who, not 'Sixty Years since,' kept the principal caravansary at Greenlaw, in Berwickshire, had the honour to receive under her roof a very worthy clergyman, with three sons of the same profession, each having a cure of souls; be it said in passing, none of the reverend party were reckoned powerful in the pulpit. After dinner was over, the worthy senior, in the pride of his heart, asked Mrs. Buchan whether she ever had had such a party in her house before. 'Here sit I,' he said, 'a placed minister of the Kirk of Scotland, and here sit my three sons, each a placed minister of the same kirk.—Confess, Luckie Buchan, you never had such a party in your house before.' The question was not premised by any invitation to sit down and take a glass of wine or the like, so Mrs. B. answered dryly, 'Indeed, sir, I cannot just say that ever I had such a party in my house before, except once in the forty-five, when I had a Highland piper here, with his three sons, all Highland pipers; *and deil a spring they could play amang them.*'

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

GREYFRIARS

GREYFRIARS. An impressive place. Huge, auld, red, gloomy church ; a countless multitude o' grass-graves a' touchin' ane anither. A' aroun' the kirkyard wa's marble and freestane monuments without end, o' a' shapes, and sizes, and ages. Some quaint, some queer, some simple, some ornate ; for genius likes to work upon grief. And these tombs are like towers and temples, partakin' not o' the noise o' the city, but stannin' aloof frae the stir o' life, aneath the sombre shadow o' the castle-cliff, that heaves its battlements far up into the sky. A sublime cemetery, yet I su'dna like to be interr'd in't. It looks sae dank and clammy and cauld.

CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

IN FISHERROW

A HARD north-easter fifty winters long
Has bronzed and shrivelled sere her face and neck ;
Her locks are wild and grey, her teeth a wreck ;
Her foot is vast, her bowed leg spare and strong.
A wide blue cloak, a squat and sturdy throng
Of curt blue coats, a mutch without a speck,
A white vest broidered black, her person deck,
Nor seems their picked, stern, old-world quaintness
wrong.

Her great creel forehead-slung, she wanders nigh,
Easing the heavy straps with gnarled, brown fingers,
The spirit of traffic watchful in her eye,
Ever and anon imploring you to buy,
As looking down the street she onward lingers,
Reproachful, with a strange and doleful cry.

W. E. HENLEY.

OUT OVER THE FORTH

OUT over the Forth I look to the north,
 But what is the north and its Highlands to me ?
 The south nor the east gi'e ease to my breast,
 The far foreign land, or the wide-rolling sea.
 But I look to the west, when I gae to rest,
 That happy my dreams and my slumbers may be ;
 For far in the west lives he I lo'e best,
 The lad that is dear to my babie and me.

ROBERT BURNS.

SUNDAY IN EDINBURGH

BLEST be the ray which from the purpling east
 First darts its light on Scotia's lovely isle
 Upon the morning of the holy day ;
 And blessed be the day-spring's glowing flood
 Of glory ; blessed be the lark's shrill note,
 That, gently warbled, to the sabbath soul
 Comes fraught with soothing influence, and lulls
 To rest the sorrows which perplex the mind ;
 And blessed be the white-edged silvery clouds
 That float around the mountain's hoary peak,—
 The drapery of heaven.
 The city streets now gradually begin
 To team with life, and hurriedly along
 Numbers pass to and fro. Meanwhile
 The clamour loud of church-bells fills the air ;
 While, slowly pausing, old St. Giles sends forth
 His loud sonorous note, and gay St. George
 Answers again. Callous, indeed, must be
 The heart that throbs not at the solemn sound.
 Before the service of the sacred day,

Let me towards the silent lonely spot
Where sleep the countless dead, direct my steps,
And muse awhile upon the end of time ;
Instruction drawing from the lettered stones
Which thickly sad Greyfriars' field of graves,
Where, nameless, untold thousands rest ; and where
The noble, the polite, and learned mix
Their ashes with the humblest of the land,
And where the ever-honoured martyr lies.
Green grows the grass o'er Renwick's precious dust,
And Guthrie's, who, in truth's behalf, amidst
A storm of opposition from the powers
Of earth and hell confederate, stood firm
And in the cause of freedom nobly fell,
In ' Scotland's evil day,' beneath the hand
Of violence and misrule. The wild-flowers wave
Above the lowly bed of others, who,
Although less known to fame, resistance made
In liberty's defence, beneath the flag
Which, floating on the breeze, displayed to view
The thrilling motto, that might well have quailed
The spirits of the foe, and made them pause—
' Christ's Crown Covenant.' . . . Here sleeps in peace
Buchanan of unmatched renown,—a name
Of whom our country well may boast. Here too
The poet rests, his harp unstrung, and hushed
The voice that charmed mankind ; and he who wooed
And won the muse of history ; and the sage,
Who into nature's laws with prying eye
Intently gazed, and from the dark recess
Brought truth imperishable into light,
That all might mark her fair and graceful form.
The learned divine here sleeps, his labours o'er,
And many round him whom with care he led

Into the green and flowery pastures, where
The river of immortal life rolls on
Its purifying waters. Sacred spot.
Within thy precincts rest the wise and good. . . .

Anon the church-bells' cheerful sound is heard,
And crowds pursue their homeward path, or stray,
Listless, amid the 'embowered retreat that shades
The city's southern bound ; or musing, pace
The daisied sward of Bruntsfield. Some resort
To where the ancient warlike fortress sits,
O'er looking fair and spacious streets, or rich
And graceful colonnades ; while, stretched around
Scenes all-unrivalled meet the view, and well
Repay the lover of the picturesque.
Before him, and around, the city lies,
Basking in all her splendour, 'neath the clear
Unclouded sky ; while, to the south, the view
Is bounded by the Pentlands' classic cliffs,
And northward far the wide and restless sea.

ANON (1849).

R. L. S. IN HIS CHILDHOOD CITY

THERE stands, I fancy, to this day (but now, how fallen !) a certain stationer's shop at a corner of the wide thoroughfare that joins the city of my childhood with the sea. When, upon any Saturday, we made a party to behold the ships, we passed that corner ; and since in those days I loved a ship as a man loves Burgundy or daybreak, this of itself had been enough to hallow it. But there was more than that. In the Leith Walk window, all the year round, there stood displayed a theatre in working order, with

a 'forest set,' a 'combat,' and a few 'robbers carousing' in the slides; and below and about, dearer tenfold to me! the plays themselves, those budgets of romance, lay tumbled one upon another. Long and often have I lingered there with empty pockets. One figure, we shall say, was visible in the first plate of characters, bearded, pistol in hand, or drawing to his ear the clothyard arrow; I would spell the name: was it Macaire, or Long Tom Coffin, or Grindoff, 2d dress? O, how I would long to see the rest! how—if the name by chance were hidden—I would wonder in what play he figured, and what immortal legend justified his attitude and strange apparel! And then to go within, to announce yourself as an intending purchaser, and, closely watched, be suffered to undo those bundles and breathlessly devour those pages of gesticulating villains, epileptic combats, bosky forests, palaces, and warships, frowning fortresses and prison vaults—it was a giddy joy. That shop, which was dark and smelt of Bibles, was a loadstone rock for all that bore the name of boy. They could not pass it by, nor, having entered, leave it. It was a place besieged; the shopmen, like the Jews rebuilding Salem, had a double task. They kept us at the stick's end, frowned us down, snatched each play out of our hand ere we were trusted with another; and, incredible as it may sound, used to demand of us upon our entrance, like banditti, if we came with money or with empty hand. Old Mr. Smith himself, worn out with my eternal vacillation, once swept the treasures from before me, with the cry: 'I do not believe, child, that you are an intending purchaser at all!' These were the dragons of the garden; but for such joys of

paradise we could have faced the Terror of Jamaica himself. Every sheet we fingered was another lightning glance into obscure, delicious story ; it was like wallowing in the raw stuff of story-books. I know nothing to compare with it save now and then in dreams, when I am privileged to read in certain unwrit stories of adventure, from which I awake to find the world all vanity. The *crux* of Buridan's donkey was as nothing to the uncertainty of the boy as he handled and lingered and doated on these bundles of delight ; there was a physical pleasure in the sight and touch of them which he would jealously prolong ; and when at length the deed was done, the play selected, and the impatient shopman had brushed the rest into the grey portfolio, and the boy was forth again, a little late for dinner, the lamps springing into light in the blue winter's even, and *The Miller*, or *The Rover*, or some kindred drama clutched against his side—on what gay feet he ran, and how he laughed aloud in exultation ! I can hear that laughter still. Out of all the years of my life, I can recall but one home-coming to compare with these, and that was on the night when I brought back with me the *Arabian Entertainments* in the fat, old, double-columned volume with the prints. I was just well into the story of the Hunchback, I remember, when my clergyman-grandfather (a man we counted pretty stiff) came in behind me. I grew blind with terror. But instead of ordering the book away, he said he envied me. Ah, well he might !

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

DISCHARGED

CARRY me out
Into the wind and the sunshine,
Into the beautiful world.
O the wonder, the spell of the streets !
The stature and strength of the horses,
The rustle and echo of footfalls,
The flat roar and rattle of wheels !
A swift tram floats huge on us . . .
It's a dream ?
The smell of the mud in my nostrils
Is brave—like a breath of the sea !

As of old,
Ambulant, undulant drapery,
Vaguely and strangely provocative,
Flutters and beckons. O yonder—
Scarlet ! the glint of a stocking !
Sudden a spire,
Wedged in the mist ! O the houses,
The long lines of lofty, grey houses !
Cross-hatched with shadow and light,
These are the streets . . .
Each is an avenue leading
Whither I will !

Free . . . !
Dizzy, hysterical, faint,
I sit, and the carriage rolls on with me
Into the wonderful world.

W. E. HENLEY.

THE OLD INFIRMARY, EDINBURGH,
1873-75.

EDINBURGH STREETS BY NIGHT

BEAUTIFUL to behold as the spacious streets of Edinburgh are by day, they have a strange fascination by night. Perhaps, more than in any other city, the memories of Edinburgh's romantic past return to the mind of one who is a wanderer by silent night or late evening, as he threads this city's almost deserted streets and squares. Take Edinburgh at what season you will, thoughts of its storied past, at such an hour, will come crowding to the mind. Upon a clear, calm, wintry night, when the moon is bright and the stars glitter as they can in this northern sky, the beauty of the city is most inspiring. At such a time, while emerging from a street and to suddenly behold the lofty Castle, a huge black mass set in a back-ground of a star-pierced purple sky, is to gaze upon a sight the majesty of which the world has no equal. Or, wander to the Calton Hill when the moonlight plays between the range of columns on its crown; then the spell of this Northern Athens is upon one as he gazes down upon the lamp-hung city. I have looked upon Edinburgh in one of her own wilder night moods of drifting rain, when the festooned lights of her streets dimly seen from a distance have formed for me a picture strangely beautiful and affecting.

ROBERT MACCRIE.



A VIEW FROM CALTON HILL

THE ROMANCE OF EDINBURGH

Mine own romantic town.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Scott is enthusiastic about the beauties of Edinburgh, and well he may be, the most magnificent as well as the most romantic of cities.

MARIA EDGEWORTH.



THE BALLAD OF HYND HORN

At Edinburgh was a young child born,
And his name it was called young Hynd Horn.

Seven lang years he served the King,
And it's a' for the sake o' his dochter Jean.

The King an angry man was he,
He sent young Hynd Horn to the sea.

' Oh, I never saw my love before,
Till I saw her thro' an augre bore.

' And she gave me a gay gold ring,
With three shining diamonds set therein.

' And I gave to her a silver wand,
With three singing laverocks set thereon.

' What if those diamonds lose their hue,
Just when my love begins for to rue ?'

' For when your ring turns pale and wan,
Then I'm in love with another man.'

Hynd Horn has gone away to sea,
He has stayed there seven years and a day.

Seven lang years he has been on the sea,
And Hynd Horn has looked how this ring may be.

But when he looked this ring upon.
The shining diamonds were pale and wan.

Oh, the ring was both black and blue,
And she's either dead or she's married.

To Edinburgh Town Hynd Horn has come,
And the first he met was an auld beggar-man.

'What news, what news? tell me, my man,
For it's seven years since I have seen the land.'

'No news at all,' said the auld beggar-man,
'But there's a wedding in the King's hall.'

'But the King's dochter nae bride will be
Till she hears tell o' her ain Hynd Horn.'

'Wilt thou give to me thy begging-coat?
An' I gie thee my scarlet cloak.'

The auld beggar-man cast off his coat,
An' he's taken up the scarlet cloak.

The auld beggar-man was bound for the mill,
But young Hynd Horn for the King's hall.

When he came to the royal gate,
He asked a drink for young Hynd Horn's sake.

These news unto the bonnie bride came,
That at the gate there stands an auld man.

'There stands an auld man at the King's gate,
He asketh a drink for young Hynd Horn's sake.'

'I'll go me through nine fires all so hot,
But I'll give him a drink for young Hynd Horn's
sake.'

She went to the gate where the auld man stood,
And gave him a cup from her own fair hand.

He took him the cup from that lily hand,
And when he had drank dropt in the ring.

'Got thou this ring by sea or land ?
Or got thou it from a dead man's hand ?'

'Not by the sea, but by the land ;
I took it from thine own fair hand.'

'I'll cast me off my gowns o' brown,
And I'll follow thee from town to town.

'I'll cast me off my gowns o' red,
And along with thee I'll beg my bread.'

'Thou need not cast off gowns o' brown,
For I'll make thee lady o' many a town.'

The bridegroom thought he this maid had wed,
But young Hynd Horn took the bride instead.

TRADITIONAL.

A SHEPHERD-SWAIN OF THE NORTH COUNTRIE

'Many an eyebrow in Auld Reekie rose in wonder, and many a voice exclaimed "Who can this be?" when verses so good by "J. B. Fordoun" [James Beattie, of Fordoun] flashed upon the public from time to time.'—GEORGE GILFILLAN.

THERE lived in Gothic days, as legends tell,
A shepherd-swain, a man of low degree ;
Whose sires, perchance, in Fairyland might dwell,
Sicilian groves, or vales of Arcady ;
But he, I ween, was of the north countrie ;
A nation famed for song and beauty's charms ;
Zealous, yet modest ; innocent, though free ;
Patient of toil ; serene amidst alarms ;
Inflexible in faith ; invincible in arms.

The shepherd-swain of whom I mention made,
 On Scotia's mountains fed his little flock ;
 The sickle, scythe, or plough he never swayed :
 An honest heart was almost all his stock ;
 His drink the living water from the rock :
 The milky dams supplied his board, and lent
 Their kindly fleece to baffle winter's shock ;
 And he, though oft with dust and sweat besprink,
 Did guide and guard their wanderings, wheresoe'er
 they went.

JAMES BEATTIE.

MY BONNIE MARY

THE PIER O' LEITH

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
 An' fill it in a silver tassie ;
 That I may drink, before I go,
 A service to my bonnie lassie ;
 The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith ;
 Fu' loud the wind blows frae the ferry ;
 The ship rides by the Berwick-law,
 And I maun leave my bonnie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
 The glittering spears are rankèd ready ;
 The shouts o' war are heard afar,
 The battle closes thick and bloody !
 But it's not the roar o' sea or shore
 Wad make me langer wish to tarry ;
 Nor shout o' war that's heard afar—
 It's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary.

ROBERT BURNS.

THE EVE OF FLODDEN

'When the invading army was encamped upon the Boroughmuir numberless midnight apparitions did squeak and gibber upon the streets of Edinburgh, threatening woe to the kingdom, and there was a spectral procession of heralds, who advanced to the Cross, and summoned the king, and a long list of nobility to their final doom.'

WHO are these so dim and wan,
Haggard, gaunt, and woe-begone !
Who in suits of silvery mail
Wander in the moonlight pale,
Through Dun Edin's narrow street,
Sad and slow,
And with mournful voice repeat,
Singing low—
' Dim the night, but dark the morrow—
Long shall last the coming sorrow,—
Woe to Scotland, woe !'

Helm on head and sword in hand,
Whence this melancholy band ?
Even the banner that they bear
Droops dejected on the air,
As they walk with noiseless tread
To and fro,
And the sleeper from his bed
Rises slow,
Listening to that chant of sorrow—
' Dim the night, but dark the morrow—
Woe to Scotland, woe !'

What they are, and their intent—
Whence they come, and whither bent—
If they come from kirkyard cold,
Or are men of mortal mould,

THE CHARM OF EDINBURGH

No one knows ;—but all night long,
As they go,
There is heard a doleful song,
Clear, but low,—
' Deep the grief that's now beginning,
Scotland's loss is England's winning—
Woe to Scotland, woe !'

Never yet Dun Edin's street
Saw such ghastly warriors meet.
Now upon the Cross they stay ;
And a radiance clear as day,
When the day is dim and chill,
Seems to glow
All around ; and from the hill
Overflow
Gable, tower, and steeple-crosses,
And the lonely wynds and closes :—
' Woe to Scotland, woe !'

One steps forward from the rest,
Stately, gaunt, and richly dress'd ;
And they form a circle round,
Sadly looking to the ground ;
And a summons loud and shrill
Sounds below,
Downwards from the Calton Hill
Passing slow ;
Then a trumpet-call to rally
Echoes over mount and valley—
' Woe to Scotland, woe !'

Then the ling'ring echoes die
Faint and fainter on the sky,
And the spokesman of the band
Raises high his mail'd right hand,

And exclaims with earnest voice,
 Speaking slow :
 ‘ Long will Scotland’s foes rejoice :—
 Hearts shall glow
 At recital of our story,
 And of Scotland’s faded glory.
 Woe to Scotland, woe !

‘ Nought shall bravery avail ;
 Dust before the wild March gale
 Flies not faster than shall fly
 Scotland’s proudest chivalry,
 Royal Stuart, when thy might
 Stricken low,
 Shall be scatter’d in the fight
 By the foe,
 And thy fairest ranks be trodden
 On the bloody field of Flodden.
 Woe to Scotland, woe !

‘ Crawford, Huntley, and Montrose !
 Loud your shrill war-trumpet blows ;—
 Home and Bothwell ! high in air
 Flaunt your banners free and fair ;—
 Lennox ! well your stalwart men
 Wield the bow ;—
 Fierce and fleet from hill and glen
 On the foe,
 From wild Cowal to the Grampians,
 Rush, Argyll ! your stoutest champions ;—
 Woe to Scotland, woe !

‘ But in vain shall they unite ;
 And in vain their swords shall smite ;
 And in vain their chiefs shall lead ;
 Vainly, vainly shall they bleed ;—

THE CHARM OF EDINBURGH

England's hosts shall smite them down
At a blow,
And our country's ancient crown
Be laid low ;
And for warriors death-cold sleeping
Long shall last the wail and weeping—
Woe to Scotland, woe !'

Thus he speaks, and glides away,
Melting in the moonlight grey :
And the pale knights follow on
Through the darkness, and are gone.
But all night is heard the wail
Rising slow,
As the pauses of the gale
Come and go,—
' Dim the night and dark the morrow ;
Long shall last the coming sorrow—
Woe to Scotland, woe !'

CHARLES MACKAY.

EDINBURGH AFTER FLODDEN

News of battle !—news of battle !
Hark ! 'tis ringing down the street :
And the archways and the pavement
Bear the clang of hurrying feet.
News of battle ! who hath brought it ?
News of triumph ? Who should bring
Tidings from our noble army,
Greetings from our gallant King ?
All last night we watched the beacons
Blazing on the hills afar,
Each one bearing, as it kindled,
Message of the opened war.

All night long the northern streamers
 Shot across the trembling sky :
 Fearful lights, that never beckon
 Save when kings or heroes die.

News of battle ! Who hath brought it ?
 All are thronging to the gate ;
 ‘ Warder—warder ! open quickly !
 Man—is this a time to wait ?’
 And the heavy gates are opened :
 Then a murmur long and loud,
 And a cry of fear and wonder
 Bursts from out the bending crowd.
 For they see in battered harness
 Only one hard-stricken man ;
 And his weary steed is wounded,
 And his cheek is pale and wan :
 Spearless hangs a bloody banner
 In his weak and drooping hand—
 God ! can that be Randolph Murray,
 Captain of the city band ?

Round him crush the people, crying,
 ‘ Tell us all—oh, tell us true !
 Where are they who went to battle,
 Randolph Murray, sworn to you ?
 Where are they, our brothers—children ?
 Have they met the English foe ?
 Why art thou alone, unfollowed ?
 Is it weal or is it woe ?’
 Like a corpse the grisly warrior
 Looks from out his helm of steel ;
 But no word he speaks in answer,
 Only with his armed heel

Chides his weary steed, and onward
Up the city streets they ride ;
Fathers, sisters, mothers, children,
Shrieking, praying by his side.
'By the God that made thee, Randolph !
Tell us what mischance hath come.'
Then he lifts his riven banner,
And the asker's voice is dumb.

The elders of the city
Have met within their hall—
The men whom good King James had
charged
To watch the tower and wall.
'Your hands are weak with age,' he said,
'Your hearts are stout and true ;
So bide ye in the Maiden Town,
While others fight for you.
My trumpet from the Border-side
Shall send a blast so clear
That all who wait within the gate
That stirring sound may hear.
Or, if it be the will of heaven
That back I never come,
And if, instead of Scottish shouts,
Ye hear the English drum,—
Then let the warning bells ring out,
Then gird you to the fray,
Then man the walls like burghers stout,
And fight while fight you may.
'Twere better than in fiery flame
The roofs should thunder down,
Than that the foot of foreign foe
Should trample in the town !'

Then in came Randolph Murray,—
His step was slow and weak,
And, as he doffed his dinted helm,
The tears ran down his cheek :
They fell upon his corselet
And on his mailed hand,
As he gazed around him wistfully,
Leaning sorely on his brand.
And none who then beheld him
But straight were smote with fear,
For a bolder and a sterner man
Had never couched a spear.
They knew so sad a messenger
Some ghastly news must bring ;
And all of them were fathers,
And their sons were with the King.

And up then rose the Provost—
A brave old man was he,
Of ancient name and knightly fame,
And chivalrous degree.
He ruled our city like a Lord
Who brooked no equal here,
And ever for the townsman's rights
Stood up 'gainst prince and peer.
And he had seen the Scottish host
March from the Borough-muir,
With music-storm and clamorous shout,
And all the din that thunders out
When youth's of victory sure.
But yet a dearer thought had he,—
For, with a father's pride,
He saw his last remaining son
Go forth by Randolph's side,

With casque on head and spur on heel,
All keen to do and dare ;
And proudly did that gallant boy
Dun Edin's banner bear.
Oh ! woeful now was the old man's look,
And he spake right heavily—
' Now, Randolph, tell thy tidings,
However sharp they be !
Woe is written on thy visage,
Death is looking from thy face :
Speak ! though it be of overthrow—
It cannot be disgrace !'

Right bitter was the agony
That wrung that soldier proud :
Thrice did he strive to answer,
And thrice he groaned aloud.
Then he gave the riven banner
To the old man's shaking hand,
Saying—' That is all I bring ye
From the bravest of the land !
Ay ! ye may look upon it—
It was guarded well and long,
By your brothers and your children,
By the valiant and the strong.
One by one they fell around it,
As the archers laid them low,
Grimly dying, still unconquered,
With their faces to the foe.
Ay ! ye may well look upon it—
There is more than honour there,
Else, be sure, I had not brought it
From the field of dark despair.
Never yet was royal banner
Steeped in such a costly dye ;

It hath lain upon a bosom
 Where no other shroud shall lie.
 Sirs ! I charge you, keep it holy,
 Keep it as a sacred thing,
 For the stain ye see upon it
 Was the life-blood of your King !

Woe, woe, and lamentation !
 What a piteous cry was there !
 Widows, maidens, mothers, children,
 Shrieking, sobbing in despair !
 Through the streets the death-word rushes,
 Spreading terror, sweeping on—
 ' Jesu Christ ! Our King has fallen—
 O great God, King James is gone !
 Holy Mother Mary, shield us,
 Thou who erst didst lose thy Son !
 O the blackest day for Scotland
 That she ever knew before !
 O our King—the good, the noble,
 Shall we see him never more ?
 Woe to us, and woe to Scotland !
 O our sons, our sons and men !
 Surely some have 'scaped the Southron,
 Surely some will come again !
 Till the oak that fell last winter
 Shall uprear its shattered stem—
 Wives and mothers of Dun Edin—
 Ye may look in vain for them !

But within the Council Chamber
 All was silent as the grave,
 Whilst the tempest of their sorrow
 Shook the bosoms of the brave.
 Well indeed might they be shaken
 With the weight of such a blow :

He was gone,—their prince, their idol,
Whom they loved and worshipped so !
Like a knell of death and judgment
Rung from heaven by angel hand
Fell the words of desolation
On the elders of the land.
Hoary heads were bowed and trembling,
Withered hands were clasped and wrung ;
God had left the old and feeble,
He had ta'en away the young.

Then the Provost he uprose,
And his lip was ashen white ;
But a flush was on his brow,
And his eye was full of light.
' Thou hast spoken, Randolph Murray,
Like a soldier stout and true ;
Thou hast done a deed of daring
Had been perilled but by few.
For thou hast not shamed to face us,
Nor to speak thy ghastly tale,
Standing—thou a knight and captain,—
Here alive within thy mail !
Now, as my God shall judge me,
I hold it braver done,
Than hadst thou tarried in thy place,
And died above my son !
Thou needst not tell it : he is dead.
God help us all this day !
But speak—how fought the citizens
Within the furious fray ?
For, by the might of Mary !
'Twere something still to tell
That no Scottish foot went backward
When the Royal Lion fell !'

' No one failed him ! He is keeping
Royal state and semblance still ;
Knight and noble lie around him,
Cold on Flodden's fatal hill.
Of the brave and gallant-hearted
Whom ye sent with prayers away,
Not a single man departed
From his Monarch yesterday.
Had you seen them, O my masters !
When the night began to fall,
And the English spearmen gathered
Round a grim and ghastly wall !
As the wolves in winter circle
Round the leaguer on the heath,
So the greedy foe glared upward,
Panting still for blood and death.
But a rampart rose before them,
Which the boldest dared not scale ;
Every stone a Scottish body,
Every step a corpse in mail !
And behind it lay our Monarch,
Clenching still his shivered sword :
By his side Montrose and Athole,
At his feet a southron lord.
All so thick they lay together,
When the stars lit up the sky,
That I knew not who were stricken,
Or who yet remained to die.
Few there were when Surrey halted,
And his wearied host withdrew ;
None but dying men around me,
When the English trumpet blew.
Then I stooped, and took the banner,
As you see it, from his breast,

And I closed our hero's eyelids,
And I left him to his rest.
In the mountains growled the thunder,
As I leaped the woeful wall,
And the heavy clouds were settling
Over Flodden, like a pall !

So he ended, and the others
Cared not any answer then ;
Sitting silent, dumb with sorrow,
Sitting anguish-struck like men,
Who have seen the roaring torrent
Sweep their happy homes away,
And yet linger by the margin,
Staring idly on the spray.
But, without, the maddening tumult
Waxes ever more and more,
And the crowd of wailing women
Gather round the council door.
Every dusky spire is ringing
With a dull and hollow knell,
And the *Miserere's* singing
To the tolling of the bell.
Through the streets the burghers hurry,
Spreading terror as they go ;
And the rampart's thronged with watchers
For the coming of the foe.
From each mountain-top a pillar
Streams into the torpid air,
Bearing token from the Border
That the English host is there.
All without is flight and terror,
All within is woe and fear—
God protect the Maiden City,
For thy latest hour is near !

No ! not yet, thou high Dun Edin !
Shalt thou totter to thy fall ;
Though thy bravest and thy strongest
Are not there to man the wall.
No, not yet ! the ancient spirit
Of our fathers hath not gone ;
Take it to thee as a buckler
Better far than steel or stone.
Oh, remember those who perished
For thy birthright at the time
When to be a Scot was treason,
And to side with Wallace, crime !
Have they not a voice amongst us,
Whilst their hallowed dust is here ?
Hear ye not a summons sounding
From each buried warrior's bier ?
Up !—they say—and keep the freedom
Which we won you long ago :
Up ! and keep our graves unsullied
From the insults of the foe !
Up ! and if ye cannot save them,
Come to us in blood and fire :
Midst the crash of falling turrets,
Let the last of Scots expire !

Still the bells are tolling fiercely,
And the cry comes louder in ;
Mothers wailing for their children,
Sisters for their slaughtered kin.
All is terror and disorder,
Till the Provost rises up,
Calm, as though he had not tasted
Of the fell and bitter cup.
All so stately from his sorrow,

Rose the old undaunted chief,
That you had not deemed, to see him,
His was more than common grief.
' Rouse ye, Sirs !' he said ; ' we may not
Longer mourn for what is done ;
If our King be taken from us,
We are left to guard his son.
We have sworn to keep the city
From the foe, whate'er they be,
And the oath that we have taken
Never shall be broke by me.
Death is nearer to us, brethren,
Than it seemed to those who died,
Fighting yesterday at Flodden,
By their lord and master's side.
Let us meet it then in patience,
Not in terror or in fear ;
Though our hearts are bleeding yonder,
Let our souls be steadfast here.
Up, and rouse ye ! Time is fleeting,
And we yet have much to do ;
Up ! and haste ye through the city,
Stir the burghers stout and true !
Gather all our scattered people,
Fling the banner out once more,—
Randolph Murray ! do thou bear it,
As it erst was borne before :
Never Scottish heart will leave it,
When they see their Monarch's gore !

' Let them cease that dismal knelling !
It is time enough to ring
When the fortress-strength of Scotland
Stoops to ruin like its King.

Let the bells be kept for warning,
Not for terror or alarm ;
When they next are heard to thunder,
Let each man and stripling arm.
Bid the women leave their wailing—
Do they think that woeful strain,
From the bloody heaps of Flodden,
Can redeem their dearest slain ?
Bid them cease,—or rather hasten
To the churches, every one ;
There to pray to Mary Mother,
And to her anointed Son,
That the thunderbolt above us
May not fall in ruin yet ;
That in fire, and blood, and rapine,
Scotland's glory may not set.
Let them pray,—for never women
Stood in need of such a prayer !—
England's yeomen shall not find them
Clinging to the altars there.
No ! if we are doomed to perish,
Man and maiden, let us fall,
And a common gulf of ruin
Open wide to whelm us all :
Never shall the ruthless spoiler
Lay his hot insulting hand
On the sisters of our heroes,
Whilst we bear a torch or brand !
Up ! and rouse ye, then, my brothers,—
But when next ye hear the bell
Sounding forth the sullen summons
That may be our funeral knell,
Once more let us meet together,
Once more see each other's face ;

THE CHARM OF EDINBURGH

Then, like men that need not tremble,
 Go to our appointed place.
 God, our Father, will not fail us
 In that last tremendous hour,—
 If all other bulwarks crumble,
 HE will be our strength and tower :
 Though the ramparts rock beneath us,
 And the walls go crashing down,
 Though the roar of conflagration
 Bellow o'er the sinking town ;
 There is yet one place of shelter,
 Where the foemen cannot come,
 Where the summons never sounded
 Of the trumpet or the drum.
 There again we'll meet our children,
 Who, on Flodden's trampled sod,
 For their King and for their country
 Rendered up their souls to God.
 There shall we find rest and refuge,
 With our dear departed brave ;
 And the ashes of the city
 Be our universal grave !'

WILLIAM EDMONDSTOUNE AYTOUN.

MARIA EDGEWORTH VISITS SIR WALTER SCOTT
IN EDINBURGH

WRITTEN TO MRS. RUXTON

EDINBURGH,
 32, ABERCOMBY PLACE,
June 8, 1823.

THE drive from Linlithgow to Edinburgh is nothing extraordinary, but the road approaching the city is grand, and the first view of the Castle and 'mine

own romantic town' delighted my companions ; the day was fine, and they were sitting outside on the barouche seat—a seat which you, my dear aunt, would have envied them with all their fine prospects. By this approach to Edinburgh there are no suburbs ; you drive at once through magnificent broad streets and fine squares. All the houses are of stone, darker than the Ardbracon stone, and of a kind that is little injured by weather or time. Margaret Alison had taken lodgings for us in Abercomby Place—finely built, with hanging shrubbery garden, and the house as delightful as the situation. As soon as we unpacked and arranged our things the evening of our arrival, we walked, about ten minutes' distance from us, to our dear old friends, the Alisons. We found them shawled and bonneted, just coming to see us. Mr. Alison and Sir Walter Scott had settled that we should dine the first day after our arrival with Mr. Alison, which was just what we wished ; but on our return home we found a note from Sir Walter :

' DEAR MISS EDGEWORTH,

' I have just received your kind note, just when I had persuaded myself it was most likely I should see you in person or hear of your arrival. Mr. Alison writes to me you are engaged to dine with him to-morrow, which puts Roslin out of the question for that day, as it might keep you late. On Sunday I hope you will join our family-party at five, and on Monday I have asked one or two of the Northern Lights on purpose to meet you. I should be engrossing at any time, but we shall be more disposed to be so just now, because on the 12th I am under the necessity of going to a different kingdom (only the

kingdom of *Fife*) for a day or two. To-morrow, if it is quite agreeable, I will wait on you about twelve, and hope you will permit me to show you some of our improvements.

‘ I am always,

‘ Most respectfully yours,

‘ EDINBURGH, *Friday*.

‘ WALTER SCOTT.

‘ *Postscript*.—Our old family coach is *licensed* to carry *six* ; so I take no care on that score. I enclose Mr. Alison’s note ; truly sorry I could not accept the invitation it contains.

‘ *Postscript*.—My wife insists I shall add that the Laird of Staffa promised to look in on us this evening at eight or nine, for the purpose of letting us hear one of his clansmen sing some Highland boat-songs and the like, and that if you will come, as the Irish should to the Scotch, without any ceremony, you will hear what is perhaps more curious than mellifluous. The man returns to the isles to-morrow. There are no strangers with us ; no party ; none but all our own family and two old friends. Moreover, all our women-kind have been calling at Gibbs’s hotel, so if you are not really tired and late, you have not even pride, the ladies’ last defence, to oppose to this request. But, above all, do not fatigue yourself and the young ladies. No dressing to be thought of.’

Ten o’clock struck as I read the note ; we were tired—we were not fit to be seen ; but I thought it right to accept ‘ Walter Scott’s ’ cordial invitation ; sent for a hackney coach, and just as we were, without dressing, went. As the coach stopped, we saw the hall lighted, and the moment the door opened, heard the joyous sounds of loud singing. Three servants—

'The Miss Edgeworths' sounded from hall to landing-place, and as I paused for a moment in the ante-room, I heard the first sound of Walter Scott's voice—
'The Miss Edgeworths *come*.'

The room was lighted by only one globe lamp. A circle were singing loud and beating time—all stopped in an instant, and Walter Scott in the most cordial and courteous manner stepped forward to welcome us: 'Miss Edgeworth, this is so kind of you!' My first impression was, that he was neither so large, nor so heavy in appearance as I had been led to expect by description, prints, bust, and picture. He is more lame than I expected, but not so unwieldly; his countenance, even by the uncertain light in which I first saw it, pleased me much, benevolent, and full of genius without the slightest effort at expression; delightfully natural, as if he did not know he was Walter Scott or the Great Unknown of the North, as if he only thought of making others happy. After naming to us 'Lady Scott, Staffa, my daughter Lockhart, Sophia, another daughter Anne, my son, my son-in-law Lockhart,' just in the broken circle as they then stood, and showing me that only his family and two friends, Mr. Clark and Mr. Sharpe, were present, he sat down for a minute beside me on a low sofa, and on my saying, 'Do not let us interrupt what was going on,' he immediately rose and begged Staffa to bid his boatman strike up again. 'Will you then join in the circle with us?' he put the end of a silk handkerchief into my hand, and others into my sister's; they held by these handkerchiefs all in their circle again, and the boatman began to roar out a Gaelic song, to which they all stamped in time and repeated the chorus which, as far as I could

hear, sounded like '*At am Vaun ! At am Vaun !*' frequently repeated with prodigious enthusiasm. In another I could make out no intelligible sound but '*Bar ! bar ! bar !*' But the boatman's dark eyes were ready to start out of his head with rapture as he sung and stamped, and shook the handkerchief on each side, and the circle imitated.

Lady Scott is so exactly what I had heard her described, that it seemed as if we had seen her before. She must have been very handsome—French dark large eyes ; civil and good-natured. Supper at a round table, a family supper, with attention to us just sufficient and no more. The impression left on my mind this night was, that Walter Scott is one of the best-bred men I ever saw, with all the exquisite politeness which he knows so well how to describe, which is of no particular school or country, but which is of all countries, the politeness which arises from good and quick sense and feeling, which seems to know by instinct the character of others, to see what will please, and put all his guests at their ease. As I sat beside him at supper, I could not believe he was a stranger, and forgot he was a great man. Mr. Lockhart is very handsome, quite unlike his picture in *Peter's Letters*.

When we wakened in the morning, the whole scene of the preceding night seemed like a dream ; however, at twelve came the real Lady Scott, and we called for Scott at the Parliament House, who came out of the Courts with joyous face as if he had nothing on earth to do or to think of, but to show us Edinburgh. Seeming to enjoy it all as much as we could, he carried us to Parliament House—Advocates' Library, Castle, and Holyrood House. His

conversation all the time better than anything we could see, full of *à-propos* anecdotes, historic, serious, or comic, just as occasion called for it, and all with a *bonhomie* and an ease that made us forget it was any trouble even to his lameness to mount flights of eternal stairs. Chantrey's statues of Lord Melville and President Blair are admirable. There is another by Roubillac, of Duncan Forbes, which is excellent. Scott is enthusiastic about the beauties of Edinburgh, and well he may be, the most magnificent as well as the most romantic of cities. . . .

Next day, Sunday, went to hear Mr. Alison ; his fine voice but little altered. To me he appears the best preacher I have ever heard. Dined at Scott's ; only his own family, his friend Skene, his wife and daughter, and Sir Henry Stewart ; I sat beside Scott ; I dare not attempt at this moment even to think of any of the anecdotes he told, the fragments of poetry he repeated, or the observations on national character he made, lest I should be tempted to write some of them for you, and should never end this letter, which must be ended some time or other. His strong affection for his early friends and his country gives a power and a charm to his conversation, which cannot be given by the polish of the London world and by the habit of literary conversation.

Quentin Durward was lying on the table. Mrs. Skene took it up and said, ' This is really too bare-faced.' Scott, when pointing to the hospital built by Heriot, said, ' That was built by one Heriot, you know, the jeweller, in Charles the Second's time.'

There was an arch simplicity in his look, at which we could hardly forbear laughing.

Life and Letters of Maria Edgeworth.

DR. JOHNSON IN EDINBURGH

ON Saturday the fourteenth of August, 1773, late in the evening, I received a note from him, that he [Dr. Johnson] was arrived at Boyd's inn, at the head of the Canongate. I went to him directly. He embraced me cordially; and I exulted in the thought, that I now had him actually in Caledonia. Mr. Scott's amiable manners, and attachment to our Socrates, at once united me to him. He told me that, before I came in, the doctor had unluckily had a bad specimen of Scottish cleanliness. He then drank no fermented liquor. He asked to have his lemonade made sweeter; upon which the waiter, with his greasy fingers, lifted a lump of sugar, and put it into it. The doctor, in indignation, threw it out of the window. Scott said, he was afraid he would have knocked the waiter down. Mr. Johnson told me, that such another trick was played him at the house of a lady in Paris. He was to do me the honour to lodge under my roof. I regretted sincerely that I had not also a room for Mr. Scott. Mr. Johnson and I walked arm-in-arm up the High Street, to my house in James's Court. As we marched slowly along . . . he acknowledged that the breadth of the street, and the loftiness of the buildings on each side, made a noble appearance.

My wife had tea ready for him, which it is well known he delighted to drink at all hours, particularly when sitting up late, and of which his able defence against Mr. Jonas Hanway should have obtained him a magnificent reward from the East India Company. He showed much complacency, upon finding that the mistress of the house was so attentive to his singular

habit ; and as no man could be more polite when he chose to be so, his address to her was most courteous and engaging ; and his conversation soon charmed her into a forgetfulness of his external appearance. . . . We sat till nearly two in the morning, having chatted a good while after my wife left us. She had insisted, that to show all respect to the sage, she would give up her own bed-chamber to him and take a worse. This I cannot but gratefully mention, as one of a thousand obligations which I owe her, since the great obligation of her being pleased to accept of me as her husband. . . .

We walked out, that Dr. Johnson might see some of the things which we have to show at Edinburgh. We went to the Parliament House, where the Parliament of Scotland sat, and where the Ordinary Lords of Session held their courts ; and to the New Session House adjoining to it, where our Court of Fifteen (the fourteen Ordinaries, with the Lord President at their head) sit as a Court of Review. We went to the Advocates' Library, of which Dr. Johnson took a cursory view, and then to what is called the Laigh (or under) Parliament House, where the records of Scotland, which has an universal security by register, are deposited, till the great Register Court be finished. I loved to behold Dr. Samuel Johnson rolling about in this old magazine of antiquities. There was, by this time, a pretty numerous circle of us attending upon him. Somebody talked of happy moments for composition ; and how a man can write at one time, and not another. ' Nay (said Dr. Johnson), a man may write at any time, if he will set himself doggedly to it.'

I there began to indulge old Scottish sentiments, and to express a warm regret, that, by our Union

with England, we were no more ;—our independent kingdom was lost. JOHNSON. ‘ Sir, never talk of your independency, who could let your Queen remain twenty years in captivity, and then be put to death, without even a pretence of justice, without ever attempting to rescue her ; and such a Queen too ! as every man of any gallantry of spirit would have sacrificed his life for.’ Worthy MR. JAMES KERR, Keeper of the Records. ‘ Half our nation was bribed by English money.’ JOHNSON. ‘ Sir, that is no defence. That makes you worse.’ Good MR. BROWN, Keeper of the Advocates’ Library. ‘ We had better say nothing about it.’ BOSWELL. ‘ You would have been glad, however, to have had us last war, Sir, to fight your battles !’ JOHNSON. ‘ We should have had you for the same price, though there has been no Union, as we might have had Swiss, or other troops. No, no, I shall agree to a separation. You have only to *go home*.’ Just as he had said this, I, to divert the subject, shewed him the signed assurances of the three successive Kings of the Hanover family, to maintain the Presbyterian establishment in Scotland. — ‘ We’ll give you that into the bargain,’ said he.

We next went to the great church of St. Giles, which had lost its original magnificence in the inside, by being divided into four places of Presbyterian worship. ‘ Come (said Dr. Johnson jocularly to Principal Robertson), let me see what was once a church !’ We entered that division which was formerly called the New Church, and of late the High Church, so well known by the eloquence of Dr. Hugh Blair. It is now very elegantly filled up ; but it was then shamefully dirty. Dr. Johnson said nothing at the time ; but when we came to the great door of

the Royal Infirmary, where, upon a board, was this inscription, '*Clean your feet!*' he turned about slyly, and said, 'There is no occasion for putting this at the doors of your churches!'

We then conducted him down the Post-house stairs, Parliament Close, and made him look up from Cowgate to the highest building in Edinburgh (from which he had just descended), being thirteen floors or stories from the ground upon the back elevation. . . .

We showed him the Royal Infirmary, for which, and for every other exertion of generous public spirit in his power, that noble-minded citizen of Edinburgh, George Drummond, will be ever held in honourable remembrance. And we were too proud not to carry him to the Abbey of Holyrood-house, that beautiful piece of architecture, but, alas! that deserted mansion of royalty, which Hamilton of Bangour, in one of his elegant poems, calls

'A virtuous palace, where no monarch dwells.'

I was much entertained while Principal Robertson fluently harangued to Dr. Johnson, upon the spot, concerning scenes of his celebrated History of Scotland. We surveyed that part of the palace appropriated to the Duke of Hamilton, as Keeper, in which our beautiful Queen Mary lived, and in which David Rizzio was murdered; and also the state rooms. Dr. Johnson was a great reciter of all sorts of things, serious or comical. I overheard him repeating here, in a kind of muttering tone, a line of the old ballad, 'Johnny Armstrong's Last Good-night':

'And ran him through the fair body!'

I suppose his thinking of the stabbing of Rizzio had brought this into his mind, by association of ideas. . . .

We set out from Edinburgh. . . . When we came to Leith, I talked with perhaps too boasting an air, how pretty the Firth of Forth looked ; as indeed, after the prospect from Constantinople, of which I have been told, and that from Naples, which I have seen, I believe the view of that Firth and its environs, from the Castle Hill of Edinburgh, is the finest prospect in Europe. ‘Aye’ (said Dr. Johnson) ‘that is the state of the world. Water is the same everywhere.’

‘Una est injusti cœrula forma maris.’

I told him the part here was the mouth of the river or water of *Leith*. ‘Not *Lethe*,’ said Mr. Nairne. ‘Why, Sir (said Dr. Johnson), when a Scotchman sets out from this part for England, he forgets his native country.’ NAIRNE. ‘I hope, Sir, you shall forget England here.’ JOHNSON. ‘Then ’twill be still more *Lethe*.’

JAMES BOSWELL.

THACKERAY : AN EDINBURGH REMINISCENCE

THACKERAY had a warm heart towards Edinburgh. It was here he took courage from the cordial, appreciative reception he got when he lectured here, and he always returned to us with renewed relish. . . . We cannot resist recalling one Sunday evening in December, when he was walking with two friends along the Dean Road, to the west of Edinburgh, one of the noblest outlets to any city. It was a lovely evening,—such a sunset as one never forgets ; a rich dark bar of cloud hovered over the sun, going down behind the Highland hills, lying bathed in amethystine bloom ; between this cloud and the hills there was a

narrow slip of the pure ether, of a tender cowslip colour, lucid, and as it were the very body of heaven in its clearness ; every object standing out as if etched upon the sky. The north-west end of Corstorphine Hill, with its trees and rocks, lay in the heart of this pure radiance, and there a wooden crane, used in the quarry below, was so placed as to assume the figure of a cross ; there it was, unmistakable, lifted up against a crystalline sky. All three gazed at it silently. As they gazed, he gave utterance in a tremulous, gentle, and rapid voice, to what all were feeling, in the word ' CALVARY ! '

JOHN BROWN, M.D.

THE GRASSMARKET

IN former times, England had her Tyburn to which the devoted victims of justice were conducted in solemn procession up what is now called Oxford Road. In Edinburgh, a large open street, or rather oblong square, surrounded by high houses, called the Grassmarket, was used for the same melancholy purpose. It was not ill chosen for such a scene, being of considerable extent, and therefore fit to accommodate a great number of spectators, such as are usually assembled by this melancholy spectacle. On the other hand, few of the houses which surround it were, even in early times, inhabited by persons of fashion ; so that those likely to be offended or over deeply affected by such unpleasant exhibitions were not in the way of having their quiet disturbed by them. The houses in the Grassmarket are, generally speaking, of a mean description ; yet the place is

not without some features of grandeur, being overhung by the southern side of the huge rock on which the castle stands, and by the moss-grown battlements and turreted walls of that ancient fortress.

It was the custom, until within these thirty years,* or thereabouts, to use this esplanade for the scene of public executions. The fatal day was announced to the public, by the appearance of a huge black gallows-tree towards the eastern end of the Grassmarket. This ill-omened apparition was of great height, with a scaffold surrounding it, and a double ladder placed against it, for the ascent of the unhappy criminal and the executioner. As this apparatus was always arranged before dawn, it seemed as if the gallows had grown out of the earth in the course of one night, like the production of some foul demon; and I well remember the fright with which the schoolboys, when I was one of their number, used to regard these ominous signs of deadly preparation. On the night after the execution the gallows again disappeared, and was conveyed in silence and darkness to the place where it was usually deposited, which was one of the vaults under the Parliament House, or courts of justice. This mode of execution is now exchanged for one similar to that in front of Newgate,—with what beneficial effect is uncertain. The mental sufferings of the convict are indeed shortened. He no longer stalks between the attendant clergymen, dressed in his grave-clothes, through a considerable part of the city, looking like a moving and walking corpse, while yet an inhabitant of this world; but, as the ultimate purpose of punishment has in view

* 1818.



THE CASTLE FROM GRASSMARKET

the prevention of crimes, it may at least be doubted whether, in abridging the melancholy ceremony, we have not in part diminished that appalling effect upon the spectators which is the useful end of all such inflictions, and in consideration of which alone, unless in very particular cases, capital sentences can be altogether justified.

Adjacent to the tolbooth or city jail of Edinburgh is one of three churches into which the cathedral of St. Giles is now divided, called, from its vicinity, the Tolbooth Church. It was the custom, that criminals under sentence of death were brought to this church, with a sufficient guard, to hear and join in public worship on the Sabbath before execution. It was supposed that the hearts of these unfortunate persons, however hardened before against feelings of devotion, could not but be accessible to them upon uniting their thoughts and voices, for the last time, along with their fellow-mortals, in addressing their Creator. And to the rest of the congregation, it was thought it could not but be impressive and affecting, to find their devotions mingling with those who, sent by the doom of an earthly tribunal to appear where the whole earth is judged, might be considered as beings trembling on the verge of eternity.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

FROM 'SONG OF THE OUTLAW MURRAY'

'God mot thee save, brave Outlaw Murray !

Thy ladye, and all thy chyvalrie !'—

'Marry, thou's wellcum, gentleman,

Some King's messenger thou seemis to be.'—

‘ The King of Scotlonde sent me here,
And, gude Outlaw, I am sent to thee ;
I wad not of whom ye hald your landis,
Or man, wha may thy master be ?’—

‘ Thir landis are MINE !’ the Outlaw said ;
‘ I ken nae King in Christentie ;
Frae Soudron I this Foreste wan,
When the King nor his knightis were not to
see.’—

‘ He desyres you’ll cum to Edinburgh,
And hauld of him this Foreste fre ;
And, gif ye refuse to do this,
He’ll conquest baith thy landis and thee.
He hath vow’d to cast thy castell down,
And mak a widowe o’ thy gaye ladye ;

‘ He’ll hang thy merryemen, payr by payr
In ony frith where he may them finde.’—
‘ Ay, by my troth !’ the Outlaw said,
‘ Than would I thinke me far behinde.

‘ Ere the King my feir countrie get,
This land that’s nativest to me !
Mony o’ his nobilis sall be cauld,
Their ladyes sall be right wearie.’

Then spak his ladye, feir of face,
She seyde, ‘ Without consent of me,
That an Outlaw suld cum before a King ;
I am right afraid of treasonrie.
Bid him be gude to his lordis at hame,
For Edinburgh my lord sall never see.’

Border Minstrelsy.

THE FIRTH OF FORTH

SLIDE soft, fair Forth, and make a crystal plain,
 Cut your white locks, and on your foamy face
 Let not a wrinkle be, when you embrace
 The boat that earth's perfections doth contain.
 Winds, wonder, and through wond'ring hold your
 peace ;

Or if that ye your hearts cannot restrain
 From sending sighs, mov'd by a lover's case,
 Sigh, and in her fair hair yourselves enchain ;
 Or take these sighs which absence makes arise
 From mine oppressed breast, and wave the sails,
 Or some sweet breath now brought from Paradise :
 Floods seem to smile, love o'er the winds prevails,
 And yet huge waves arise ; the cause is this,
 The ocean strives with Forth the boat to kiss.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN.

TO CLARINDA

ON THE POET'S LEAVING EDINBURGH

CLARINDA, mistress of my soul,
 The measur'd time is run !
 The wretch beneath the dreary pole
 . So marks his latest sun.

To what dark cave of frozen night
 Shall poor Sylvander hie ;—
 Depriv'd of thee, his life and light,
 The sun of all his joy ?

We part—but, by these precious drops
 That fill thy lovely eyes !
 No other light shall guide my steps
 Till thy bright beams arise.

She, the fair sun of all her sex,
Has blest my glorious day ;
And shall a glimmering planet fix
My worship to its ray ?

ROBERT BURNS.

SOME EDINBURGH PHASES

Now here is the advantage of Edinburgh. In the country, if a sense of inability seizes me, it haunts me from morning to night, but in town the time is so occupied and frittered away by official duties and chance occupations, that you have not leisure to play Master Stephen and be melancholy and gentlemanlike.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.



FROM 'THE MOTHER'S IDOL BROKEN'

WITHIN a mile of Edinburgh town
We laid our little darling down ;
Our first seed in God's acre sown !

So sweet a place ! Death looks beguiled
Of half his gloom ; or softly smiled
To win our wondrous spirit-child.

God giveth His Beloved sleep
So calm, within its silence deep,
As Angel-guards the watch might keep.

The City looketh solemn and' sweet ;
It bares a gentle brow, to greet
The Mourners mourning at its feet.

The sea of human life breaks round
This shore o' the dead, with softened sound :
Wild flowers climb each mossy mound

To place in resting hands their palm,
And breathe their beauty, bloom and balm ;
Folding the dead in fragrant calm.

A softer shadow Grief might wear ;
And old Heartache come gather there
The peace that falleth after Prayer.

Poor heart, that danced along the vines
All reeling-ripe with wild love-wines,
Thou walk'st with Death among the pines !

Lorn Mother, at the dark grave-door,
She kneeleth, pleading o'er and o'er ;
But it is shut for evermore.

She toileth on, the mournfull'st thing,
At the vain task of emptying
The cistern whence the salt tears spring.

Blind ! blind ! She feels, but cannot read
Aright ; then leans as she would feed
The dear dead lips that never heed.

The spirit of life may leap above,
But in that grave her prisoned Dove
Lies, cold to th' warm embrace of love,

And dark, though all the world is bright ;
And lonely, with a City in sight ;
And desolate in the rainy night.

Ah, God ! when in the glad life-cup
The face of Death swims darkly up,
The crowning flower is sure to droop !

And so we laid our Darling down,
When summer's face grew ripely brown,
And still, though grief hath milder grown,

Unto the Stranger's land we cleave,
Like some poor Birds that grieve and grieve,
Round the robbed nest, and cannot leave.

GERALD MASSEY.

EDINBURGH SOCIETY OF SIR WALTER SCOTT'S
TIME

BEFORE I ever met Scott in private, I had, of course,
heard many people describe and discuss his style of

conversation. Everybody seemed to agree that it overflowed with hearty good-humour, as well as plain, unaffected good sense and sagacity ; but I had heard not a few persons of undoubted ability and accomplishment maintain, that the genius of the great poet and novelist rarely, if ever, revealed itself in his talk. It is needless to say, that the persons I allude to were all his own countrymen, and themselves imbued, more or less, with the conversational habits derived from a system of education in which the study of metaphysics occupies a very large share of attention. The best table-talk of Edinburgh was, and probably still is, in a very great measure made up of brilliant disquisition—such as might be transferred without alteration to a professor's note-book, or the pages of a critical Review—and of sharp word-catchings, ingenious thrusting and parrying of dialectics, and all the quips and quibbles of bar pleading. It was the talk of a society to which lawyers and lecturers had, for at least a hundred years, given the tone. From the date of the Union, Edinburgh ceased to be the headquarters of the Scotch nobility—and long before the time of which I speak, they had all but entirely abandoned it as a place of residence. I think I never knew above two or three of the Peerage to have houses there at the same time—and these were usually among the poorest and most insignificant of their order. The wealthier gentry had followed their example. Very few of that class ever spent any considerable part of the year in Edinburgh, except for the purpose of educating their children, or superintending the progress of a lawsuit ; and these were not more likely than a score or two of comatose and lethargic old Indians, to make

head against the established influences of academical and forensic celebrity. Now Scott's taste and resources had not much in common with those who had inherited and preserved the chief authority in this provincial hierarchy of rhetoric. He was highly amused with watching their dexterous logomachies—but his delight in such displays arose mainly, I cannot doubt, from the fact of their being, both as to subject-matter and style and method, remote *a Scævola studiis*. He sat by, as he would have done at a stage-play or a fencing match, enjoying and applauding the skill exhibited, but without feeling much ambition to parade himself as a rival either of the foil or the buskin. I can easily believe, therefore, that in the earlier part of his life—before the blaze of universal fame had overawed local prejudice, and a new generation, accustomed to hear of that fame from their infancy, had grown up—it may have been the commonly adopted creed in Edinburgh, that Scott, however disguised otherwise, was not to be named as a table-companion in the same day with this or that master of luminous dissertation or quick rejoinder, who now sleeps as forgotten as his grandmother. . . . Scott had a marvellous stock of queer stories, which he often told with happy effect, but that, bating these drafts on a portentous memory, set off with a simple old-fashioned *naïveté* of humour and pleasantry, his strain of talk was remarkable neither for depth of remark nor facility of illustration; that his views and opinions on the most important topics of practical interest were hopelessly perverted by his blind enthusiasm for the dreams of bygone ages. . . . I fancy it will seem equally credible, that the most sharp-sighted of these social

critics may not always have been capable of tracing, and doing justice to, the powers which Scott brought to bear upon the topics which they, not he, had chosen for discussion. In passing from a gas-lit hall into a room with wax candles, the guests sometimes complain that they have left splendour for gloom ; but let them try by what sort of light it is most satisfactory to read, write, or embroider, or consider at leisure under which of the two either men or women look their best. . . . As for the clever old-world anecdotes which these clever persons were condescending enough to laugh at as pleasant extravagances, serving merely to relieve and set off the main stream of debate, they were often enough, it may be guessed, connected with the theme in hand by links not the less apt that they might be too subtle to catch their bedazzled and self-satisfied optics. . . . There are a thousand homely old proverbs, which many a dainty modern would think it beneath his dignity to quote in speech or writing, any one of which condenses more wit (take that word in any of its senses) than could be extracted from all that was ever said or written by the *doctrinaires* of the Edinburgh school. Many of those gentlemen held Scott's conversation to be commonplace exactly for the same reason that a child thinks a perfectly limpid stream, though perhaps deep enough to drown it three times over, must needs be shallow. But it will be easily believed that the best and highest of their own idols had better means and skill of measurement. I can never forget the pregnant expression of one of the ablest of that school and party, Lord Cockburn, who, when some glib youth chanced to echo in his hearing the consolatory tenet of local

mediocrity, answered quietly, ' I have the misfortune to think differently from you ; in my humble opinion, Walter Scott's *sense* is a still more wonderful thing than his *genius*.' . . . Of his Edinburgh acquaintances . . . with few exceptions, the really able lawyers of his own or nearly similar standing had ere this time attained stations of judicial dignity, or were in the springtide of practice ; and in either case they were likely to consider general society much in his own fashion, as the joyous relaxation of life, rather than the theatre of exertion and display. Their tables were elegantly, some of them sumptuously spread ; and they lived in a pretty constant interchange of entertainments upon a large scale, in every circumstance of which, conversation included, it was their ambition to imitate those voluptuous metropolitan circles, wherein most of them had from time to time mingled, and several of them with distinguished success. Among such prosperous gentlemen, like himself past the *mezzo cammin*, Scott's picturesque anecdotes, rich easy humour, and gay involuntary glances of mother-wit, were, it is not difficult to suppose, appreciated above contributions of a more ambitious stamp ; and no doubt his London *réputation de salon* (which had by degrees risen to a high pitch, although he cared nothing for it) was not without effect in Edinburgh.

J. G. LOCKHART.

A DINNER IN ST. JOHN STREET

JAMES BALLANTYNE then [1818] lived in St. John Street, a row of good old-fashioned and spacious houses, adjoining the Canongate and Holyrood, and

at no great distance from his printing establishment. . . . As far as a stranger might judge, there could not be a more exemplary household, or a happier one; and I have occasionally met the poet [Scott] in St. John Street when there was no other guests but Erskine, Terry, George Hogarth, and another intimate friend or two, and when James Ballantyne was content to appear in his own true and best colours, the kind head of his family, the respectful but honest school-fellow of Scott, the easy landlord of a plain, comfortable table. But when any great event was about to take place in the business, especially on the eve of a new novel, there were doings of a higher strain in St. John Street; and to be present at one of those scenes was truly a rich treat, even—if not especially—for persons who, like myself, had no more *knowledge* than the rest of the world as to the authorship of 'Waverley.' Then were congregated about the printer all his own literary allies, of whom a considerable number were by no means personally familiar with 'THE GREAT UNKNOWN';—who, by the way, owed to him that widely adopted title;—and He appeared among the rest with his usual open aspect of buoyant good-humour, although it was not difficult to trace, in the occasional play of his features, the diversion it afforded him to watch all the procedure of his swelling confidant, and the curious neophytes that surrounded the well-spread board.

The feast was, to use one of James's own favourite epithets, *gorgeous*; an aldermanic display of turtle and venison, with the suitable accompaniments of iced punch, potent ale, and generous Madeira. When the cloth was drawn, the burley preses arose, with

all he could muster of the port of John Kemble, and spouted with a sonorous voice the formula of Macbeth—

‘ Fill full !

I drink to the general joy of the whole table !’

This was followed by ‘ The King—God bless him !’ and second came, ‘ Gentlemen, there is another toast which never has nor shall be omitted in this house of mine. I give you the health of Mr. Walter Scott with three times three !’ All honour having been done to this health, and Scott having briefly thanked the company with some expressions of warm affection to their host, Mrs. Ballantyne retired ; the bottles passed round twice or thrice in the usual way ; and then James rose once more, every vein on his brow distended, his eyes solemnly fixed upon vacancy, to propose, not as before in his stentorian key, but with ‘ bated breath,’ in a sort of whisper by which a stage conspirator thrills the gallery, ‘ *Gentlemen, a bumper to the immortal Author of Waverley !*’

J. G. LOCKHART.

EDINBURGH'S GLORIOUS LITERARY PERIOD

EDINBURGH for about a hundred and thirty years after the Union continued to be in effect, and not in name merely, the capital of a kingdom, and occupied a place in the eye of the world scarcely second to that of London. . . . The high place which Edinburgh held among the cities of the earth it owed exclusively to the intellectual standing and high literary ability of a few distinguished citizens, who were able to do for it greatly more in the eye of Europe than had

been done by its Court and Parliament, or than could have been done through any other agency, by the capital of a small and poor country, peopled by but a handful of men. . . . During the last quarter of a century* one distinguished name after another has been withdrawn by death from that second great constellation of Scotchmen resident in Edinburgh to which Chalmers, Sir Walter Scott, and Lord Jeffrey belonged; and with Sir William Hamilton the last group may be said to have disappeared. For the future, Edinburgh bids fair to take its place simply among the greater provincial towns of the empire; and it seems but natural to look upon her departing glory with a sigh, and to luxuriate in recollection over the times when she stood highest in the intellectual scale, and possessed an influence over opinion co-extensive with civilized man. . . . Lord Cockburn [author of the notable 'Memorials'] came into life just in time to occupy the most interesting point possible as an observer. He was born nearly a year before Chalmers, only eight years after Scott, and about fourteen years before Lockhart. The place he occupied in that group of eminent men to which the capital of Scotland owed its glory was thus, chronologically, nearly a middle place, and the best conceivable for observation. He was in time too to see, at least as a boy, most of the earlier group. The greatest of their number, Hume, had, indeed, passed from off the stage; but almost all the others still lived. Home, Robertson, Blair, Henry, were flourishing in green old age at a time when he had shot up into curious observant boyhood; and Mackenzie and Dugald

* Written in 1856.

Stewart were still in but middle life. It is perhaps beyond the reach of philosophy to assign adequate reasons for the appearance at one period rather than another of groups of great men. . . . Nor can it be told why the Humes, Robertsons, and Adam Smiths should have appeared together in one splendid group, to give place to another group scarce less brilliant, though in a different way. . . . It is greatly easier to say why such talent should have found a permanent centre in Edinburgh. Simple as it may seem, the prescriptive right of the capital to draft to its pulpits the *élite* of the Established clergy did more for it than almost aught else. Robertson the historian had been minister of Gladsmuir ; Henry the historian, minister of a Presbyterian congregation in Berwick ; Hugh Blair, minister of Collessie ; Finlayson, so distinguished at one time for his sermons, and a meritorious Logic Professor in the University, had been minister of Borthwick ; MacKnight, the Harmonist of the Gospels, minister of Jedburgh ; and Dr. John Erskine, minister of Kirkintilloch. But after they had succeeded in making themselves known by their writings, they were all concentrated in Edinburgh, with not a few other able and brilliant men ; and, in an age in which the Scottish clergy, whatever might be their merely professional merits as a class, were perhaps the most literary in Europe, such a privilege could not fail to reflect much honour on the favoured city for whose special benefit it was exerted. The University, too, was singularly fortunate in its professors, . . . and long maintained in high repute by the Munroes, Cullens, and Gregories, and which reckoned among its offshoots, though they concentrated their energies rather on physical and natural

than on medical science, men such as Hutton and Black. In mathematics it had boasted in succession of a David Gregory and Colin Maclaren, both friends and *protégés* of Sir Isaac Newton ; and in later times of a Matthew Stewart, John Playfair, and Sir John Leslie. Both these last, with their predecessor Robison, had also rendered its chair of natural philosophy a very celebrated one ; and of its moral science, it must be enough to say that its metaphysical chair was filled in succession by Dr. Adam Ferguson, Dugald Stewart, Thomas Brown, and latterly by the brilliant Wilson, who, if less distinguished than his predecessors in the walks of abstract thought, more than equalled them in genius, and in his influence over the general literature of the age. Such men are the gifts of Providence to a country, and cannot be produced at any given time on the ordinary principle of demand and supply. But even when they exist, they may be kept out of their proper places by an ill-exercised patronage ; and it must be conceded to the old close corporation of Edinburgh that in the main it exercised its patronage with great discrimination, and for the best interests of the city.

HUGH MILLER.

EDINBURGH SOCIETY

THERE is a very old rule, to do like the Romans when you are in Rome ; and the only merit I lay claim to on the present occasion, resolves itself into a rigid observance of this sage precept. It is the fashion here for every man to lead two or three different kinds of lives all at once, and I have made shift to do somewhat like my neighbours. In London, a

lawyer is a lawyer, and he is nothing more ; for going to the play or the House of Commons, now and then, can scarcely be considered as any serious interruption of his professional habits and existence. In London, in like manner, a gay man is nothing but a gay man ; for, however he may attempt to disguise the matter, whatever he does out of the world of gaiety is intended only to increase his consequence in it. But here I am living in a city, which thrives both by law and by gaieties, and, would you believe it ? a very great share of the practice of both of these mysteries lies in the very same hands. It is this, so far as I can judge, which constitutes what the logicians would call the differential quality of the society of Edinburgh. . . . Of late years the gentry of some of the northern English counties have begun to come hither, in preference to going to York as they used to do ; and out of all this medley of materials, the actual mass of the society of Edinburgh is formed. I mean the winter society of Edinburgh ; for in the summer months, that is, from April till Christmas, the town is commonly deserted by all, except those who have ties of real business to connect them with it. Nay, during a considerable portion of that time, it loses, as I am informed, the greater part even of its eminent lawyers, and has quite as green and desolate an appearance, as the fashionable squares in London have about the falling of the leaf.

The medley of people thus brought together for a few months every year to inhabit a few streets in this city, cannot afford to split their forces very minutely, so as to form many different spheres of society, according to their opinions of their relative rank and importance. It is now admitted every-

where, that no party is worth the going to unless it be a crowded one ; now, it is not possible to form a party here that shall be at once select and crowded. The dough and the leaven must go together to make up the loaf, and the wives of lords and lairds, and advocates, and writers, must be contented to club their forces, if they are to produce anything that deserves the honourable name of a *squeeze*. Now and then, indeed, a person of the very highest importance may by great exertion succeed in forming one exception to the rule. But the rule is in general a safe one ; and the Edinburgh parties are in the main mixed parties. I do not mean that they are mixed in a way that renders them at all disagreeable, even to those who have been accustomed to the style of society in much greater capitals, but that they are mixed in a way of which no example is to be found in the parties of London, or indeed of any European capital. . . . People visit each other in Edinburgh with all the appearance of cordial familiarity, who, if they lived in London, would imagine their difference of rank to form an impassable barrier against such intercourse. . . . However composed and arranged, the routs and balls of this place are, during their season, piled upon each other with quite as much bustle and pomp as those even of London. Every night some half a dozen ladies are *at home*, and everything that is in the wheel of fashion is carried round, and thrown out in due course at the door of each of them. There is at least one regular ball every evening, and besides this, half of the routs are in their waning hours transformed into carpet-dances, wherein quadrilles are performed in a very penseroso method to the music of the pianoforte.

Upon the whole, however, I am inclined to be of opinion, that even those who most assiduously frequent these miscellaneous assemblages are soon sickened, if they durst but confess the truth, of the eternal repetition of the same identical crowd displaying its noise and pressure under so many different roofs. Far be it from me to suspect, that there are not some faces, of which no eye can grow weary ; but, in spite of their loveliness, I am certainly of opinion, that the impression made by the belles of Edinburgh would be more powerful, were it less frequently reiterated.

J. G. LOCKHART.

A GROUP OF LADIES IN OLD EDINBURGH

THERE was a singular race of excellent Scotch old ladies. They were a delightful set ; strong-headed, warm-hearted, and high-spirited ; the fire of their tempers not always latent ; merry, even in solitude ; very resolute ; indifferent about modes and habits of the modern world ; and adhering to their own ways, so as to stand out, like primitive rocks, above ordinary society. Their prominent qualities of sense, humour, affection, and spirit, were embodied in curious outsides ; for they all dressed, and spoke, and did, exactly as they chose ; their language, like their habits, entirely Scotch, but without any other vulgarity than what perfect naturalness is sometimes mistaken for.

There sits a clergyman's widow, the mother of the first Sir David Dundas. . . . We used to go to her house in Bunker's Hill, when boys, on Sundays between the morning and afternoon sermons, where we

were cherished with Scotch broth, and cakes, and many a joke from the old lady. Age had made her incapable of walking, even across the room; so, clad in a plain black silk gown, and a pure muslin cap, she sat half encircled by a high-backed black leather chair, reading, with silver spectacles stuck on her thin nose, and interspersing her studies, and her days, with much laughter, and not a little sarcasm. What a spirit! There was more fun and sense round that chair than in the theatre or the church. I remember one of her grand-daughters stumbling, in the course of reading the newspapers to her, on a paragraph which stated that a lady's reputation had suffered from some indiscreet talk on the part of the Prince of Wales. Up she of fourscore sat, and said with an indignant shake of her shrivelled fist and a keen voice, 'The dawmed villain! does he kiss and tell!'

And there is Lady Armiston, the mother of Henry Dundas, the first Lord Melville, so kind to us mischievous boys on Saturdays. She was generally to be found in the same chair, on the same spot; her thick black hair combed all tightly up into a cone on the top of her head; the remains of considerable beauty in her countenance; great and just pride in her son; a good representative in her general air and bearing of what the noble English ladies must have been in their youth, who were queens in their family castles, and stood sieges in defence of them. . . .

And Sophia—or, as she was always called, Suphy—Johnston, of the Hilton family. There was an original! Her father, from some whim, resolved to see how it would turn out, and gave her no education whatever. Possessed of great natural vigour of

mind, she passed her youth in utter rusticity ; in the course of which, however, she made herself a good carpenter and a good smith, arts which she practised occasionally, even to the shoeing of a horse, I believe, till after the middle of her life. It was not till after she became a woman that she taught herself to read and write ; and then she read incessantly. She must have been about sixty before I ever saw her, which was chiefly, and often, at Niddrie. Her dress was always the same, a man's hat when out of doors, and generally when within them, a cloth covering exactly like a man's great-coat, buttoned closely from the chin to the ground, worsted stockings, strong shoes with large brass clasps. And in this raiment she sat in any drawing-room, and at any table, amidst all the fashion and aristocracy of the land, respected and liked. For her dispositions were excellent ; her talk intelligent and racy, rich both in old anecdote, and in shrewd modern observation, and spiced with a good deal of plain sarcasm ; her understanding powerful ; all her opinions free, and very freely expressed ; and neither loneliness, nor very slender means, ever brought sourness or melancholy to her face or her heart.

Sitting, with her back to the light, in the usual arm-chair by the side of the fire, in the Niddrie drawing-room, with her great-coat and her hat, her dark wrinkled face, and firmly pursed mouth, the two feet set flat on the floor and close together, so that the public had a full view of the substantial shoes, the book held by the two hands very near the eyes, if the quick ear overheard any presumptuous folly, be it from solemn gentleman or fine lady, down went the volume, up the spectacles—' that's surely great non-

sense, sir,' though she had never seen him before ; then a little Quart and Tierce would begin, and the wight must have been very lucky if it did not end by his being smote.

Her own proper den was in a flat on the ground floor of a house in Windmill Street, where her sole companion was a single female servant. When the servant went out, which she generally took the liberty of doing for the whole of Sunday, Suphy's orders were that she should lock the door, and take the key with her. This saved Suphy the torment of always rising ; for people went away when they found the house, as they thought, shut up. But she had a hole through which she saw them perfectly well ; and, if she was inclined, she conversed through this orifice ; and when tired of them told them to go away.

Though enjoying life, neither she nor any of those stout-hearted women had any horror of death. When Suphy's day was visibly approaching, Dr. Gregory prescribed abstinence from animal food, and recommended ' spoon meat,' unless she wished to die. ' Dee, Doctor ! odd—I'm thinking they've forgotten an auld wife like me up yonder !' However, when he came back next day, the doctor found her at the spoon meat—supping a haggis.

The contrasts to these were Lady Don, and Mrs. Rothead of Inverleith,—two dames of high aristocratic breed. They had both shone, first as hooped beauties in the minuets, then as ladies of ceremonies at our stately assemblies. Each carried her peculiar qualities and air to the very edge of the grave ; Lady Don's dignity softened by gentle sweetness, Mrs. Rothead's made more formidable by cold and rather severe solemnity.

Except Mrs. Siddons in some of her displays of magnificent royalty, nobody could sit down like the lady of Inverleith. She would sail, like a ship from Tarshish, gorgeous in velvet or rustling in silk, and done up in all the accompaniments of fan, earrings and finger rings, falling sleeves, scent bottle, embroidered bag, hoop and train—all superb, yet all in purest taste; and managing all this seemingly heavy rigging, with as much ease as a full blown swan does its plumage, she would take possession of the centre of a large sofa, and at the same moment, without the slightest visible exertion, would cover the whole of it with her bravery. The graceful folds seeming to lay themselves over it like summer waves. The descent from her carriage too, where she sat like a nautilus in its shell, was a display which no one in these days could accomplish or even fancy. The mulberry-coloured coach, spacious but apparently not too large for what it carried, though she alone was in it; the handsome jolly coachman and his splendid hammercloth loaded with lace; the two respectful liveried footmen, one on each side of the richly carpeted step; these were lost sight of amidst the slow majesty with which the lady came down and touched the earth. She presided, in this imperial style, over her son's excellent dinners, with great sense and spirit, to the very last day almost of a prolonged life.

Lady Don (who lived in George Street) was still more highly bred, as was attested by her polite cheerfulness and easy elegance. The venerable faded beauty, the white well-coiled hair, the soft hand sparkling with old brilliant rings, the kind heart, the affectionate manner, the honest gentle voice, and the

mild eye, account for the love with which her old age was surrounded. She was about the last person (so far as I recollect) in Edinburgh who kept a private sedan chair. Hers stood in the lobby, and was as handsome and comfortable as silk, velvet, and gilding could make it. And, when she wished to use it, two well-known respectable chairmen, enveloped in their livery cloaks, were the envy of their brethren. She and Mrs. Rothead both sat in the Tron Church; and well do I remember how I used to form one of the cluster that always took its station to see these beautiful relics emerge from the coach and the chair.

Lady Hunter Blair too! and Mrs. Murray of Henderland! Unlike, but both admirable. Lady Blair's elegance and sprightliness would have graced and enlivened the best society; but her tastes and virtues were entirely domestic, and made her the most delightful of household deities. Mild, affectionate, and cheerful, she attracted the love of all ages, and closed her many days without once knowing from personal consciousness what selfishness or want of charity meant.

Mrs. Murray was stately, even to stiffness; but friendly and high minded; calm and ladylike in her dignity. The ceremonious formality of her air and demeanour was made graceful and appropriate by a once beautiful countenance still entire in its best features, but attenuated into such a death-like paleness, that but for the unquenched light of a singularly radiant eye, she would have been a human statue.

Miss Menie Trotter, of the Mortonhall family, was of a later date. She was of the agrestic order. Her pleasures lay in the fields and long country walks.

Ten miles at a stretch, within a few years of her death, was nothing to her. Her attire accorded. But her understanding was fully as masculine. Though slenderly endowed, she did, unnoticed, acts of liberality for which most of the rich would expect to be advertised. Prevailing loneliness gave her some entertaining habits, but never impaired her enjoyment of her friends, for whom she had always diverting talk, and occasionally 'a bit denner.' Indeed, she generally sacrificed an ox to hospitality every autumn, which, according to a system of her own, she ate regularly from nose to tail; and as she indulged in him only on Sundays, and with a chosen few, he feasted her half through the winter. This was at Blackford Cottage, a melancholy villa on the north side of Blackford Hill, where the last half, at the least, of her life was passed. I remember her urging her neighbour Sir Thomas Lauder, not long before her death, to dine with her next Sunday: 'For eh! Sir Thammas! we're terrible near the tail noo.' She told me that her oldest friends were the Inneses of Stow and the Scotts of Malleny, families she had known for above eighty-five years. They and the Mortonhall family had each a mansion house in town; two of them being the two corner houses at the lower end of a close leading from the High Street down to the Cowgate, and the third one of the corner houses opposite, at the lower end of the close leading from the Cowgate southwards, each of the three houses looking into both the Cowgate and the close. . . . On one of her friends asking her, not long before her death, how she was, she said, 'Vera weel—quite weel! a fearfu' dream!' 'Aye! I'm sorry for that—what was it?' 'Ou! what d'ye think!

Of a' places i' the world, I dreamed I was in heeven !
And what d'ye think I saw there ? Deil ha'et but
thoosands upon thoosands, and ten thoosands upon
ten thoosands, o' stark naked weans ! That wad be
a dreadfu' thing ! for ye ken I ne'er could bide bairns
a' my days !'

HENRY COCKBURN.

EDINBURGH BEAUS AND BELLES

THE Assembly Close received the fair ;
Order and elegance presided there—
Each gay Right Honourable had her place,
To walk a minuet with becoming grace.
No racing to the dance, with rival hurry—
Such was thy sway, O famed Miss Nicky Murray !
Each lady's fan a chosen Damon bore,
With care selected many a day before ;
For, unprovided with a favourite beau,
The nymph, chagrined, the ball must needs forgo,
But previous matters to her taste arranged,
Certes, the constant couple never changed ;
Through a long night, to watch fair Delia's will,
The same dull swain was at her elbow still.

SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL.

ART IN EDINBURGH

Shepherd. Catch me harpin' ower lang on ae string.
Yet music's a subject I could get ga'en tiresome upon.

Tickler. So is painting and poetry.

Shepherd. Paintin' ! na—that's the warst ava.
Gang into an exhibition, and only look at a crowd
o' cockneys, some wi' specs, and some wi' quizzing-
glasses, and faces without ae grain o' meaning in

them o' ony kind whatsoever, a' glowering perhaps at a picture o' ane o' Nature's maist fearfu' or magnificent warks ! Mowdiewarts ! they might as well look at the new-harled gable-end o' a barn. Is't a picture o' a deep dungeon—den o' ruefu' rocks, and the waterfa' its raging prisoner, because nae wizard will with his key open but a wicket in the ancient gates of that lonesome penitentiary ? Is't a picture o' a lang endless glen, wi' miles on miles o' dreary mosses, and hags, and lochs—thae wee black fearsome lochs that afttimes gurgle in their sullen sleep as if they wanted to grup and drown ye as you gang by them, same lonely hour, takin' care to keep at safe distance along the benty knowes—mountain above mountain far and near, some o' them illuminated with a' their woods till the verra pine-trees seem made o' heaven's sunshine, and ithers, wi' a weight o' shadows that drown the sight o' a' their precipices, and gar the mighty mass o' earth gloom like thunderclouds, wi' nae leevin' thing in the solitude but your plaited self, and the eagle like a mote in the firmament. Siccan a scene as Tamson o' Duddingston wad trummel as he daured to paint it. What, I ask, could a Princes Street maister or missy ken o' sic a work mair than a red-deer wad ken o' the inside o' George's Street Assembly Rooms, gin he were to be at Gow's Ball ?

Tickler. Or in the vegetable market. North, have you seen that worthy original Martin since he came to town ?

North. I have—and I have seen his collection too at No. 44, North Hanover Street ; rare, choice, splendid. What a Paul Potter ! What a Rembrandt ! What a Correggio ! It is a proud thing to know that such

pictures find purchasers in Scotland : for we are not rich.

Tickler. Neither are we poor. We say that Edinburgh is a city of palaces. This is a somewhat exaggerated spirit of vain talk ; but certainly it contains no small number of large commodious houses, in which, five, ten, twenty thousand a year may be spent with consistency and decorum ; and of the furniture of each shall no part be pictures ? Bare walls in the houses of wealthy men betray a poorness of spirit. Let them go to my friend Martin.

CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

MARJORY MUSHROOM WRITES TO 'THE
LOUNGER'

EDINBURGH,
February 25, 1786.



SIR,

I troubled you some time ago with a letter from the country ; now that I am come to town, I use the freedom to write to you again. I find the same difficulty in being happy, with every thing to make me so here as there. When I tell this to my country friends, they won't believe me. Lord ! to see how the Miss Homespuns looked when they came to take leave of me the morning we set out for Edinburgh ; I had just put on my new riding-habit which my brother fetched me from London ; and my hat, with two green and three white feathers ; and Miss Jessy Homespun admired it so much ; and when I let her put it on, she looked in the glass, and said with a sigh, how charming it was ! I had such a headache with it all the morning, but I kept that to myself. ' And do, my dear, (said she) write to us

poor moping creatures in the country. But you won't have leisure to think of us ; you will be so happy, and so much amused.' At that moment my brother's post coach rattled up to the door, and the poor Homespins cried so when we parted ! To be sure, they thought a town life, with my brother's fortune to procure all its amusements, must be quite delightful. Now, sir, to let you know how I found it.

I was content to be lugged about by my sister for the first week or two, as I knew that in a large town I should be like a fish out of water, as the saying is. But my sister-in-law was always putting me in mind of my ignorance : 'and you country-girls,—and we who have been in London,—and we who have been abroad.' However, between ourselves, I don't find that she knows quite so much as she would make me believe. . . . We have got masters that come in to give us lessons in French, and music, and dancing. The two first I can submit to very well. I could always get my tongue readily enough about any thing ; and I could play pretty well on the *virginals* at home, though my master says my *fingering* is not what it should be. But the dancing is terrible business. My sister-in-law and I are put into the stocks every morning to teach us the right position of our feet ; and all the steps I was praised for in the country are now good for nothing, as the *cotillon* step is the only thing fit for people of fashion ; and so we are twisted and twirled till my joints ache again ; and after all, we make, I believe, a very bad figure at it. Indeed, I have not yet ventured to try my hand, my feet I mean, before any body. But my sister-in-law, who is always praised for every thing she does, would needs try her *cotillon* steps at the

assembly ; and her partner, Captain Coupée, a constant visitor at my brother's, told her what an admirable dancer she was ; but in truth she was out of time every instant, and I heard the people tittering at her country fling as they called it. And so in the same manner the captain one day at our house swore she sung like an angel (drinking her health in a bumper of my brother's champagne) ; and yet as I walked behind him next morning in Princes Street, I overheard him saying to one of his companions, that Mushroom's dinners were damn'd good things, if it were not for the *bore* of the singing ; and that the little *Nabobina* squalled like a peahen. . . .

Here, as before, *comme il faut* is still held out as a law to us. We have besides got another phrase, which is perpetually dinned into my ears by my sister-in-law, and that is *ton*. Such a person is a very good kind of person, but such another is more the *ton* : such a lady is handsomer, more witty, more polite, and more good-humoured than another ; but that other is much more the *ton*. I have often asked my sister, and even my French master, to explain the meaning of this word *ton* ; but they have told me there was no translation for it. I think, however, I have found it out to be a very convenient thing for some people. 'Tis like what my grandfather, who was a great admirer of John Knox, used to tell of popish indulgences : folks who are the *ton* may do any thing they like, without being in the wrong ; and every thing that is the *ton* is right, let it be what it will. . . . I can't help often secretly wishing I were back again at my father's, where I should not be obliged to be happy whether I would or not.—Yours, etc., MARJORY MUSHROOM.

Later.

SIR,

Here (at home) I have much more time to write ; but, unfortunately, I have fewer subjects ; and those too none of the most enlivening. . . . I find my time hang very heavy on my hands ; though I try all I can to coax away a great part of the day. As I am a person of some consequence since my late journey (to Edinburgh), they indulge me a good deal in the disposal of my time, even though it sometimes runs a little cross to the regularity of theirs ; only my father growls now and then ; but we don't mind that much. I seldom rise till near eleven, and generally breakfast in bed. I read the newspapers my brother sends down, all except the politics. I stroll out between one and three ; then, if I dress, or perhaps alter the set of my cap, or change my feathers before the glass, I am seldom ready till long past dinner-time ; they put it back an hour ever since my brother first came home. In the evening I play the new minuets, teach my sisters cards, or we guess the riddles in the *Lady's Magazine* ; and I think of the promenade in Princes Street, and of Dunn's rooms, and of being in Edinburgh next winter if I can. Believe me, I am, whether in town or country, your constant reader and admirer, MARJORY MUSH-ROOM.

HENRY MACKENZIE.

'THE LOUNGER' IN EDINBURGH

February 26, 1785.—At an assembly at which I happened to be present a few nights ago, my notice was peculiarly attracted by a gentleman with what is called a fresh look for his age, dressed in a claret-

coloured coat, with gold buttons, of a cut not altogether modern, an embroidered waistcoat with very large flaps, a major wig, long ruffles nicely plaited (that looked, however, as if the fashion had come to them rather than that they had been made for the fashion); his white-silk stockings ornamented with figured clocks, and his shoes with high insteps, buckled with small round gold buckles. His sword, with a silver hilt somewhat tarnished, I might have thought only an article of his dress, had not a cockade in his hat marked him for a military man. It was some time before I was able to find out who he was, till my friend Mr. S. informed me he was a very worthy relation of his, who had not been in town above twice these forty years; that an accidental piece of business had lately brought him from his house in the country, and he had been prevailed on to look on the ladies of Edinburgh at two or three public places before he went home again, that he might see whether they were as handsome as their mothers and grandmothers, whom he had danced with at balls, and squired to plays and concerts, near half a century ago. 'He was,' continued my friend, 'a professed admirer and votary of sex; and when he was a young man fought three duels for the honour of the ladies, in one of which he was run through the body, but luckily escaped with his life. The lady, however, for whom he fought, did not reward her knight as she ought to have done, but soon after married another man with a larger fortune; upon which he forswore society in a great measure, and though he continued for several years to do his duty in the army, and actually rose to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, mixed but little in the world,

and has for a long space of time resided at his estate a determined bachelor, and with somewhat of misanthropy, and a great deal of good-nature about him. If you please, I will introduce you to him—Colonel Caustic, this is a very particular friend of mine, who solicits the honour of being known to you.’

April 9, 1785.—Some weeks ago, a piece of important family business brought me to town. The morning after I arrived, I sent for a tailor, wishing to make a decent appearance in your city ; which, by the way, I found so much changed since I had left it, that till I got into what is called the Old Town, I did not know where I was, and could not recognize the ancient dusky capital of Caledonia. As I was at no time very attentive to dress, and as now I only wished to comply so far with the fashion of the times as not to offend those with whom I was to mingle in society, I desired my tailor to make me a plain suit of clothes, leaving the choice of the colour, etc., entirely to him. Next day, he brought me home a blue frock, a scarlet waistcoat, with gold buttons, and a pair of black silk breeches. I could not help observing, that I should have preferred a plain suit, all of a piece, to the parti-coloured garment in which he had decked me. But he shut my mouth, by saying, that it was quite the fashion ; that everybody wore it. . . . Being engaged to dine at the house of a gentleman high in office, I dressed myself in my new suit ; and when I joined the company, which was numerous, I found that my tailor had done me justice, almost everybody being precisely in the same dress ; and some of the guests were of the first distinction. Next day I went to dine at the house of Lord ——, to whom I have the honour of being

related. I found assembled here a large company of ladies and gentlemen. Soon after I entered the room we were called to dinner; and at table I had the good fortune to be placed next to the beautiful and sprightly Lady —. As upon the former day, so here, the conversation soon turned upon the present administration; but, to my no small astonishment, the opinion of every person present was in every particular directly opposite to every opinion I had heard the day before. . . . I ventured to ask Lady — what objection she had to Mr. Pitt? ‘O, I can’t bear him,’ said she, ‘he does not like us; and the only mark of attention he ever paid us was imposing an odious burden upon our ruffles and aprons.’ At that instant I happened to unbutton my coat, and Lady — immediately exclaimed, ‘Lord, sir, are you a Pittite? I took you for one of us.’ I, though surprised at the question, answered gravely, that I was more a Pittite than a Hittite. ‘Then, sir, why do you wear a red waistcoat? I am sick at the very sight of it. Why are you not in buff? I would not give a farthing for a man but in buff.’ This observation called my attention to the dress of the gentlemen at table, and I found that all of them were dressed in buff waistcoats, to which some of them, who appeared to be most zealous in their political principles, had added buff breeches. . . . In short, sir, I now find that the good people of your town are divided into two opposite parties, and that a spirit of faction universally prevails. . . . It is with pleasure I remark, that the ladies of Edinburgh have contented themselves with such little eccentricities of appearance, and never indulged in those excesses which prevail in other parts of the island, particularly in the capital.

May 7, 1785.—A person who, after living a number of years in retirement, returns again into society, is somewhat in the situation of the foreigner. Like him, he is apt to be misled by prejudices ; but, like him too, he remarks many things which escape the observation of those whose sensations are blunted by habit, and whose attention is less awake to the objects around them. It was this that afforded me so much amusement in the conversation of my new acquaintance, Colonel Caustic. Like the Sleepers, when they entered the city of Ephesus, Colonel Caustic, on coming to Edinburgh after forty years' residence in the country, found a total change in the appearance, in the dress, the manners, and the customs of its inhabitants. Every man, perhaps, at an advanced age, is more or less a *laudator temporis acti*, and naturally feels a predilection for those happy days when novelty added to the charms of life, and gave a zest to every enjoyment. . . . The conversation soon turned upon the improvements of this city. Mr. B. spoke with much fluency on this subject ; and, addressing himself to Colonel Caustic, observed that formerly Edinburgh was in a manner uninhabitable ; that thirty years ago there was not a house fit for a gentleman to live in ; that the pleasures of society were then unknown ; and that we now only begin to know how to live. Colonel Caustic admitted, that as a *town* Edinburgh no doubt was improved. ' But you must forgive me,' added he, ' for doubting if the society of Edinburgh has improved in an equal degree.' ' Unquestionably it has,' said Mr. B. ' You must remember the time when there was not a dinner to be had in any house in town ; when the men passed their whole time in taverns, and the women were

left alone, to amuse themselves as best they could.' 'There is some truth in the observation,' said Lady —; 'but yet, upon the whole, those were not bad times.' 'I agree with your ladyship,' said Colonel Caustic.

January 21, 1786.—It is possible that in the country they may have given way to some vulgar prejudices, which it were highly improper to retain in town. It may not be amiss, however, to inform them, in this place, what they might otherwise have scrupled to believe, that the church has of late become a place of fashionable resort in Edinburgh; and what is still more odd, that fine people actually attend to the sermon. The eloquence of some of our preachers, like the dagger of *Macbeth*, has 'murdered sleep' there; for which reason, it will not be so convenient as formerly to go thither after a late supper, or a long party at whist, the night before.

HENRY MACKENZIE.

MISS BETTY AND HER EDINBURGH MANTLE

It happened that Miss Betty Wudrife, the daughter of an heritor, had been on a visit to some of her friends in Edinburgh; and, being in at Edinburgh, she came out with a fine mantle, decked and adorned with many a ribbon-knot, such as had never been seen in the parish. The Lady Macadam, hearing of this grand mantle, sent to beg Miss Betty to lend it to her, to make a copy for young Mrs. Macadam. But Miss Betty was so vogue [vain] with her gay mantle that she sent back word, it would be making it o'er common; which so nettled the old courtly lady that she vowed revenge, and said the mantle would not be long seen on Miss Betty. Nobody

knew the meaning of her words ; but she sent privately for Miss Sabrina, the schoolmistress, who was aye proud of being invited to my lady's, where she went on the Sabbath night to drink tea, and to read Thomson's *Seasons* and Hervey's *Meditations* for her ladyship's recreation. Between the two a secret plot was laid against Miss Betty and her Edinburgh mantle ; and Miss Sabrina, in a very treacherous manner, for the which I afterwards chided her severely, went to Miss Betty, and got a sight of the mantle, and how it was made, and all about it, until she was in a capacity to make another like it ; by which my lady and she, from old silk and satin negligées which her ladyship had worn at the French court, made up two mantles of the self-same fashion as Miss Betty's, and, if possible, more sumptuously garnished, but in a flagrant fool way. On the Sunday morning after, her ladyship sent for Jenny Gaffaw, and her daft daughter Meg, and showed them the mantles, and said she would give them half a crown if they would go with them to the kirk, and take their place in the bench beside the elders, and, after worship, walk home before Miss Betty Wudrife. The two poor natural things were just transported with the sight of such bravery, and needed no other bribe ; so, over their bits of ragged duds, they put on the pageantry, and walked away to the kirk like peacocks, and took their place on the bench, to the great diversion of the whole congregation.

I had no suspicion of this, and had prepared an affecting discourse about the horrors of war, in which I touched, with a tender hand, on the troubles that threatened families and kindred in America ; but all the time I was preaching, doing my best, and ex-

patiating till the tears came into my eyes, I could not divine what was the cause of the inattention of my people. For the two vain haverels were on the bench under me, and I could not see them ; and there they sat, spreading their feathers and picking their wings, stroking down and setting right their finery, with such an air as no living soul could see and withstand, while every eye in the kirk was now on them, and now on Miss Betty Wudrife, who was in a worse situation than if she had been on the stool of repentance.

Greatly grieved with the little heed that was paid to my discourse, I left the pulpit with a heavy heart. But when I came out into the kirkyard, and saw the two antics,—linking like ladies, and aye keeping in the way before Miss Betty, and looking back and around in their pride and admiration, with high heads and a wonderful pomp,—I was really overcome, and could not keep my gravity, and laughed loud out among the graves, and in the face of all my people ; who, seeing how I was vanquished in that unguarded moment by my enemy, made a universal and most unreverent breach of all decorum, at which Miss Betty, who had been the cause of all, ran into the first open door, and almost fainted away with mortification.

This affair was regarded by the elders as a sinful trespass on the orderliness that was needful in the Lord's house ; and they called on me at the manse that night, and said it would be a guilty connivance if I did not rebuke and admonish Lady Macadam of the evil of her way ;—for they had questioned daft Jenny, and had got at the bottom of the whole plot and mischief. I, who knew her ladyship's light way,

would fain have had the elders to overlook it rather than expose myself to her tantrums ; but they considered the thing as a great scandal, so that I was obligated to conform to their wishes. I might have as well stayed at home, however, for her ladyship was in one of her jocose humours when I went to speak to her on the subject, and it was so far from my power to make a proper impression on her of the enormity that had been committed that she made me laugh, in spite of my reason, at the fantastical drollery of her malicious prank on Miss Betty Wudrife.

It did not end here, however ; for the Session, knowing that it was profitless to speak to the daft mother and daughter, who had been the instruments, gave orders to Willy Howking, the betheral, not to let them again so far into the kirk ; and Willy, having scarcely more sense than them both, thought proper to keep them out next Sunday altogether. The twa said nothing at the time ; but the adversary was busy with them, for, on the Wednesday following, there being a meeting of the synod at Ayr, to my utter amazement the mother and daughter made their appearance there in all their finery, and raised a complaint against me and the Session for debarring them from church privileges. No stage play could have produced such an effect. I was perfectly dumfounded ; and every member of the synod might have been tied with a straw, they were so overcome with this new device of that endless woman, (when bent on provocation), the Lady Macadam. In her the saying was verified, Old folk are twice bairns ; for in such plays, pranks, and projects, she was as playrife as a very lassie at her sampler ; and this is but a swatch to what lengths

she would go. The complaint was dismissed ; by which the Session and me were assoilzied. But I'll never forget till the day of my death what I suffered on that occasion,—to be so put to the wall by two born idiots !

JOHN GALT.

AN EDINBURGH HIGH SCHOOL

THERE is in this place, which everybody talks about—the High School, I think they call it. 'Tis said to be the best school in the whole island ; but the idea of one's children speaking Scotch—broad Scotch ! . . . Let me call thee up before my mind's eye, High School, to which, every morning, the two English brothers took their way from the proud old Castle through the lofty streets of the Old Town. High School !—called so, I scarcely know why ; neither lofty in thyself nor by position, being situated in a flat bottom ; oblong structure of tawny stone, with many windows fenced with iron netting—with thy long hall below, and thy five chambers above, for the reception of the five classes, into which the eight hundred urchins, who styled thee instructress, were divided. Thy learned rector and his four subordinate dominies ; thy strange old porter of the tall form and grizzled hair, hight Boee, and doubtless of Norse ancestry, as his name declares ; perhaps of the blood of Bui hin Digri, the hero of northern song—the Jomsborg Viking who clove Thorsteinn Midlaagr asunder in the dread sea battle of Horunga Vog, and who, when the fight was lost and his own two hands smitten off, seized two chests of gold with his bloody stumps, and, springing with them into the sea, cried

to the scanty relics of his crew, 'Overboard now, all Bui's lads !' Yes, I remember all about thee, and how at eight of every morn we were all gathered together with one accord in the long hall, from which, after the litanies had been read (for so I will call them, being an Episcopalian), the five classes from the five sets of benches trotted off in long files, one boy after the other, up the five spiral staircases of stone, each class to its destination ; and well do I remember how we of the third sat hushed and still, watched by the eye of the dux, until the door opened, and in walked that model of a good Scotchman, the shrewd, intelligent, but warm-hearted and kind dominie, the respectable Carson.

And in this school I began to construe the Latin language, which I had never done before, notwithstanding my long and diligent study of Lilly, which illustrious grammar was not used at Edinburgh, nor indeed known. Greek was only taught in the fifth or highest class, in which my brother was ; as for myself, I never got beyond the third during the two years that I remained at this seminary. I certainly acquired here a considerable insight in the Latin tongue ; and, to the scandal of my father and horror of my mother, a thorough proficiency in the Scotch, which, in less than two months, usurped the place of the English, and so obstinately maintained its ground, that I still can occasionally detect its lingering remains. I did not spend my time unpleasantly at this school, though, first of all, I had to pass through an ordeal.

'Scotland is a better country than England,' said an ugly, blear-eyed lad, about a head and shoulders taller than myself, the leader of a gang of varlets who



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PRINCES STREET, LOOKING EAST

surrounded me in the playground, on the first day, as soon as the morning lesson was over. 'Scotland is a far better country than England, in every respect.'

'Is it?' said I. 'Then you ought to be very thankful for not having been born in England.'

'That's just what I am, ye loon; and every morning when I say my prayers, I thank God for not being an Englishman. The Scotch are a much better and braver people than the English.'

'It may be so,' said I, 'for what I know—indeed, till I came here, I never heard a word either about the Scotch or their country.'

'Are ye making fun of us, ye English puppy?' said the blear-eyed lad; 'take that!' and I was presently beaten black and blue. And thus did I first become aware of the difference of races and their antipathy to each other.

'Bow to the storm, and it shall pass over you.' I held my peace, and silently submitted to the superiority of the Scotch—in numbers. This was enough; from an object of persecution I soon became one of patronage, especially amongst the champions of the class. 'The English,' said the blear-eyed lad, 'though a wee bit behind the Scotch in strength and fortitude, are nae to be sneezed at, being far ahead of the Irish, to say nothing of the French, a pack of cowardly scoundrels. And with regard to the English country, it is na Scotland, it is true, but it has its gude properties; and, though there is ne'er a haggis in a' the land, there's an unco deal o' gowd and siller. I respect England, for I have an auntie married there.' . . .

But, the Scotch—though by no means proficient in

boxing (and how should they box, seeing that they have never had a teacher ?)—are, I repeat, a most pugnacious people ; at least they were in my time. Anything served them, that is, the urchins, as a pretence for a fray, or, Dorically speaking, a *bicker* ; every street and close was at feud with its neighbour ; the lads of the school were at feud with the young men of the college, whom they pelted in winter with snow, and in summer with stones ; and then the feud between the Old and New Town !

One day I was standing on the ramparts of the castle on the south-western side which overhangs the green brae, where it slopes down into what was in those days the green swamp or morass, called by the natives of Auld Reekie the Nor Loch ; it was a dark gloomy day, a thin veil of mist was beginning to settle down upon the brae and the morass. I could perceive, however, that there was a skirmish taking place in the latter spot ; I had an indistinct view of two parties—apparently of urchins—and I heard whoops and shrill cries : eager to know the cause of this disturbance, I left the castle, and descending the brae reached the borders of the morass, where was a runnel of water and the remains of an old wall, on the other side of which a narrow path led across the swamp : upon this path at a little distance before me there was ‘a bicker.’ I pushed forward, but had scarcely crossed the ruined wall and runnel, when the party nearest to me gave way, and in great confusion came running in my direction. As they drew nigh, one of them shouted to me, ‘Wha are ye, mon ? are ye o’ the Auld Toon ?’ I made no answer. ‘Ha ! ye are of the New Toon ; De’il tak ye, we’ll murder ye ;’ and the next moment a huge stone sung past

my head. 'Let me be, ye fule bodies,' said I, 'I'm no of either of ye, I live yonder aboon in the castle.' 'Ah! ye live in the castle; then ye're an auld tooner; come gie us your help, man, and dinna stand there staring like a dunnot, we want help sair enough. Here are stanes.'

For my own part I wished for nothing better, and, rushing forward, I placed myself at the head of my new associates, and commenced flinging stones fast and desperately. The other party now gave way in their turn, closely followed by ourselves; I was in the van, and about to stretch out my hand to seize the hindermost boy of the enemy, when, not being acquainted with the miry and difficult paths of the Nor Loch, and in my eagerness taking no heed of my footing, I plunged into a quagmire, into which I sank as far as my shoulders. Our adversaries no sooner perceived this disaster, than, setting up a shout, they wheeled round and attacked us most vehemently. Had my comrades now deserted me, my life had not been worth a straw's purchase; I should either have been smothered in the quag, or, what is more probable, had my brains beaten out with stones; but they behaved like true Scots, and fought stoutly around their comrade, until I was extricated, whereupon both parties retired, the night being near at hand.

'Ye are na a bad hand at flinging stanes,' said the lad who first addressed me, as we now returned up the brae; 'your aim is right dangerous, mon, I saw how ye skelpit them, ye maun help us agin thae New Toon blackguards at our next bicker.'

So to the next bicker I went, and to many more, which speedily followed as the summer advanced; the party to which I had given my help on the first

occasion consisted merely of outlyers, posted about half way up the hill, for the purpose of overlooking the movements of the enemy.

Did the latter draw nigh in any considerable force, messengers were forthwith despatched to the 'auld toon,' especially to the filthy alleys and closes of the High Street, which forthwith would disgorge swarms of bare-headed and bare-footed 'callants,' who, with gestures wild and 'eldrich screech and hollo,' might frequently be seen pouring down the sides of the hill. I have seen upwards of a thousand engaged on either side in these frays, which I have no doubt were full as desperate as the fights described in the Iliad, and which were certainly much more bloody than the combats of modern Greece in the war of independence; the callants not only employed their hands in hurling stones, but not unfrequently slings; at the use of which they were very expert, and which occasionally dislodged teeth, shattered jaws, or knocked out an eye. Our opponents certainly laboured under considerable disadvantage, being compelled not only to wade across a deceitful bog, but likewise to clamber up part of a steep hill before they could attack us; nevertheless, their determination was such, and such their impetuosity, that we had sometimes difficulty enough to maintain our own. I shall never forget one bicker, the last indeed which occurred at that time, as the authorities of the town, alarmed by the desperation of its character, stationed forthwith a body of police on the hill side, to prevent, in future, any such breaches of the peace.

It was a beautiful Sunday evening, the rays of the descending sun were reflected redly from the grey walls of the castle, and from the black rocks on which

it was founded. The bicker had long since commenced, stones from sling and hand were flying ; but the callants of the New Town were now carrying everything before them.

A full-grown baker's apprentice was at their head ; he was foaming with rage, and had taken the field, as I was told, in order to avenge his brother, whose eye had been knocked out in one of the late bickers. He was no slinger or flinger, but brandished in his right hand the spoke of a cart-wheel, like my countryman Tom Hickathrift of old in his encounter with the giant of the Lincolnshire fen. Protected by a piece of wicker-work attached to his left arm, he rushed on to the fray, disregarding the stones which were showered against him, and was ably seconded by his followers. Our own party was chased half way up the hill, where I was struck to the ground by the baker, after having been foiled in an attempt which I had made to fling a handful of earth into his eyes. All now appeared lost, the Auld Toon was in full retreat. I myself lay at the baker's feet, who had just raised his spoke, probably to give me the *coup de grâce*,—it was an awful moment. Just then I heard a shout and a rushing sound ; a wild-looking figure is descending the hill with terrible bounds ; it is a lad of some fifteen years ; he is bare-headed, and his red uncombed hair stands on end like hedgehogs' bristles ; his frame is lithy, like that of an antelope, but he has prodigious breadth of chest ; he wears military undress, that of the regiment, even of a drummer, for it is wild Davy, whom a month before I had seen enlisted on Leith Links to serve King George with drum and drumstick as long as his services might be required, and who, ere a week had elapsed, had

smitten with his fist Drum-Major Elzigood who, incensed at his inaptitude, had threatened him with his cane ; he has been in confinement for weeks, this is the first day of his liberation, and he is now descending the hill with horrid bounds and shoutings ; he is now about five yards distant, and the baker, who apprehends that something dangerous is at hand, prepares himself for the encounter ; but what avails the strength of a baker, even full grown ?—what avails the defence of a wicker shield ? what avails the wheel-spoke, should there be an opportunity of using it, against the impetus of an avalanche or a cannon-ball ?—for to either of these might that wild figure be compared, which, at the distance of five yards, sprang at once with head, hands, feet and body, all together, upon the champion of the New Town, tumbling him to the earth amain. And now it was the turn of the Old Town to triumph. Our late discomfited host, returning on its steps, overwhelmed the fallen champion with blows of every kind, and then, led on by his vanquisher who had assumed his arms, namely the wheel-spoke and wicker shield, fairly cleared the brae of their adversaries, whom they drove headlong down into the morass.

• GEORGE BORROW.

TROOPS LEAVING EDINBURGH

For Freedom's battle march Auld Scotland's men,
And Edinburgh streets are piled with life to-day.
High on her crags the royal City sits,
To watch the files of war far-winding out,
And with the gracious golden Morning smiles
Her proudest blessing down.

Old Arthur's Seat

Flings up his cap of cloud for brave success ;
While the Sea flashes in the sun, our Shield,
So rich in record of heroic names !
But the old Castle standeth still and stern,
As some scarred Chief who sends his boys to battle :
Hath done so many a time as staidly calm.

The gay Hussars come riding through the Town,
A light of triumph sparkling in their eyes ;
The Music goeth shouting in their praise,
Like a loud people round the Victor's car ;
And Highland plumes together nod as though
There went the Funeral Hearse of a Russian host :
The bickering bayonets flutter wings of fire,
And gaily sounds the March o' the Cameron Men.

The War-steeds sweeping—men to battle going—
The wave of Beauty's hand—meed of her eyes—
The kisses blown from dainty finger-tips—
The banners with old battle-memories stirred—
The thrilling Pibroch, and the wild war-drum,
The stern sword-music of our grand Hurrah,
And answering cheer for death or victory—
All make me tingle with a triumph of life,
And I could weep that I am left behind,
To see the tide ebb where I may not follow.
And there our gallant fellows march afield ;
To win proud death, or larger life, they leave
Home's rosy circle ringed with blessings rich,
For the far darkness and the battle-cloud,
Where many have fall'n, and many yet must fall
In spurring their great hearts up to the leap,
For such brave dashes at unconquered heights.
The shadow of solemn Sorrow falls behind,

Where sobbing Sweethearts look their loving last,
Or with tight lips hold in the bursting heart ;
And weeping Wives lift up the Little Ones.
The sun sets in their faces, life grows gray,
And sighs of desolation sweep its desert.
The winter of the heart aches in the eyes
Of Mothers who have given their all, their all.

And yet methinks the Heroic Time returns,
Such look of triumph lit the meanest face
To-day : there seemed no heart so earthy but
Had some blind gropings after nobler life,
With hands that reached toward God's Gate Beautiful.

Our Britain bright'ning thro' the battle smoke,
Has touched them with her glory's lovelier light.
And though their darlings fall, and though they die
In this death-grapple in the dark with Wrong ;
The memory of their proud deeds shall not die.
They may go down to dust in bloody shrouds,
And sleep in nameless tombs. But for all time,
Foundlings of Fame are our beloved Lost.
For me, this day of glorious life shall be
One of the starry brides of Memory,
Whose glittering faces light the night o' the soul.

GERALD MASSEY.

SONG OF THE ROYAL EDINBURGH LIGHT
DRAGOONS

To horse ! to horse ! the standard flies,
The bugles sound the call ;
The Gallic navy stems the seas,
The voice of battle's on the breeze,—
Arouse ye, one and all !

From high Dun-Edin's towers we come,
A band of brothers true ;
Our casques the leopard's spoils surround,
With Scotland's hardy thistle crowned ;
We boast the red and blue.

Though tamely crouch to Gallia's frown
Dull Holland's tardy train ;
Their ravished toys though Romans mourn,
Though gallant Switzers vainly spurn,
And, foaming, gnaw the chain ;

Oh ! had they marked the avenging call
Their brethren's murder gave,
Disunion ne'er their ranks had mown,
Nor patriot valour, desperate grown,
Sought freedom in the grave !

Shall we, too, bend the stubborn head,
In Freedom's temple born,
Dress our pale cheek in timid smile,
To hail a master in our isle,
Or brook a victor's scorn ?

No ! though destruction o'er the land
Come pouring as a flood,
The sun, that sees our falling day,
Shall mark our sabres' deadly sway,
And set that night in blood.

For gold let Gallia's legions fight,
Or plunder's bloody gain ;
Unbribed, unbought, our swords we draw,
To guard our King, to fence our Law,
Nor shall their edge be vain.

If ever breath of British gale
Shall fan the tricolor,
Or footstep of the invader rude,
With rapine foul, and red with blood,
Pollute our happy shore,—

Then farewell, home ! and farewell, friends !
Adieu, each tender tie !
Resolved, we mingle in the tide,
Where charging squadrons furious ride,
To conquer, or to die.

To horse ! to horse ! the sabres gleam ;
High sounds our bugle call ;
Combined by honour's sacred tie,
Our word is *Laws and Liberty* !
March forward, one and all !

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

GOLF

IN the fields called the Links, the citizens of Edinburgh divert themselves at a game called golf, in which they use a curious kind of bat tipt with horn, and small elastic balls of leather stuffed with feathers, rather less than tennis-balls, but of a much harder consistence. This they strike with such force and dexterity from one hole to another, that they will fly to an incredible distance. Of this diversion the Scotch are so fond, that, when the weather will permit, you may see a multitude of all ranks, from the senator of justice to the lowest tradesman, mingled together in their shirts, and following the balls with the utmost eagerness. Among others, I was shown one particular set of golfers, the youngest of whom was turned four score.

They were all gentlemen of independent fortunes, who had amused themselves with this pastime for the best part of a century, without having ever felt the least alarm from sickness or disgust, and they never went to bed without having each the best part of a gallon of claret. Such uninterrupted exercise, co-operating with the keen air from the sea, must, without all doubt, keep the appetite always on edge, and steel the constitution against all the common attacks of distemper.

TOBIAS SMOLLETT.

TO ALEXANDER CUNNINGHAM, ESQ.,

WRITER, EDINBURGH

My god-like friend—nay, do not stare,
You think the phrase is odd-like :
But ‘ God is Love,’ the saints declare,
Then surely thou art god-like.

And is thy ardour still the same ?
And kindled still at Anna ?
Others may boast a partial flame,
But thou art a volcano !

Ev’n Wedlock asks not love beyond
Death’s tie-dissolving portal ;
But thou, omnipotently fond,
May’st promise love immortal !

Thy wounds such healing powers defy,
Such symptoms dire attend them,
That last great antihectic try—
Marriage perhaps may mend them.

Sweet Anna has an air—a grace,
 Divine, magnetic, touching ;
 She talks, she charms—but who can trace
 The process of bewitching ?

ROBERT BURNS.

LOVE FROM THE NORTH

I HAD a love in soft south land,
 Beloved through April far in May ;
 He waited on my lightest breath,
 And never dared to say me nay.
 He saddened if my cheer was sad,
 But gay he grew if I was gay ;
 We never differed on a hair,
 My yes his yes, my nay his nay.
 The wedding hour was come, the aisles
 Were flushed with sun and flowers that day ;
 I pacing balanced in my thoughts :
 ‘ It’s quite too late to think of nay.’—
 My bridegroom answered in his turn,
 Myself had almost answered ‘ yea ’ :
 When through the flashing nave I heard
 A struggle and resounding ‘ nay.’
 Bridesmaids and bridegroom shrank in fear,
 But I stood high who stood at bay :
 ‘ And if I answer yea, fair Sir,
 What man art thou to bar with nay ?’
 He was a strong man from the north,
 Light-locked, with eyes of dangerous grey ;
 ‘ Put yea by for another time
 In which I will not say thee nay.’

He took me in his strong white arms,
 He bore me on his horse away
 O'er crag, morass, and hairbreadth pass,
 But never asked me yea or nay.

He made me fast with book and bell,
 With links of love he makes me stay ;
 Till now I've neither heart nor power,
 Nor will nor wish to say him nay.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.



WILLIE'S AWA !

This epistle was addressed to William Creech, the well-known Edinburgh bookseller and member of the Town Council, during his absence in London. Creech's quaint bookshop at the eastern end of the Luckenbooth was frequented by all the eminent men of the Scottish metropolis.

AULD chuckie Reekie's sair distrest,
 Down droops her ance weel-burnisht crest,
 Nae joy her bonnie buskit nest
 Can yield ava,
 Her darling bird that she lo'es best,
 Willie's awa !

O Willie was a witty wight,
 And had o' things an unco slight ;
 Auld Reekie aye he keepit tight,
 An' trig an' braw :
 But now they'll busk her like a fright,
 Willie's awa !

The stiffest o' them a' he bow'd ;
The bauldest o' them a' he cow'd ;
They durst nae mair than he allow'd,
That was a law :
We've lost a birkie weel worth gowd,
Willie's awa ! . . .

The brethren o' the Commerce-Chaumer
May mourn their loss wi' doolfu' clamour ;
He was a dictionar and grammar
Amang them a' ;
I fear they'll now mak' mony a stammer,
Willie's awa !

Nae mair we see his levee door
Philosophers and poets pour,
And toothy critics by the score,
In bloody raw !
The adjutant o' a' the core,
Willie's awa !

Now worthy Gregory's Latin face,
Tytler's and Greenfield's modest grace,
Mackenzie, Stewart, sic a brace
As Rome ne'er saw ;
They a' maun meet some ither place,
Willie's awa ! . . .

May I be slander's common speech ;
A text for infamy to preach ;
And lastly, streekit out to bleach
In winter snaw ;
When I forget thee, Willie Creech,
Tho' far awa !

ROBERT BURNS.

ROYAL EDINBURGH

SEATED on the rocks which are more old than any history, though those precipices are now veiled with verdure and softness, and the iron way of triumphant modern science runs at their feet ; with her crown of sacred architecture hanging over her among the mists, and the primeval shrine mounted upon her highest ridge ; with her palace, all too small for the requirements of an enlarged and splendid royalty, and the great crouched and dormant sentinel of nature watching over her through all the centuries ; with her partner, sober and ample, like a comely matron, attended by all the modern arts and comforts, seated at the old mother's feet,—Edinburgh can never be less than royal, one of the crowned and queenly cities of the world. It does not need for this distinction that there should be millions of inhabitants within her walls, or all the great threads of industry and wealth gathered in her hands. The pathos of much that is past and over for ever, the awe of many tragedies, a recollection almost more true than any reality of the present, of ages and glories gone—add a charm which the wealthiest and greatest interests of to-day cannot give, to the city, always living, always stirring, where she stands amid traditionary smoke and mist, 'the gray metropolis of the North,' the Edinburgh of a thousand fond associations,

OUR OWN ROMANTIC TOWN.

MRS. OLIPHANT.



THE LOVELY MARY ENTERS EDINBURGH

SCOTLAND, involved in factious broils,
Groaned deep beneath her woes and toils,
And looked o'er meadow, dale and lea,
For many a day her Queen to see ;
Hoping that then her woes would cease,
And all her valleys smile in peace.
The spring was past, the summer gone ;
Still vacant stood the Scottish throne :
But scarce had autumn's mellow hand
Waved her rich banner o'er-the land,
When rang the shouts, from tower and tree
That Scotland's Queen was on the sea.
Swift spread the news o'er down and dale,
Swift as the lively autumn gale ;
Away, away, it echoed still,
O'er many a moor and Highland hill,
Till rang each glen and verdant plain,
From Cheviot to the northern main.

Each bard attuned the loyal lay,
And for Dun-Edin hied away ;
Each harp was strung in woodland bower,
In praise of beauty's bonniest flower.
The chiefs forsook their ladies fair ;
The priest his beads and books of prayer ;
The farmer left his harvest day,
The shepherd all his flocks to stray ;
The forester forsook the wood,
And hasted on to Holyrood.

After a youth, by woes o'ercast,
After a thousand sorrows past,
The lovely Mary once again
Set foot upon her native plain ;
Kneeled on the pier with modest grace,
And turned to heaven her beauteous face.
'Twas then the caps in air were blended,
A thousand thousand shouts ascended ;
Shivered the breeze around the throng ;
Grey barrier cliffs the peals prolong ;
And every tongue gave thanks to heaven,
That Mary to their hopes was given.

Her comely form and graceful mien,
Bespoke the Lady and the Queen ;
The woes of one so fair and young,
Moved every heart and every tongue.
Driven from her home, a helpless child,
To brave the winds and billows wild ;
An exile bred in realms afar,
Amid commotion, broil, and war :
In one short year her hopes all crossed,—
A parent, husband, kingdom lost !
And all ere eighteen years had shed
Their honours o'er her royal head.
For such a Queen, the Stuarts' heir,
A Queen so courteous, young, and fair,
Who would not every foe defy !
Who would not stand ! who would not die !

Light on her airy steed she sprung,
Around with golden tassels hung,
No chieftain there rode half so free,
Or half so light and gracefully.

How sweet to see her ringlets pale
Wide waving in the southland gale,
Which through the broom-wood blossoms flew,
To fan her cheeks of rosy hue !
Whene'er it heaved her bosom's screen,
What beauties in her form were seen !
And when her courser's mane it swung,
A thousand silver bells were rung.
A sight so fair, on Scottish plain,
A Scot shall never see again.

When Mary turned her wondering eyes
On rocks that seemed to prop the skies ;
On palace, park, and battled pile ;
On lake, on river, sea, and isle ;
O'er woods and meadows bathed in dew,
To distant mountains wild and blue ;
She thought the isle that gave her birth
The sweetest, wildest land on earth.

Slowly she ambled on her way
Amid her lords and ladies gay.
Priest, abbot, layman, all were there,
And presbyter with look severe :
Then rode the lords of France and Spain,
Of England, Flanders, and Lorraine,
While serried thousands round them stood,
From shore of Leith to Holyrood.

Though Mary's heart was light as air
To find a home so wild and fair ;
To see a gathered nation by,
And rays of joy from every eye ;
Though frequent shouts the welkin broke,
Though courtiers bowed and ladies spoke,

An absent look they oft could trace
Deep settled on her comely face.
Was it the thought that all alone
She must support a rocking throne ?
That Caledonia's rugged land
Might scorn a Lady's weak command,
And the Red Lion's haughty eye
Scowl at a maiden's feet to lie ?

No ; 'twas the notes of Scottish song,
Soft pealing from the countless throng :
So mellowed came the distant swell,
That on her ravished ear it fell
Like dew of heaven, at evening close,
On forest flower or woodland rose.
For Mary's heart, to Nature true,
The powers of song and music knew :
But all the choral measures bland,
Of anthems sung in southern land,
Appeared an useless pile of art,
Unfit to sway or melt the heart,
Compared with that which floated by,—
Her simple native melody.
As she drew near the Abbey stile,
She halted, reined, and bent the while :
She heard the Caledonian lyre
Pour forth its notes of Runic fire.

JAMES HOGG.

A ROYAL PAGEANT THROUGH EDINBURGH

THE rank dew lies heavy on grass and stone ; a deep
gloom hangs over the landscape,—a thick unwhole-
some fog, unstirred by the wind ; but we can see the

huge back of Arthur's Seat faint and grey amid the haze, with the unaltered outline of the crags below ; and yonder are the two western towers of Holyrood, and yonder the Abbey, with its stone-roof entire, and the hoar damps settling on its painted glass. . . . The sun has not shone for five days, nor the moon for five nights ; the boom of the cannon from the distant harbour, where the French galleys lie, falls dead and heavy on the ear, like the echoes of a sepulchral vault ; the mingled shouts and music from the half-seen crowds sound drearily amid the chill and dripping damps, like tones of the winter wind in a ruin at midnight ; and yonder comes the pageant of the day, enwrapped in fog, like a drifting vessel half-enveloped in the spray of a lee shore. Mark these gay and volatile strangers, the *élite* of the French Court. Yonder are the three Maries, and yonder the two Guises ; and here comes the Queen herself encircled by her iron barons. And who is that Queen ?—Mary,—the gay, the fascinating, the exquisitely beautiful,—a true sovereign of the imagination,—a choice heroine of poetry and romance,—a woman whose loveliness still exerts its influence over hearts,—a monarch whose misfortunes and sorrows still command tears.

HUGH MILLER.

LAMENT OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS,

ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING

Now Nature hangs her mantle green
On every blooming tree,
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
Out o'er the grassy lea :

THE CHARM OF EDINBURGH

Now Phœbus cheers the crystal streams,
And glads the azure skies ;
But nought can glad the weary wight
That fast in durance lies.

Now 'lav' rocks wake the merry morn,
Aloft on dewy wing ;
The merle, in his noontide bow'r,
Makes woodland echoes ring ;
The mavis, wild wi' mony a note,
Sings drowsy day to rest :
In love and freedom they rejoice,
Wi' care nor thrall opprest.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,
The primrose down the brae ;
The hawthorn's budding in the glen,
And milk-white is the slae ;
The meanest hind in fair Scotland
May rove their sweets amang ;
But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,
Maun lie in prison strang !

I was the Queen o' bonnie France,
Where happy I hae been ;
Fu' lightly rase I in the morn,
As blythe lay down at e'en :
And I'm the sov'reign of Scotland,
And mony a traitor there ;
Yet here I lie in foreign bands,
And never-ending care.

But as for thee, thou false woman !
My sister and my fae,
Grim vengeance, yet, shall whet a sword
That thro' thy soul shall gae !

The weeping blood in woman's breast
Was never known to thee ;
Nor the balm that drops on wounds of woe
Frae woman's pitying e'e.

My son ! my son ! may kinder stars
Upon thy fortune shine !
And may those pleasures gild thy reign,
That ne'er wad blink on mine !
God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,
Or turn their hearts to thee :
And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend,
Remember him for me !

Oh ! soon, to me, may summer-suns
Nae mair light up the morn !
Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds
Wave o'er the yellow corn !
And in the narrow house o' death
Let winter round me rave ;
And the next flow'rs, that deck the spring,
Bloom on my peaceful grave !

ROBERT BURNS.

THE QUEEN'S MARIE

MARIE HAMILTON's to the kirk gane,
Wi' ribbons in her hair ;
The King thought mair o' Marie Hamilton,
Than any that were there.

Marie Hamilton's to the kirk gane,
Wi' ribbons on her breast ;
The King thought mair o' Marie Hamilton,
Than he listen'd to the priest.

Marie Hamilton's to the kirk gane,
Wi' gloves upon her hands ;
The King thought mair o' Marie Hamilton,
Than the Queen and a' her lands.

She hadna been about the King's court
A month, but barely one,
Till she was beloved by a' the King's court,
And the King the only man.

She hadna been about the King's court
A month, but barely three,
Till frae the King's court Marie Hamilton,
Marie Hamilton durstna be.

The King is to the Abbey gane,
To pu' the Abbey tree,
To scale the babe frae Marie's heart ;
But the thing it wadna be.

O she had row'd it in her apron,
And set it on the sea,—
' Gae sink ye, or swim ye, bonny babe,
Ye'se get nae mair o' me.'—

Word is to the kitchen gane,
And word is to the ha',
And word is to the noble room,
Amang the ladyes a',
That Marie Hamilton's brought to bed,
And the bonny babe's mist and awa.'

Scarcely had she lain down again,
And scarcely fa'en asleep,
When up then started our gude Queen,
Just at her bed-feet ;
Saying—' Marie Hamilton, where's your babe ?
For I'm sure I heart it greet.'

' O no, O no, my noble Queen !
Think no such thing to be ;
'Twas but a stitch into my side,
And sair it troubles me.'

' Get up, get up, Marie Hamilton ;
Get up, and follow me ;
For I am going to Edinburgh town,
A rich wedding for to see.'

O slowly, slowly raise she up,
And slowly put she on ;
And slowly rode she out the way,
Wi' mony a weary groan.

The Queen was clad in scarlet,
Her merry maids all in green ;
And every town they cam to,
They took Marie for the Queen.

Ride hooly, hooly gentlemen,
Ride hooly now wi' me !
For never, I am sure, a wearier burd
Rade in your companie.'

But little wist Marie Hamilton,
When she rade on the brown,
That she was ga'en to Edinburgh town,
And a' to be put down.

' Why weep ye so, ye burgess wives,
Why look ye so on me ?
O, I am going to Edinburgh town,
A rich wedding for to see.'

When she gaed up the Tolbooth stairs,
The corks frae her heels did flee ;
And lang or e'er she came down again,
She was condemn'd to die.

When she cam to the Netherbow port,
She laughed loud laughs three ;
But when she cam to the gallows foot,
The tears blinded her ee.

' Yestreen the Queen had four Maries,
The night she'll hae but three ;
There was Marie Seaton, and Marie Beaton,
And Marie Carmichael, and me.

' O, often have I dress'd my Queen,
And put gold upon her hair ;
But now I've gotten for my reward
The gallows to be my share.

' Often have I dress'd my Queen,
And often made her bed ;
But now I've gotten for my reward
The gallows tree to tread.

' I charge ye all, ye mariners,
When ye sail ower the faem,
Let neither my father nor mother get wit,
But that I'm coming hame.

' I charge ye all, ye mariners,
That sail upon the sea,
Let neither my father nor mother get wit,
This dog's death I'm to die.

' For if my father and mother got wit,
And my bold brethren three,
O mickle wad be the gude red blude
This day wad be spilt for me !

' O little did my mother ken,
That day she cradled me,
The lands I was to travel in,
Or the death I was to die !'

SIR WALTER SCOTT: *Border Minstrelsy*.

THE ACCESSION OF JAMES I

HOW THE NEWS REACHED HOLYROOD

WHEN I came to Court [at Richmond] I found the Queen [Elizabeth] ill disposed, and she kept her inner lodging. Yet she, hearing of my arrival, sent for me. I found her in one of her withdrawing chambers, sitting low upon her cushions. She called me to her. I kissed her hand, and told her, it was my chiefest happiness to see her in safety and health, which I wished might long continue. She took me by the hand, and wrung it hard ; and said, ' No, Robin, I am not well !' and then discoursed with me of her indisposition, and that her heart had been sad and heavy for ten or twelve days : and, in her discourse, she fetched not so few as forty or fifty great sighs.

I was grieved, at the first, to see her in this plight : for, in all my lifetime before, I never knew her fetch a sigh, but when the Queen of Scots was beheaded. Then, upon my knowledge, she shed many tears and sighs ; manifesting her innocence that she never gave consent to the death of that Queen.

I used the best words I could to persuade her from this melancholy humour ; but I found, by her, it was too deep rooted in her heart ; and hardly to be removed. This was upon a Saturday night : and she gave command that the great closet should be prepared for her to go to chapel the next morning. The next day, all things being in a readiness ; we long expected her coming. After eleven o'clock, one of the grooms came out, and bade make ready for the private closet ; for she would not go to the great. There we stayed long for her coming : but at last she had cushions laid for her in the Privy Chamber, hard by the closet door ; and there she heard service. . . .

I, hearing that neither her Physicians, nor none about her, could persuade her to take any course for her safety, feared her death would soon after ensue. I could not but think in what a wretched estate I should be left : most of my livelihood depending on her life. And hereupon I bethought myself with what grace and favour I was ever received by the King of Scots, whensoever I was sent to him. I did assure myself it was neither unjust, nor dishonest, for me to do for myself ; if God, at that time, should call her to His mercy. Hereupon I wrote to the King of Scots, knowing him to be the right heir to the Crown of England ; and certified him in what state Her Majesty was. I desired him not to stir from Edinburgh : and if, of that sickness she should die, I would be the first man that should bring him news of it. . . .

I went to my lodging, and left word with one in the cofferer's chamber to call me, if that night it was thought the Queen would die ; and gave the porter an angel to let me in at any time, when I called. Between one and two of the clock on Thursday

morning, he that I left in the cofferer's chamber, brought me word, 'The Queen is dead.' . . .

Very early on Saturday I took horse for Edinburgh ; and came to Norham about twelve at noon. So that I might well have been with the King at supper time : but I got a great fall by the way ; and my horse, with one of his heels, gave me a great blow on the head, that made me shed much blood. It made me so weak, that I was forced to ride a soft pace after : so that the King was newly gone to bed by the time I knocked at the gate [of Holyrood Palace].

I was quickly let in ; and carried up to the King's Chamber. I kneeled by him, and saluted him by his title of 'England, Scotland, France, and Ireland.' He gave me his hand to kiss ; and bade me welcome.

After he had long discoursed of the manner of the Queen's sickness, and of her death, he asked, what letters I had from the Council ?

I told him none : and acquainted him how narrowly I escaped from them. And yet I brought him a blue ring from a Lady, that I hoped would give him assurance of the truth that I had reported. He took it, and looked upon it, and said, 'It is enough. I know by this, you are a true messenger.' Then he committed me to the charge of my Lord Home ; and gave straight command that I should want nothing. He sent for his chirurgions to attend me ; and when I kissed his hand, at my departure, he said to me these gracious words : 'I know you have lost a near kinswoman and a loving Mistress : but take here my hand, I will be as good a Master to you ; and will requite you this service with honour and reward.' So I left him that night, and went with my Lord Home

to my lodging : where I had all things fitting for so weary a man as I was. After my head was dressed, I took leave of my Lord and many others that attended me ; and went to my rest.

SIR ROBERT CAREY.

During the continuance of His Majesty in Scotland, before his Progress towards England, his whole care was for the peaceable government of that realm, from which he was a while to part. And to that end, he had sundry conferences with his nobility, laying the safest projects that, in his wisdom and their experiences, seemed likely for effecting his royal desire : which, God willing, will come to pass to his great liking and the benefit of both the realms.

But that it might more to his people appear, he in person came graciously to the city of Edinburgh, unto the public sermon. And after the sermon was finished, in a most learned but more loving oration, he expressed his occasion of leaving them, to the burgesses and a number of the people : exhorting them to continue in obedience, being the bond that binds princes to affect their subjects, which broken on their part he trusted should never be, and of his they were assured ; persuading them also to agreement amongst themselves, being the bond of charity that tied all men, especially Christians, to love and bear with one another. In which obedience to him, and agreement amongst themselves if they continued : howsoever he was, in a manner, at that time, constrained to leave them ; yet he would, in his own person, visit them, and that shortly, in times convenient and most necessary for his own advancement and their benefit.

Yet for all his kingly oratory, mild behaviour, and true intention, the people's hearts against his departure were even dead : and grief seized every private man's reins, saving only those that were made happy by attending his royal person into England. . . .

His Majesty, with great solemnity and pomp, was proclaimed King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, at the Market Cross of Edinburgh, in presence of the whole officers of estate of the realm, and many of the nobility of Scotland, and sundry knights and gentlemen of England.

And in the evening of that day, there were many hundreds of bonfires made all about the city ; with great feasting and merriment held till the appearing of the next day. But as joyful as they were of His Majesty's great advancement, and enlarging of his Empire, so were they, as I before noted, for their private want of him no less filled with grief as, above all other times, was most apparently expressed at his departure from Edinburgh towards England : the cries of the poor people being so lamentable and confused that it moved His Majesty to much compassion ; yet seeing their clamours were only of affection and not grounded on reason, with many gracious and loving words he left them, and proceeded on his Progress.

T. M. (1603).

FROM 'THE BALLAD OF CHEVY CHACE'

WORD is comen to Edinburgh, to Jamy the Scottish
King,
That doughty Douglas, Lieutenant of the Marches, he
lay slain Cheviot within.

His hands did he weal and wring. He said, 'Alas !
and woe is me !
Such another Captain, Scotland within,' he said, 'i'
faith ! should never be.' . . .
As our noble King made his avow, like a noble Prince
of renown,
For the death of the Lord Percy, he did the battle of
Humble Down ;
Where six and thirty Scottish Knights, on a day,
were beaten down ;
Glendale glittered on their armour bright, over
Castle, tower, and town.
This was the Hunting of the Cheviot, that there
began this spurn.
Old men, that know the ground well enough, call it
the Battle of Otterburn.
At Otterburn began this spurn, upon a Monday.
There was the doughty Douglas slain. The Percy
never went away !
There was never a time, in the March parts, sen the
Douglas and Percy met,
But it is marvel and the red blood run not, as the rain
does in the street.
Jesu Christ, our bale's bete ! and to the bliss us bring !
Thus was the Hunting of the Cheviot. God send us
all good ending.

ANON. (1558).

PRINCE CHARLES ENTERS EDINBURGH AFTER THE
BATTLE OF PRESTON

PAINTED BY THOMAS DUNCAN

THE morning sun has risen high over the Old Town
of Edinburgh, and the beams fall clear and bright

through a cloudless autumn sky, on half the high-piled, picturesque tenements of the Canongate, and half the street below. The other half lies grey in the shade. I saw, just in front, on the sunny side, the castellated jail of the burgh, with its blackened turrets and its Flemish-looking clock-house. The barred windows are thronged with faces ; and a few disarmed, half-stripped, forlorn soldiers, huddled together on an outer staircase, show that the incarcerated crowd are military prisoners from the field of Preston. The street lies in long perspective beyond, house rising over house, and balcony projecting beyond balcony. Every flaw and weather-stain has the mark of truth ; every peculiarity of the architecture reminded me of the scene and the age. A dense crowd occupies the foreground. The Highlanders, after totally routing the superior numbers of Cope, have entered the city with their Prince at their head, and have advanced thus far on their march to Holyrood House. The apparently living mass seems bearing down upon the spectator. There is a mischievous-looking, ragged urchin, half-extinguished by the cap of some luckless grenadier, who has possibly no further use for it, scampering out of the way : and an unfortunate barber, the very type of Smollett's Strap, has got himself fast jambed between a projecting outside stair and the brandished war-axe of a half-naked and more than half-savage gillie, who is exerting himself with tremendous vigour in clearing a passage, and who, as if to add to the poor barber's distress and peril, is looking in another direction. There are other strokes of the comic in the piece. In one corner a Jacobite laird, *blin' fou*, is threatening destruction with unsheathed

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whinyard to all and sundry who will not drink the Prince's health. In another, two pipers are marching side by side. The one, a long-winded young fellow, cast in the Herculean mould of his country, and proud of his strength and his music, is adjusting the drone of his pipe with a degree of self-complacency that might serve even the Dean of Faculty himself. The other, an old man of at least seventy-five, with features fiercely Celtic, and an expression like a thunder-cloud, is evidently enraged at the better breath of his opponent ; but, collecting his strength for another effort, he seems determined rather to die than give in. The Prince rides in the centre on a noble steed, that seems starting out of the canvas. We recognize him at once, not only from his prominent place and princely bearing, but from the striking truth of the portrait,—one of the most spirited, perhaps, that has yet appeared, and most like the man when at his best. Has the reader ever noticed the striking resemblance which the better portraits of Prince Charles bear to those of his remote ancestress, Queen Mary ? . . . All the more celebrated heroes of the rebellion are grouped round the Prince, full, evidently, of a generous enthusiasm, in which the spectator can hardly avoid sympathizing. . . . Behind the Prince rides Clanranald, the Chief of Clan-Colla. His Highlanders take precedence of the other clans, for the Bruce had assigned them their place of honour in the right when they fought at Bannockburn. Young Clanranald, a tall handsome youth, and his cousin, Kinloch Moidart, have advanced in front ; old Hugh Stewart, a rugged deep-chested veteran of the Black Watch, who fought in all the battles of Charles, and whose portrait is still

preserved, presses on behind them ; and the gigantic miller of Inverrahayle's Mill, a tremendous specimen of the wild mountaineer, is still more conspicuous among a group of clansmen on the left. There is a dense crowd behind, and what seems a thick wood of spears and axes, with here and there a banner,—among the rest, an English standard taken from the dragoons at Preston. . . .

The pictorial history of Scotland promises to excel all its other histories, and it does not contain a more brilliant page than the page contributed by Duncan.

Gallant Highlanders, men of warm hearts and tender feelings, and spirits that kindle as the danger comes, the phantom of mistaken loyalty deludes you no longer ; you have closed with a better faith ; and, while the strength of the character still remains unbroken, all its fierceness is gone. I have lived amid the quiet solitude of your hills ; and, as I have passed your cottages at the close of evening, have heard the voice of psalms within. I have sat with you at the humble board, to share your proffered hospitality,—the hospitality of willing hearts, that thought not of the scanty store whence the supply was derived. I have marked your untaught courtesy, ever ready to yield to the stranger, and have laid me down in security at night amid your hamlets, with only the latch on the door. I have seen you pouring forth your thousands from brown distant moors and narrow glens, to listen with devout attention to the words of life from the lips of your much-loved pastors, and to worship God among your mountains in the open air. I know, too, the might that slumbers amid your gentlemen of nature ; and that, when the

day of battle comes, 'and level for the charge your arms are laid,' desperate indeed must that enemy be, and much in love with death, that awaits the onset.

HUGH MILLER.

THE THISTLE AND THE ROSE

This emblematic song was made for the marriage, at Edinburgh, in 1503, of the Princess Margaret of England, eldest daughter of Henry VII., with King James IV. of Scotland.

WHEN March was, with varying winds, past,
 And April had, with her silver showers,
 Ta'en leave at Nature with an orient blast ;
 And lusty May, that mother is of flowers,
 Had made the birdè to begin their *Hours*,
 Among the tender odours red and white,
 Whose harmony to hear it was delight ;

In bed, at morrow, sleeping as I lay,
 Methought, Aurora, with her crystal een,
 In at the window lookèd by the day,
 And halsèd me, with visage pale and green ;
 On whose hand, a lark sang fro the spleen,
 'Awake, Lovers ! out of your slumbering !
 See how the lusty morrow does upspring !'

Methought fresh May before my bed upstood,
 In weed depaint of mony diverse hue,
 Sober, benign, and full of mansuetude ;
 In bright attire of flowers forgèd new,
 Heavenly of colour, white, red, brown, and blue,
 Balmèd in dew, and gilt with Phœbus' beams ;
 While all the house illumined of her leams.

‘Sluggard!’ she said, ‘awake anon, for shame!
And, in my honour, something thou go write!
The lark has done the merry day proclaim
To raise up Lovers with comfort and delight;
Yet nought increases thy courage to indite!
Whose heart sometimes has glad and blissful
been,
Songs to make, under the leavès green.’

‘Whereto,’ quod I, ‘shall I uprise, at morrow?
For, in this May, few birdès heard I sing!
They have more cause to weep, and plain their
sorrow!
Thy air, it is not wholesome nor benign!
Lord Æolus does in thy season reign!
So busteous are the blasts of his horn,
Among thy boughs to walk I have forborne!’

With that, this Lady soberly did smile,
And said, ‘Uprise; and do thy observance!
Thou didst promise, in May’s lusty while,
For to describe the Rose of most pleasance!
Go, see the birdès, how they sing and dance!
Illumined o’er with orient skies bright,
Enamelled richly with new azure light!’

When this was said, departed she, this Queen,
And entered in a lusty garden gent;
And then, methought, full hastily beseen
In serk and mantle, after her I went
Into this garth most dulce and redolent
Of herbs and flowers, and tender plants
sweet;
And green leaves doing of dew down fleet.

The purple sun, with tender beamès red,
 In orient bright as angel did appear,
 Through golden skies putting up his head ;
 Whose gilt tresses shone so wondir clear,
 That all the world took comfort, far and
 near,
 To look upon his fresh and blissful face
 Doing all sable, from the heavens chase.

And as the blissful song of hierarchy,
 The fowls sang, through comfort of the light,
 The birdès did, with open voices, cry,
 ‘ O, Lovers’ foe ! away, thou dully night !
 And welcome, day ! that comforts every wight !
 Hail, May ! Hail, Flora ! Hail, Aurora sheen !
 Hail, Princess Nature ! Hail, Venus, Love’s
 Queen !’

Dame Nature gave an inhibition there
 To fierce Neptune, and Æolus the bold,
 Not to perturb the water, nor the air ;
 And that no showers, nor blastès cold
 Effray should flowers, nor fowls, on the fold !
 She bade eke Juno, goddess of the sky,
 That she the heavens should keep amene and
 dry !

She ordained eke that every bird and beast
 Before her Highness should anon compeir ;
 And every flower of virtue, most and least,
 And every herb by field far and near,
 As they had wont, in May, from year to year,
 To her, their Maker, to make obedience,
 Full low inclining, with all due reverence.

With that, anon she sent the swift roe
To bring in beasts of all condition ;
The restless swallow commanded she also
To fetch all fowl of small and great renown ;
And to gar flowers compeir of all fashion,
Full craftily conjurèd she the Yarrow
Which did forth swirk as swift as any arrow.

All present were, in twinkling of an e,
Both beasts, and birds, and flowers, before the
Queen.

And first the lion, greatest of degree,
Was callèd there : and he, most fair to seen,
With a full hardy countenance and keen,
Before Dame Nature came ; and did in-
cline,
With visage bold, and courage leonine.

This awful beast full terrible was of cheer,
Piercing of look, and stout of countenance,
Right strong of corps, of fashion fair, but feir,
Lusty of shape, light of deliverance,
Red of his colour, as is the ruby glance ;
On field of gold he stood full mightily,
With *fleur-de-lis* encircled lustily.

This Lady lifted up his clawès clear,
And let him listly lean upon her knee ;
And crownèd him with diadem full dear
Of radiant stones, most royal for to see,
Saying, ‘ The King of Beastès make I thee ;
And the chief protector in woods and shaws !
Unto thy lieges go forth, and keep the
laws !

' Excerce justice, with mercy and conscience ;
 And let no small beast suffer scath, nor scorns,
 Of great beasts, that be of more puissance !
 Do law alike to apes and unicorns !
 And let no bowgle, with his busteous horns,
 The meek plough-ox oppress, for all his pride ;
 And in the yoke go peaceably him beside !'

When this was said, with noise and sound of joy,
 All kinds of beastès, into their degree,
 At once cried loud, ' *Vive le Roi !*'
 And till his feet fell with humility ;
 And all, they made him homage and fealty :
 And he did them receive with princely laitis ;
 Whose noble ire is *parcere prostratis*.

Syne, crownèd she the eagle, King of Fowls ;
 And as steel darts sharpened she his pennes,
 And bade him, ' Be also just to whaups and owls
 As unto peacocks, popingays, or cranes ;
 And make a law for wight fowls and for wrens :
 And let no fowl of ravin do effray,
 Nor devour birds but his own prey !'

Then callèd she all flowers that grew on field,
 Discerning all their fashions and effeirs.
 Upon that awful Thistle she beheld,
 And saw him kept with a bush of spears :
 Considering him so able for the wars,
 A radiant crown of rubies she him gave,
 And said, ' In field go forth, and 'fend the lave :

' And, sen thou art a King, thou be discreet !
 Herb without virtue thou hold not of such price
 As herb of virtue and of odour sweet !
 And let no nettle vile, and full of vice,

Her fellow to the goodly *fleur-de-lis* !
Nor let no wild weed, full of churlishness,
Compare her till the lily's nobleness !

' Nor hold none other flower in such dainty
As the fresh rose, of colour red and white !
For if thou dost, hurt is thine honesty.
Consid'ring that no flower is so perfit,
So full of virtue, pleasance, and delight.
So full of blissful angelic beauty,
Imperial birth, honour, and dignity !'

Then to the rose she turnèd her visage,
And said, ' O lusty daughter ! most benign,
Above the lily, illustrious of lineage,
From the stock royal rising fresh and ying,
But any spot or macule doing spring :
Come, bloom of joy ! with gems to be crowned ;
For, o'er the lave, thy beauty is renowned.'

A costly crown, with clarified stones bright,
This comely Queen did on her head enclose,
While all the land illumined of the light :
Wherefore methought, all flowers did rejoice,
Crying at once, ' Hail, be thou richest, Rose !
Hail, herbes' Empress ! Hail, freshest Queen of
flowers !
To thee be glory and honour at all hours !'

Then all the birdès sang with one voice on hight ;
Whose mirthful sound was marvellous to hear.
The mavis sang, ' Hail, Rose, most rich and right,
That dost up-flourish under Phœbus' sphere !
Hail, plant of youth ! Hail, Princess, daughter dear,
Hail, blossom breaking out of the royal blood ;
Whose precious virtue is imperial.'

The merle, she sang, ' Hail, Rose of most delight,
 Hail, of all flowers Queen and Sovereign !'
 The lark, she sang, ' Hail, Rose, both red and white,
 Most pleasant flower, of mighty colours twain !'
 The nightingale sang, ' Hail, Nature's suffragan
 In beauty, nurture, and every nobleness,
 In rich array, renown, and gentleness !'

The common voice uprose of birdès small,
 Upon this wise, ' O, blessed be the hour,
 That thou wast chosen to be our principal !
 Welcome to be our princess of honour,
 Our pearl, our pleasure, and our paramour,
 Our peace, our play, our plain felicity !
 Christ thee conserve from all adversity !'

Then all the birdès sang with such a shout,
 That I anon awoke where that I lay ;
 And, with a braid, I turnèd me about
 To see this Court : but all were went away.
 Then up I leaned, halfings in affray ;
 And thus I wrote, as ye have heard to forrow,
 Of lusty May upon the ninth morrow.

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

TO THE KING

AT HIS RETURNING FROM SCOTLAND TO THE QUEEN AFTER HIS
 CORONATION THERE.*

ROUSE up thyself, my gentle Muse,
 Though now our green conceits be grey,
 And yet once more do not refuse
 To take my Phrygian harp, and play
 In honour of this cheerful day.

* Charles I., crowned at Holyrood June 18, 1633.

Make first a song of joy and love,
Which chastely flame in royal eyes ;
Then tune it to the spheres above
When the benigneſt ſtars do riſe,
And ſweet conjunctions grace the ſkies.

To this let all good hearts reſound,
While diadems inveſt his head ;
Long may he live, whoſe life doth bound
More than his laws, and better lead
By high example than by dread !

Long may he round about him ſee
His roſes and his lilies blown ;
Long may his only dear and he
Joy in ideas of their own,
And kingdom's hopes ſo timely ſown ;

Long may they both contend to prove,
That beſt of crowns is ſuch a love !

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

CHARLES THE FIRST'S PROGRESS THROUGH EDINBURGH

CHARLES I., when he viſited Scotland in 1633 . . . brought with him Archbiſhop Laud. . . The age of Charles, however, was, much more than the preſent, an age of mysteries and emblems : it was an age of the masque and the allegory,—an age in which even a Bacon could write of ſuch things, and a Quarles of ſcarce anything elſe ; and I queſtion whether Edinburgh was not as intereſting a ſight when Charles I. . . as when Queen Victoria viſited it. ‘ The ſtreets on both ſides,’ ſays Stevenson, ‘ were lined by the

citizens in their best apparel and arms, from the West Port to Holyrood.' At one 'theatre, exquisitely adorned,' where the Lord Provost presented the keys to his Majesty, there was a 'painted description of the city.' At another near the Luckenbooths, were arranged the portraits of all the kings of Scotland from Fergus downward. A fountain at the cross ran with wine for the benefit of the lieges; and Bacchus, large as life, superintended the distribution of the liquor. The Muses made themselves visible in Hunter Square; the heavenly bodies danced harmoniously at the Netherbow. Bells chimed, cannon rattled, and 'all sorts of music that could be invented' mingled their tones with the booming of the guns, the pealing of the bells, the melody of the planets, the speeches of Fergus, Bacchus, and the Provost, and the songs of Apollo, the Burghers, and the Muses. We are farther told that the streets were actually 'sanded,' and that the 'chief places were set out with stately triumphant arches, obelisks, pictures, artificial mountains, and other costly shows.' It must have been altogether a bizarre scene. Parnassus, with all its rocks, trees, and fountains, leaned against the old weigh-house. When the Muses sung, the nymphs of the Cowgate joined in the chorus.—The genius of Scotland discoursed of war and conquest in the middle of the West Bow,—classic arches of lath strided over the odoriferous Cranes,—festoons of flowers hung romantically above the unsullied waters of Nor'-Loch,—obelisks of pasteboard shot up their taper pinnacles among the grey chimneys of the Grassmarket,—the entire city must have not a little resembled its defunct patron saint of blackened wood, 'old St. Gyle,' when bedizzened on a holiday

with coloured glass, tinsel, and cut paper. And then, the handsome, imperious, melancholy Charles, with violent death impressed, according to the belief of the age, in the very lines of his countenance, and the withered, diminutive Laud, perplexed by some half-restored recollection of his last night's dream, or bent to the full stretch of his faculties in originating some new religious form suggested by the surrounding mummeries, or in determining whether his cope might not possibly be improved by the addition of a few spangles, must have looked tolerably picturesque as they passed along the lines of grave whiskered burghers stretching on either hand, surmounted by all the beauty of the place, as it hung gaping and curious from the windows above.

HUGH MILLER.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S VISIT TO EDINBURGH

SEPTEMBER 3, 1842

IT was one of those mild agreeable days of tempered sunshine and shadow of which our better tracts of autumn weather are mainly composed. It was what Gilbert White of Selborne would have termed a *delicate* day. There were a few white clouds overhead; there rested on the outer skirts of the landscape a soft grey haze; a slight breeze just served, by rippling the waters of the Firth, to give intensity to their tints of blue; the distant heights, with their multitudinous squares of yellow, so significant of the decline of the season, looked soft and dim, as if sketched in an unfinished drawing; the city itself, seated proudly amid its hills, raised its picturesque and close-piled masses through the thin haze, as if it

were a thing half of earth, half of cloud,—its shadows softened into a bluish-grey,—its mingling lights sobered down into a pale and smoky amber. One of our poets speaks of the *roar* sent by a great city ‘through all its many gates.’ One had but to stand and listen on this morning, to decide regarding the appropriateness of the phrase. An infinity of blended tones,—the hum of eager and moving crowds,—the rattle of coaches,—the incessant strokes of workmen employed by hundreds in the erection of balconies and scaffolds,—a thousand nameless sounds, besides,—were all mingled into one mighty roar—the voice of the city—resembling at a distance the noise of a high wind in a leafless wood, or the murmur of the far-off ocean in a tempest. The streets were early astir. There were, if I may so speak, main currents in the living tide, which continued to flow from long before noon till nightfall. One main current had set in towards the shore; others of less volume and momentum, and more broken by meeting tides, flowed full in the direction of the nearer heights which command a full view of the Firth. The Calton, blackened by its moving thousands, resembled a huge ant-hill just stirred. We could descry, too, in the distance, and but barely descry, that the upper outline of Arthur’s Seat was roughened by its anxious crowds. But in no locality was the appearance exhibited of a more animating or impressive character than in the immediate neighbourhood of Granton, the projected scene of her Majesty’s landing. It was in this direction that the main current had set in. The green sloping bank which runs parallel to the shore, at the distance of less than half a field’s breadth from the beach, and which at one period

must have formed the coast-line, was literally blackened by spectators. The road below was more than equally crowded,—the broad strip of beach uncovered by the tide was mottled by its restless groups. Nor was the Firth beyond less a scene of life and animation. Boats, and vessels of larger size, crowded by their pleasure parties, flitted around the huge mole which here projects its vast length into the sea, —now casting anchor, now again making sail, and turning their heads down the Firth, as if in eager anxiety to descry the expected flotilla. Steamboats, with their long evanescent trails of cloud, went gliding in every direction athwart the blue ; ever and anon a larger vessel hove round, and, turning her side to the shore, saluted the harbour with a gun. The echoes rang merrily ; the group of vessels laid along the mole, when some half-dozen steamers or so moored at once among them, seemed as if enveloped in cloud and darkness ; and flag and pennon waved sullenly from amid the smoke, like the gauds and braveries of life when dimmed by its troubles. The day wore fast on : still no signal intimated from cliff or castle that the royal flotilla had entered the Firth. The tides and winds had been adverse : it was feared, too, that what had been but a thin fleecy haze ashore might have been a fog at sea. All expectations of the Queen's arrival before nightfall at length vanished, and about four o'clock the vast clouds began to break up and disperse. We could mark not a few blank countenances among the humbler pedestrians,—many of the country people from the neighbouring counties, who had just got their single day to see the Queen, and who, disappointed once, could entertain no hope of enjoying a second opportunity. We

could sympathize in the vexation manifested by a stalwart shepherd in a grey maud, who had left his flock on the previous evening on a hill-side some thirty miles away, as, in turning from his conspicuous and well-chosen stand, he gave vent to his feeling of disappointment in a half-sad, half-humorous, 'Dash it, and will I no see her after a' !'

The fall of evening was marked by a scene scarce less striking than that of the day, though of a character altogether different. A brown haze hung over the skirts of the horizon, dense enough to blot out the whole opposite line of coast and the wide extent of Firth below, and yet not so dense but that the fires kindled up on all the more conspicuous heights shone through, each surrounded by its own dusky halo. A dotted outline of red light served to restore well-nigh all the bolder features of the vanished landscape. The flames rose broad and high on the nearer heights. A huge uneven pennon of fire flared on the summit of Arthur's Seat, lighting up its own swart trail of smoke with an umbry red, and converting into a vast halo, of more than a thousand yards diameter, the mist-wreaths that brooded above. The rugged outline of Salisbury Crags stood out distinctly visible in the foreground, like a sketch in black richly bronzed. The ridge of the Pentlands had its three fires ; the Binny and Dalmahoy Crags, in the long retiring valley to the west, had each their beacon ; and with these, many a solitary peak besides, where the unwonted light must have scared the fox in his lair and the hawk on her perch. The Calton Hill, even after the night had closed, was crowded by its thousands of spectators,—its brown and sombre groups, half visible, and only half, by

the red flickering light that streamed from the neighbouring hill. There was a charm to detain them in the scene itself,—well-nigh one of the most sublime of the kind ever witnessed ; and there was something for the imagination to lay hold of, in the circumstance that already must the expected flotilla have entered the Firth,—a long dim vista tracked in fire ; and that all the flaming peaks which composed the line on either side must have addressed their welcome ere now to the gaze of the royal voyager. At length the flames began to sink, and the crowds to disperse.

The morning rose dull and drizzly, but it cleared up as the hours passed ; and ere nine o'clock, though still somewhat gloomy, it had become at least dry overhead. The morning papers had intimated to the city the arrival of the royal squadron in the roads over night. And at seven o'clock a signal-gun had been fired from the Castle. We were fortunate enough not to know exactly what the latter had been intended to mean ; and, inferring that it just intimated that the Queen was to be soon visible, we set out early, determined, at all events, to see the Queen. . . . We made our way to the Calton, where we found a few hundreds already assembled, and ensconced ourselves among the shrubbery on the edge of the low precipice that overhangs the road. The Castle guns began to fire, and we concluded that the Queen had just touched Scottish ground. . . . The cry arose, ' Here comes the military ! ' We looked westward, and saw that Princes Street, from the Mound to the North Bridge, had suddenly become one dense sea of moving heads, and that every cross-street and opening was pouring in its thousands to swell the amount. There was a minute patch of

scarlet inlaid in the mass ; all was dingy around it ; and it came moving steadily along in the midst, like a float of drift-wood falling down a river. This, thought we, must be the van of the procession,—the advanced guard, to reconnoitre and clear the way : the main body, with the Queen, must still be a considerable distance behind. The patch of scarlet came floating on. We could discern bright helmets and the glitter of steel ; we could mark a sudden crowding to the windows,—a hasty rush to the overhanging galleries, more than two-thirds empty but a minute before,—a waving of handkerchiefs and of hats ; and a cry, not loud, but deep, which we could scarce term a cheer, but which seemed to express a deeper feeling, ran along the line of spectators as the military passed. Could this be the Queen ? It was. She sat in a low open carriage, with Prince Albert on her left,—clear-complexioned, but pale, tastefully but plainly dressed,—one whom in private life we would perhaps describe as a pretty woman, very thoroughly the lady . . . the daughter of a hundred kings, and a monarch on whose vast dominions the sun never sets.

HUGH MILLER.

CASTLE AND PALACE

The Palace of Holyrood has been left aside in the growth of Edinburgh. . . . It is a house of many memories. Great people of yore, kings and queens, buffoons and grave ambassadors, played their stately farce for centuries in Holyrood.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Palace and ruin, bless thee evermore !
Graceful we bow thy gloomy tow'rs before ;
For the old Kings of France hath found in thee
That melancholy hospitality
Which in their royal fortune's evil day
Stuarts and Bourbons to each other pay.

VICTOR HUGO : *Holyrood Palace.*



THE ECHO OF THE ROYAL PORCH OF THE PALACE
OF HOLYROOD HOUSE

WHICH FELL UNDER MILITARY EXECUTION, 1753

YE sons of Mars, with black cockade,
Who wear the gun and murd'ring blade,
Against your foes in battle hot,
And die, or conquer on the spot ;
To devastation ye are bred,
By blood ye swear, and blood's your trade.
No—(Echo then reply'd aloud,)
They do not always deal in blood ;
Nor yet in breaking human bones ;
For *Quixot*-like they knock down stones.
Regardless they the mattock ply,
To root out *Scots* antiquity.
My aged arch for centuries ten
Hath sparèd been by Scottish men.
As *Judah's* porches, sacred mine,
Where kings did rule by right divine.
Your ancient Kings did enter here,
Tho' strangers now for many a year ;
And many barons in my sight
Were honour'd with the title ' Knight,'
Whose race now tamely sees my fall,
Relentless at my mournful call.
When Rec-coats struck, I loud did shriek,
And to Auld Reikie thus did speak :
' What is my crime ? Oh ! what my blot ?'
Auld Reikie cried, ' Thou'rt an old Scot.'
' What then ?' my Echo loud did cry,

' Must Scots antiquity now die ?'
 ' Yes,' cried Auld Reikie, ' die you must,
 For . . . at you has a disgust.
 My cross likewise, of old renown,
 Will next to you be tumbled down ;
 And by degrees each ancient place
 Will perish by this modern race.'
 My Echo then did loud rebound,
 With cries which shook the neighbouring ground ;
 And, all amazed, the soldier bands
 Suspended stood with trembling hands ;
 While these sad accents I let fly,
 Which sharply pierc'd the azure sky :
 ' Adieu, Edina, now adieu,
 Fair Scotia's glory's gone.'
 This said, she bowed her ancient head,
 And gave her final groan.
 Edina echo'd then aloud,
 And bid her long farewell ;
 The Calton Hill and Arthur's Seat
 Did ring her parting knell.

CLAUDERO.

TO THE PRINCESS MARGARET

ON HER ARRIVAL AT HOLYROOD

Now fayre, fayrest off every fayre,
 Princess most pleasant and preclare,
 The lustyest one alyve that byne,
 Welcum to Scotland to be Quene !
 Younge tender plant of pulcritud,
 Descendyd of Imperyalle blode ;
 Fresh fragrant floure of fayre hede shene,
 Welcum of Scotland to be Quene !



HOLYROOD

Sweet lusty lusum lady clere,
Most myghty kynges dochter dere,
Borne of a princess most serene,
Welcum of Scotland to be Quene !

Welcum the Rose bothe rede and whyte,
Welcum the floure of oure delyte !
Our secrete rejoysyng from the sone beine,
Welcum of Scotland to be Quene !

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

HOLYROOD : THE TRAGEDY OF THE QUEEN'S CABINET

THE Queen, as he [Des-Essars] could see, lay back in her elbow-chair obviously suffering, picking at some food before her, but not eating any. Her lips were chapped and dry ; she moistened them continually, then bit them. Lady Argyll, handsome, strong-featured, and swarthy, sat bolt upright and stared at the scone on the wall ; and as for the Italian, he did as he always did, lounged opposite his Queen, his head against the wainscot. Reflective after food, he used his toothpick, but no other ceremony whatsoever. He wore his cap on his head, ignored Lady Argyll—half-sister to the throne—and when he looked at her Majesty, as he often did, it was as a man might look at his wife. She, although she seemed too weary or too indifferent to lift her heavy eyelids, knew perfectly well that both her companions were watching her : Des-Essars was sure of that. He watched her himself intensely, and only once saw her meet Davy's eye, when she passed her cup to him to be filled with drink, and he, as if thankful to be

active, poured the wine with a flourish and smiled in her face as he served her. She observed both act and actor, and made no sign, neither drank from the cup now she had it, but sank back to her wretchedness and the contemplation of it, being in that pettish, brooding habit of mind which would rather run on in a groove of pain than brace itself to some new shift. . . .

The little cabinet was very dim. There were candles on the table, but none alight in the sconces. From beyond, through a half-open door, came the drowsy voices of the Queen's women, murmuring their way through two more hours' vigil. Interminable nights ! Cards would follow supper, you must know, and Signior Davy would try to outsit Lady Argyll. He always tried, and generally succeeded.

The Queen shifted, sighed, and played hasty tunes with her fingers on the table : she was never still. It was evident that she was at once very wretched and very irritable. Her dark-red gown was cut low and square, Venetian mode : Des-Essars could see quite well how short her breath was, and how quick. Yet she said nothing. Once she and Lady Argyll exchanged glances ; the Mistress of the Robes inquired with her eyebrows, the Queen fretfully shook the question away. It was an unhappy supper for all but the graceless Italian, who was much at his ease now that he had unfastened some of the hooks of his jacket. The French lad, who had always been in love with his mistress and yet able to criticize her—as a Protestant may adore the Virgin Mary—admits that at this moment of her life, in this bitter mood, he found her extremely piquant. ' This pale, helpless, angry, pretty woman ! ' he exclaims upon his page. He would seldom allow that she was more

than just a pretty woman ; and now she was a good deal less. Her charms for him had never been of the face—she had an allure of her own. ‘ Mistress Seton was lovely, I consider, my Lady Bothwell most beautiful, and Mistress Fleming not far short of that : but the Queen’s Majesty—ah ! the coin from Mr. Knox’s mint rang true. Honeypot ! Honeypot ! There you had her essence : sleepy, slow, soft sweetness—with a sharp after-taste, for all that, to prick the tongue and set it longing.’

More than nice considerations, these, which the stealthy opening of a door and a step in the passage disturbed. Des-Essars would have straightened himself on that signal, to stand as a page should stand in the view of any one entering. Then he saw, out of the corner of his eye, the King go down the little stair. It must be the King, because—to say nothing of the tall figure, small-headed as it was,—he had seen the long white gown. The King wore a white quilted silk bedgown, lined with ermine. At the turning of the stair Des-Essars saw him just glance backwards over his shoulder towards the cabinet, but, being stiff within the shadow of the curtain, was not himself seen. After that furtive look he saw him go down the privy stair, his hand on the rope. Obviously he had an assignation with some woman below.

Before he had time to correct this conclusion by the memory of the cloaked men in the hall, he heard returning steps—somebody, this time, coming up the steps ; no ! there were more than one—two or three at least. He was sure of this—his ears had never deceived him—and yet it was the King alone who appeared at the stair-head with a lighted taper in his hand, which he must have got from the hall.

He stood there for a moment, his face showing white and strained in the light, his mouth open, too ; then, blowing out his taper, he came directly to the curtain of the Queen's cabinet, pulled it aside and went in. He had actually covered Des-Essars with the curtain without a notion that he was there ; but the youth had had time to observe that he was fully dressed beneath his gown, and to get a hot whiff of the strong waters in his breath as he passed in. Urgent to see what all this might mean, he peeped through the hangings.

Lady Argyll rose up slowly when she saw the King, but made no reverence. Very few did in these days. The Italian followed her example, perfectly composed. The Queen took no notice of him. She rested as she had been, her head on the droop, eyebrows raised, eyes fixed on the disordered platter. The King, whose colour was very high, came behind her chair, stooped, and put his arm round her. His hand covered her bosom. She did not avoid, though she did not relish this.

‘Madam, it is very late,’ he said, and spoke breathlessly.

‘It is not I who detain you,’ said she.

‘No, madam, no. But you do detain these good servants of yours. Here is your sister of Argyll ; next door are your women. And so it is night after night. I think not of myself.’

She lifted her head a little to look up sideways—but not at him. ‘You think of very little else, to my understanding. Having brought me to the state where now I am, you are inclined to leave me alone. Rather, you *were* inclined ; for this is a new humour, little to my taste.’

‘I should be oftener here, believe me,’ says the King, still embracing her, ‘if I could feel more sure of a welcome—if all might be again as it was once between you and me.’

She laughed, without mirth ; then asked, ‘And how was it—once?’

The King stooped down and kissed her forehead, by the same act gently pushing back her head till it rested on his shoulder.

‘Thus it was once, my Mary,’ he said ; and as she looked up into his face, wondering over it, searching it, he kissed her again. ‘Thus it was once,’ he repeated in a louder voice ; and then, louder yet, ‘Thus, O Queen of Scots!’

Once more he kissed her, and once more cried out, ‘O Queen of Scots!’ Then Des-Essars heard the footsteps begin again on the privy stair, and saw men come into the passage—many men.

Three of them, in cloaks and steel bonnets, came quickly to the door, and passed him. They went through the curtain. These three were Lord Ruthven, Ker of Fawdonsyde, and Mr. Archibald Douglas. Rigid in his shadow, Des-Essars watched all.

Seeing events in the Italian’s eyes, rather than with her own—for Signior Davy had narrowed his to two threads of blue—the Queen lifted her head from her husband’s arm and looked curiously round. The three stood hesitant within the door ; Ruthven had his cap on his head, Fawdonsyde his, but Archie showed his grey poll. Little things like these angered her quickly ; she shook free from the King and sat upright.

‘What is this, my Lord Ruthven ? You forget yourself.’

‘Madam——’ he began ; but Douglas nudged him furiously.

‘Your bonnet, man, your bonnet !’

The Queen had risen, and the fixed direction of her eyes gave him understanding.

‘Ah, my knapscall ! I do as others do, madam,’ he said, with a meaning look at the Italian. ‘What is pleasant to your Majesty in yonder servant should not be an offence in a councillor.’

‘No, no, ma’am, nor it should not,’ muttered Fawdonsyde, who, nevertheless, doffed his bonnet.

The King was holding her again, she staring still at the scowling man in steel. ‘What do you want with me, Ruthven ?’ she said. She had very dry lips.

He made a clumsy bow. ‘May it please your Majesty,’ he said, ‘we are come to rid you of this fellow Davy, who has been overlong familiar here, and overmuch—for your Majesty’s honour.’

She turned her face to the King, whose arm still held her—a white, strong face.

‘You,’ she said fiercely, ‘what have you to do in this ? What have you to say ?’

‘I think with Ruthven—with all of them—my friends and well-wishers. ’Tis the common voice : they say I am betrayed, upon my soul ! I cannot endure—I entreat you to trust me——’ He was incoherent.

She broke away from his arm, took a step forward and put herself between him and the three. She was so angry that she could not find words. She stammered, began to speak, rejected what words came. The Italian took off his cap and watched Ruthven intently. The moment of pause that ensued was

broken by Ruthven's raising his hand, for the Queen flashed out, 'Put down your hand, sir!' and seemed as if she would have struck him. Fawdonsyde here cocked his pistol and deliberately raised it against the Queen's person. 'Treason! treason!' shrieked Des-Essars from the curtain, and blundered forward to the villain.

But the Queen had been before him; at last she had found words, and deeds. She drew herself up, quivering, went directly towards Fawdonsyde, and beat down the point of the pistol with her flat hand. 'Do you dare so much? Then I dare more. What shameless thing do you here? If I had a sword in my hand——' Here she stopped, tongue-tied at what was done to her.

For Ruthven, regardless of majesty, had got her round the middle. He pushed her back into the King's arms; and, 'Take your wife, my lord,' says he; 'take your good-wife in your arms and cherish her, while we do what must be done.'

The King held her fast in spite of her struggles. At that moment the Italian made a rattling sound in his throat and backed from the table. Archie Douglas stepped behind the King, to get round the little room; Ruthven approached his victim from the other side; the Italian pulled at the table, got it between himself and the enemy, and overset it: then Lady Argyll screamed, and snatched at a candlestick as all went down. It was the only light left in the room, held up in her hand like a beacon above a tossing sea. Where was Des-Essars? Cuffed aside to the wall, like a rag doll. The maids were packed in the door of the bedchamber, and one of them had pulled him into safety among them.

All that followed he marked : how the frenzied Italian, hedged in between Douglas and Ruthven, vaulted the table, knocked over Fawdonsyde, and then, whimpering like a woman, crouched by the Queen, his fingers in the pleats of her gown. He saw the King's light eyelashes blink, and heard his breath come whistling through his nose ; and that pale, disfigured girl, held up closely against her husband, moaning and hiding her face in his breast. And now Ruthven, grinning horribly, swearing to himself, and Douglas, whining like a dog at a rat-hole, were at their man's hands, trying to drag him off. Fawdonsyde hovered about, hopeful to help. Lady Argyll held up the candle.

Douglas wrenched open one hand, Ruthven got his head down and bit the other till it parted.

' *O Dio ! O Dio !* ' long shuddering cries went up from the Italian as they dragged him out into the passage, where the others waited.

It was dark there, and one knew not how full of men ; but Des-Essars heard them snarling and mauling like a pack of wolves ; heard the scuffling, the panting, the short oaths—and then a piercing scream. At that there was silence ; then some one said, as he struck, ' There ! there ! Hog of Turin ! ' and another (Lindsay), ' He's done.'

The King put the Queen among her maids in a hurry, and went running out into the passage as they were shuffling the body down the stair. Des-Essars just noticed, and remembered afterwards, his naked dagger in his hand as he went out helter-skelter after his friends. Upon some instinct or other, he followed him as far as the head of the stair. From the bottom came up a great clamour—howls of execration, one

or two cries for the King, a round of welcome when he appeared. The page ran back to the cabinet, and found it dark.

It was bad to hear the Queen's laughter in the bed-chamber—worse when that shuddered out into moaning, and she began to wail as if she were keening her dead. He could not bear it, so crept out again to spy about the passages and listen to the shouting from the hall. 'A Douglas! a Douglas!' was the most common cry. Peeping through a window which gave on to the front, he saw the snowy court ablaze with torches, alive with men, and against the glare the snowflakes whirling by, like smuts from a burning chimney. It was clear enough now that the palace was held, all its inmates prisoners. But what seemed more terrifying than that was the emptiness of the upper corridors, the sudden hush after so much riot—and the Queen's moan, haunting all the dark like a lost soul.

MAURICE HEWLETT.

ON A MIRROR IN HOLYROOD PALACE

ONE could muse for many an hour over the little Venetian mirror that hangs in the bedroom of Mary Stuart in Holyrood Palace. What faces and what scenes it must have reflected! How often her own beautiful countenance and person,—the dazzling eyes, the snowy brow, the red gold hair, the alabaster bosom—may have blazed in its crystal depths, now tarnished and dim, like the record of her own calamitous and wretched days! Did those lovely eyes look into this mirror—and was their glance scared and tremulous, or fixed and terrible—on that dismal

February night, so many years ago, when the fatal explosion in the Kirk o' Field resounded with an echo that has never died away? Who can tell? This glass saw the gaunt and livid face of Ruthven when he led his comrades of murder into that royal chamber, and it beheld Rizzio screaming in mortal terror as he was torn from the skirts of his mistress and savagely slain before her eyes. Perhaps, also, when that hideous episode was over and done with, it saw Queen Mary and her despicable husband the next time they met and were alone together in that ghastly room. 'It shall be dear blood to some of you,' the Queen had said, while the murder of Rizzio was doing. Surely, having so injured a woman, any man with eyes to see might have divined his fate, in the perfect calm of her heavenly face and the quiet tones of her gentle voice, at such a moment as that. 'At the fireside tragedies are acted'—and tragic enough must have been the scene of that meeting, apart from human gaze in the chamber of crime of death. No other relic of Mary Stuart stirs the imagination as this mirror does—unless, perhaps, it be the little ebony crucifix once owned and revered by Sir Walter Scott, and now piously treasured at Abbotsford, which she held in her hands when she went to her death in the hall of Fotheringay Castle.

WILLIAM WINTER.

HOLYROOD

THE moon held court in Holyrood last night—ten
thousand stars
By ancient tower and archway climbed and kissed the
window bars ;

The night wind knelt upon the hill, the crouching lion
lay

With shoulder to the Capital and blind eyes to the
Bay.

The moon held court in Holyrood, and, as she entered
in,

On damask fringe and tapestry the spider ceased to
spin ;

The slow moon slipped across the floor and bowed a
queenly head

To greet the train that passed her by—a thousand
sleepless dead !

She drifted down the storied halls and touched with
spread white wings

The gallery of the Hundred Dead, the Corridor of
Kings ;

She smiled upon a rebel prince and stretched white
hands to shrive

The gallant men, the peerless maids, that danced in
'Forty-five.

She crossed a sleeping chamber hung with trappings
rich and rare,

And kissed them softly one by one—it was a queen
lay there !

She heard the lute notes rise and fall, and watched the
dagger sped,

While underneath her trembling wings the brown
stain turned to red !

The moon kept court in Holyrood, and from the
northern tower

She looked along the High Street sad at heart for
Scotland's flower,

And looking saw a rider pass, pale-faced and battle-worn,
 Beneath the drooping Flodden flag, all red and slashed and torn !

The moon passed out of Holyrood, white-lipped, to open sky ;
 The night-wind whimpered on the Craggs to see the ghosts go by ;
 And stately, silent, sorrowful, the lonely lion lay—
 Gaunt shoulder to the Capital and blind eyes to the Bay.

WILL H. OGILVIE.

OVER THE BRIG

' Yon river is called the Tweed ; and yonder, over the brig, is Scotland. Did ye never hear of the Tweed, my bonny man ?'

WE found ourselves at Edinburgh, or rather in the Castle, into which the regiment marched with drums beating, colours flying, and a long train of baggage-waggons behind. The Castle was, as I suppose it is now, a garrison for soldiers. . . .

It is hardly necessary to say much about this Castle, which everybody has seen ; on which account, doubtless, nobody has ever yet thought fit to describe it—at least that I am aware. Be this as it may, I have no intention of describing it, and shall content myself with observing that we took up our abode in that immense building or caserne, of modern erection, which occupies the entire eastern side of the bold rock on which the Castle stands. A gallant caserne it was—the best and roomiest that I had hitherto seen—rather cold and windy, it is true, especially in

the winter, but commanding a noble prospect of a range of distant hills, which I was told were 'the hieland hills,' and of a broad arm of the sea, which I heard somebody say was the Firth of Forth. . . .

The Castle on which I dwelt stood upon a rock, a bold and craggy one, which, at first sight, would seem to bid defiance to any feet save those of goats and chamois; but patience and perseverance generally enable mankind to overcome things which, at first sight, appear impossible. Indeed, what is there above man's exertions? Unwearied determination will enable him to run with the horse, to swim with the fish, and assuredly to compete with the chamois and the goat in agility and sureness of foot. To scale the rock was merely child's play for the Edinbro' callants. It was my own favourite diversion. I soon found that the rock contained all manner of strange crypts, crannies, and recesses, where owls nestled, and the weasel brought forth her young; here and there were small natural platforms, overgrown with long grass and various kinds of plants, where the climber, if so disposed, could stretch himself, and either give his eyes to sleep or his mind to thought; for capital places were these same platforms either for repose or meditation. The boldest features of the rock are descried on the southern side, where, after shelving down gently from the wall for some distance, it terminates abruptly in a precipice, black and horrible, of some three hundred feet at least, as if the axe of nature had been here employed cutting sheer down, and leaving behind neither excrescence nor spur—a dizzy precipice it is, assimilating much to those so frequent in the flinty hills of Northern Africa, and exhibiting some distant re-

semblance to that of Gibraltar, towering in its horridness above the neutral ground.

It was now holiday time, and having nothing particular wherewith to occupy myself, I not unfrequently passed the greater part of the day upon the rocks. Once, after scaling the western crags, and creeping round a sharp angle of the wall, overhung by a kind of watch tower, I found myself on the southern side. Still keeping close to the wall, I was proceeding onward, for I was bent upon a long excursion which should embrace half the circuit of the Castle, when suddenly my eye was attracted by the appearance of something red, far below me ; I stopped short, and, looking fixedly upon it, perceived that it was a human being in a kind of red jacket, seated on the extreme verge of the precipice, which I have already made a faint attempt to describe. Wondering who it could be, I shouted ; but it took not the slightest notice, remaining as immovable as the rock on which it sat. ' I should never have thought of going near that edge,' said I to myself ; ' however, as you have done it, why should not I ? And I should like to know who you are.' So I commenced the descent of the rock, but with great care, for I had as yet never been in a situation so dangerous ; a slight moisture exuded from the palms of my hands, my nerves were tingling, and my brain was somewhat dizzy—and now I had arrived within a few yards of the figure. . . . A small stone which I dislodged now rolled down the rock, and tumbled into the abyss close beside him. He turned his head, and after looking at me for a moment somewhat vacantly, he resumed his former attitude. I drew yet nearer to the horrible edge ; not close, however, for fear was on me.

'What are you thinking of, David?' said I, as I sat behind him and trembled, for I repeat that I was afraid.

David Haggart. I was thinking of Willie Wallace.

Myself. You had better be thinking of yourself, man. A strange place this to come to and think of William Wallace.

David Haggart. Why so? Is not his tower just beneath our feet?

Myself. You mean the auld ruin by the side of Nor Loch—the ugly stane bulk, from the foot of which flows the spring into the dyke, where the watercresses grow?

David Haggart. Just sae, Geordie.

Myself. And why were ye thinking of him? The English hanged him long since, as I have heard say.

David Haggart. I was thinking that I should wish to be like him.

Myself. Do ye mean that ye would wish to be hanged?

David Haggart. I wad na flinch from that, Geordie, if I might be a great man first.

Myself. And wha kens, Davie, how great you may be, even without hanging? Are ye not in the high road of preferment? Are ye not a bauld drummer already? Wha kens how high ye may rise? perhaps to be general, or drum-major.

David Haggart. I hae na wish to be drum-major; it were na great things to be like the doited carle, Elsethan-gude, as they call him; and, troth, he has nae his name for naething. But I should have nae objection to be a general, and to fight the French and Americans, and win myself a name and a fame like

Willie Wallace, and do brave deeds, such as I have been reading about in his story book.

Myself. Ye are a fule, Davie ; the story book is full of lies. Wallace, indeed ! the wuddie rebel ! I have heard my father say that the Duke of Cumberland was worth twenty of Willie Wallace.

David Haggart. Ye had better sae naething agin Willie Wallace, Geordie, for, if ye do, de'il hae me, if I dinna tumble ye doon the craig.

GEORGE BORROW.

THE CASTLE ROCK : THE EYE OF THE LANDSCAPE

IN every point of view, however, the main centre of attraction is the Castle of Edinburgh. From whatever side you approach the city, whether by water or by land, whether your foreground consist of height or plain, of heath, of trees, or of the buildings of the city itself, this gigantic rock lifts itself high above all that surrounds it, and breaks upon the sky with the same commanding blackness of mingled crags, cliffs, buttresses, and battlements. These, indeed, shift and vary their outlines at every step, but everywhere there is the same unmoved effect of general expression, the same lofty and imposing image, to which the eye turns with the same unquestioning worship. Whether you pass on the southern side, close under the bare and shattered blocks of granite, where the crumbling turrets on the summit seem as if they had shot out of the kindred rock in some fantastic freak of Nature, and where, amidst the overhanging mass of darkness, you vainly endeavour to descry the track by which Wallace scaled ; whether you look from the north, where the rugged cliffs find room for some

scanty patches of moss and broom, to diversify their barren grey, and where the whole mass is softened into beauty by the wild green glen which intervenes between the spectator and its foundations, wherever you are placed, and however it is viewed, you feel at once that here is the eye of the landscape, and the essence of the grandeur.

Neither is it possible to say under what sky or atmosphere all this appears to the greatest advantage. The heavens may put on what aspect they choose, they never fail to adorn it. Changes that elsewhere deform the face of Nature, and rob her of half her beauty, seem to pass over this majestic surface only to dress out its majesty in some new apparel of magnificence. If the air is cloudless and serene, what can be finer than the calm reposing dignity of those old towers—every delicate angle of fissured rock, every loop-hole and every lineament seen clearly and distinctly in all their minuteness ? or, if the mist be wreathed around the basis of the rock, and frowning fragments of the citadel emerge only here and there from out the racking clouds that envelop them, the mystery and the gloom only rivet the eye the faster, and half-baffled Imagination does more than the work of Sight. At times, the whole detail is lost to the eye ; one murky tinge of impenetrable brown wraps rock and fortress from the root to the summit ; all is lost but the outline : but the outline atones abundantly for all that is lost. The cold glare of the sun, plunging slowly down into a melancholy west beyond them, makes all the broken labyrinth of towers, batteries, and house-tops paint their heavy breadth in tenfold subtle magnitude upon that lurid canvas. At break of day how beautiful is the

freshness with which the venerable pile appears to rouse itself from its sleep, and look up once more with a bright eye into the sharp and dewy air ! At the 'grim and sultry hour' of noon, with what languid grandeur the broad flag seems to flap its long weight of folds above the glowing battlements ! When the daylight goes down in purple glory, what lines of gold creep along the hoary brow of its antique strength ! When the whole heaven is deluged, and the winds are roaring fiercely, and 'snow and hail, and stormy vapour,' are let loose to make war upon its front, with what an air of pride does the veteran citadel brave all their well-known wrath, 'cased in the unfeeling armour of old time !' The Capitol itself is but a pigmy to this giant.

But here, as everywhere, moonlight is the best. Wherever I spend the evening, I must always walk homewards by the long line of Princes Street ; and along all that spacious line, the midnight shadows of the Castle rock for ever spread themselves forth, and wrap the ground on which I tread in their broad repose of blackness. It is not possible to imagine a more majestic accompaniment for the deep pause of that hour. The uniform splendour of the habitations on the left opening every now and then broken glimpses up into the very heart of the modern city ; the magnificent terrace itself, with its stable breadth of surface ; the few dying lamps that here and there glimmer faintly ; and no sound, but the heavy tread of some far-off watchman of the night. This alone might be enough, and it is more than almost any other city could afford. But turn to the right and see what a glorious contrast is there. The eternal rock sleeping in the stillness of Nature ; its cliffs of

granite, its tufts, all alike steeped in the same unvarying hue of mystery ; its towers and pinnacles rising like a grove of quiet poplars on its crest, the whole as colourless as if the sun had never shone there, as silent as if no voice of man had ever disturbed the echoes of the solemn scene. Overhead, the sky is all one breathless canopy of lucid crystal blue—here and there a small bright star twinkling in the depth of æther, and full in the midst the moon walking in her vestal glory, pursuing, as from the bosom of eternity, her calm and destined way, and pouring down the silver of her smiles upon all of lovely and sublime that Nature and art could heap together, to do homage to her radiance.

J. G. LOCKHART.

EDINBURGH CASTLE

THE Castle rock of Edinburgh is, as far as I know, simply the noblest in Scotland, conveniently approachable by any creatures but sea-gulls or peewits. Ailsa and the Bass are of course more wonderful ; and, I suppose, in the West Highlands there are masses of crag more wild and fantastic ; but people only go to see these once or twice in their lives, while the Castle rock has a daily influence in forming the taste, or kindling the imagination, of every promising youth in Edinburgh. Even irrespectively of its position, it is a mass of singular importance among the rocks of Scotland. It is not easy to find among your mountains a 'craig' of so definite a form, and on so magnificent a scale. Among the central hills of Scotland, from Ben Wyvis to the Lammermuirs, I know of none comparable to it ;

while, besides being bold and vast, its bars of basalt are so nobly arranged, and form a series of curves at once so majestic and harmonious, from the turf at their base to the roots of the bastions, that, as long as your artists have that crag to study, I do not see that they need casts from Michael Angelo, or any one else, to teach them the laws of composition or the sources of sublimity.

But if you once cut into the brow of it, all is over. Disturb, in any single point, the simple lines in which the walls now advance and recede upon the tufted grass of its summit, and you may as well make a quarry of it at once, and blast away rock, Castle, and all. It admits of some question whether the changes made in the architecture of your city of late years are in every case improvements; but very certainly you cannot improve the architecture of your volcanic crags by any explosive retouches. . . . You may restore Trinity Chapel, or repudiate its restoration, at your pleasure, but there will be no need to repudiate restoration of the Castle rock. You cannot re-face nor re-rivet that, nor order another in a 'similar style.' It is a dangerous kind of engraving which you practise on so large a jewel. . . .

Nothing can be more noble or interesting than the true thirteenth or fourteenth century castle, when built in a difficult position, its builder taking advantage of every inch of ground to gain more room, and of every irregularity of surface for purposes of outlook and defence; so that the castle *sate* its rock as a strong rider sits his horse,—fitting its limbs to every width of the flint beneath it; and fringing the mountain promontory far into the sky with the wild crests of its fantastic battlements. Of such castles



THE CASTLE AND THE SCOTT MEMORIAL.

we can see no more ; and it is just because I know them well and love them deeply that I say so. I know that their power and dignity consists, just as a soldier's consists, in their knowing and doing their work thoroughly ; in their being advanced on edge or lifted on peak of crag, not for show nor pride, but for due guard and outlook ; and that all their beautiful irregularities and apparent caprices of form are in reality their fulfilments of need, made beautiful by their compelled association with the wild strength and grace of the natural rock. . . . The grandeur of Edinburgh Castle depends eminently on the great, unbroken, yet beautifully varied parabolic curve in which it descends from the Round Tower on the Castle Hill to the terminating piece of independent precipice on the north. It is the last grand feature of Edinburgh left us yet uninjured.

JOHN RUSKIN.

EDINBURGH CASTLE : THE BIRTH OF JAMES I.

THE Castle seemed a hive of rock-bees. Afar off, it was said, you could hear them humming within ; on sudden alarms out they came in a swarm, and ill fared physician or priest, or discreet, wide-eared gentleman sent by his wife to get a piece of news. June was in and well in, skies were clean, the twilight long in coming and loth to go. Queen Mary lay idle by her window, and watched the red roofs turn purple, the hills grow black, the paling of the light from yellow to green, the night's solemn gathering-in, the star shine clear in a dark-blue bed out there over Arthur's Seat. . . . She bade fair to be weary of matron and maid

alike, with their everlasting talk of 'the promise of Scotland.' . . .

In the drowsy days of mid-June the Queen suffered and bare a son. First to know it outside the Castle-hive was brisk Sir James Melvill, who had it from Mary Beaton before they fired the guns on the platform ; and that same night, by the soaring light of the bonfires, rode out of Lothian to carry the great news into England. . . . The King [Darnley] was lodged in the Castle by now ; and one good reason for Huntly's vigil may have been that his Majesty and his people had swamped the house-room. The Earls of Moray, Argyll and Mar were there ; Atholl also and Crawford (to name no more). . . . At the end of her four days' grace the Queen sent for her brothers first among men—the three black Stuarts, James, John, and Robert ; and two of them obeyed her. . . . She spoke faintly, in the voice of a woman too tired to be disheartened. ' You shall see your Prince, my lords. Fetch me in the Prince.'

The child was brought in upon a cushion, a mouth-ing, pushing, red epitome of our pretensions, with a blind, pitiful face. Lady Mar and Lady Reres held it between them, passed it elaborately under the review of the lords ; and as these looked upon it in the way men use, as if timid to admit relationship with a thing so absurd—here is a James Stuart to be taken, and that other left !—the Queen watched them with bitter relish, turned to be a cynic now, for the emptiness of disenchantment was upon her.

MAURICE HEWLETT.

CLOSE AND WYND

The Old Town of Edinburgh ! . . . The closes and wynds
of that picturesque place !

CHARLES DICKENS.

Who could ever hope to tell all its story, or the story of a
single wynd in it ?

J. M. BARRIE.

Never did he [Sir Walter Scott] seem to enjoy himself more
fully than when placidly surveying, at such sunset or moon-
light hours, either the massive outlines of his ' own romantic
town,' or the tranquil expanse of its noble estuary. He de-
lighted, too, in passing, when he could, through some of the
quaint windings of the ancient city itself.

J. G. LOCKHART.

What recollections rush upon my mind,
Of Lady Stairs's Close and Blackfriars Wynd ;
There lived our Nobles and here Judges dwelt !

SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL.



AN ANTIQUE WORLD

FROM a historical and picturesque point of view the Old Town is the most interesting point of Edinburgh ; and the great street running from Holyrood to the Castle—in various portions of its length called the Lawnmarket, the High Street, and the Canongate—is the most interesting part of the Old Town. In that street the houses preserve their ancient appearance ; they climb up heavenward, story upon story, with outside stairs and wooden panellings, all strangely peaked and gabled. . . . Everything in this long street breathes of the antique world. If you penetrate the narrow wynds that run at right angles from it, you see traces of ancient gardens. Occasionally the original names are retained, and they touch the visitor pathetically, like the scent of long-withered flowers. Old armorial bearings may yet be traced above the doorways. Two centuries [and a half] ago fair eyes looked down from yonder window. . . . If we but knew it, every crazy tenement has its tragic story ; every crumbling wall could its tale unfold. The Canongate is Scottish history fossilized. What ghosts of kings and queens walk there ! What strifes of steel-clad nobles ! What wretches borne along, in the sight of peopled windows, to the grim embrace of the 'maiden' ! What hurrying of burgesses to man the city walls at the approach of the Southron ! What lamentations over disastrous battle days ! James rode up this street on his way to Flodden.

Montrose was dragged up hither on a hurdle, and smote, with disdainful glance, his foes gathered together on the balcony. Jenny Geddes flung her stool at the priest in the church yonder. John Knox came up here to his house after his interview with Mary at Holyrood—grim and stern, and unmelted by the tears of a queen. In later days the Pretender rode down the Canongate, his eyes dazzled by the glitter of his father's crown, while bagpipes skirled around, and Jacobite ladies, with white knots in their bosoms, looked down from lofty windows, admiring the beauty of the 'Young Ascanius' and his long yellow hair. Down here of an evening rode Dr. Johnson and Boswell, and turned in to the White Horse. David Hume had his dwelling in this street, and trod its pavements, much meditating the wars of the Roses and the Parliament, and the fates of English sovereigns. One day a burly ploughman from Ayrshire, with swarthy features and wonderful black eyes, came down here, and turned into yonder churchyard to stand, with cloudy lids and forehead reverently bared, beside the grave of poor Fergusson. Down the street, too, often limped a little boy, Walter Scott by name, destined in after years to write its *Chronicles*. The Canongate once seen is never to be forgotten. The visitor starts a ghost at every step. Nobles, grave senators, jovial lawyers, had once their abodes here. In the old, low-roofed rooms, half-way to the stars, philosophers talked, wits coruscated, and gallant young fellows, sowing wild oats in the middle of last century, wore rapiers and lace ruffles, and drank claret jovially out of silver stoups. In every room a minuet has been walked, while chairmen and linkmen clustered on the pavement beneath.

But the Canongate has fallen from its high estate.
Quite another race of people are its present inhabitants.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

ADDRESSED TO THE OLD TOWN

HAIL, Edinburgh ! thou famous city,
To ca' thee less wad be a pity ;
For in low terms I daurna greet ye,
Nor am I wanting :
Tho' gaping cuifs ca' thee Auld Reekie,
By way o' taunting.

Thae vera fools wha use thee ill,
When they're compell'd to tak' farewell,
Wi' heavy hearts, ah me ! to tell,
They shed a tear,
To lea'e thy guid bairns, an' thy sell,
Wham they haud dear.

Wi' pride thy provost in thee reigns,
An' thy wise laws he weel maintains ;
For justice by him aye has been
Reliev'd frae clamour :
The baillies hear ilk wrang'd ane's name
I' the council chamber.

Here naething thrives sae weel's the law,
For lawyers now are unco braw ;
Ye fee them weel, which gars them craw,
An' look sae big,
In their lang gown, as black's a daw,
Wi' powder'd wig !

From you, Edina, rises men,
For sword, an' word, an' 'genious pen !
Wi' meikle pride aft them ye sen',
 Baith here, an' there ;
On sea, an' land, to mak' a fen',
 They never fear.

Thy sons aye show their tender nature,
In humanity to ilka creature ;
To thae wha guid or bad, nae matter,
 Where'er's their hame ;
Real friendship marks their greatest feature,
 To kin, an' frem'.

The far fam'd College, our great pride,
It's sair worn wa's we couldna 'bide,
But raised a new ane, high an' wide,
 On its auld stance :
It was to grandeur a far stride,
 Beyond our glance !

O' banking houses we ha'e na few,
Wha help our trade right weel, I trow ;
Some o' them's auld, but ane is new,
 On Nor' Loch side,
Which far excels them in the view,
 Like a fair bride !

Our public offices are stately,
Their wa's are polish'd, an' carved neatly ;
But th' Register dings them completely
 It is our boast :
For 'twas erected vera lately,
 Wi' taste, an' cost.

There's steeples glittering in the sky,
An' mony buildings towering high ;
Twal' stories aften we descry,
 A dreadfu' sight !
Some strangers say, when them they're nigh,
 They shake wi' fright.

Our fine auld Scots tunes ilka day,
On Giles's bells we sweetly play !
For a' wha hear them, croon ilk lay
 Unto themsel ;
Tho' they were grave, 'twould mak' them gay,
 An' care dispel.

The hill on which Edina's plac'd,
A gentle rise takes in the east ;
An' falls abruptly to the west,
 A rugged rock,
Whereon the Castle cocks its crest,
 Our foes to mock.

Still's fu' the Palace to this date,
O' ancient furniture o' state,
The sculptur'd wa' are yet complete,
 An' looks fu' grand !
On a sweet plain, near Arthur's Seat,
 They fair do stand.

O what a pleasure's to our een,
Fam'd Arthur's hill for ever green,
Its towering height frae far is seen,
 For 't stands alane,
On its top many aft have been
 To view the plain.

Our braw New Town's sae large, an' fine,
That ilka place it does outshine,
Where Nature's beauties a' combine :

Look to the north !

An view our noble river win',
The flowin' Forth.

Fair Pentland Hills wi' water sweet,
Supplies profusely ilka street ;
An' there are lights to guide our feet
I' the right road,
Sud drouthy neebors keep us late
Frae our abode.

Now just before I drap my quill,
I maun sing th' far fam'd Calton Hill ;
The views from which, I've heard those tell
Wha 'broad had been,
That ilka place they far excel
They e'er had seen.

Edina, ye're gaun down the Walk
To guid friend Leith, her hands to shak'
An' about trade to ha'e a crack,
An' view the Pier ;
When finished, it will you up wak',
Ye needna fear.

Before the constant driving gale,
A' sorts o' ships to you will sail,
An' bring you o' a' wares the wale,
For gold, or barter :
Sin' your wet-docks will never fail
To yield safe quarter.

Your liberal sons their gowd ne'er spare,
To mak' ye usefu', neat, an' fair ;
In trade, an' ilka art that's rare,
 Ye bear the bell :
An' those wha see you loud declare,
 Ye a' excel.

ANON. (1805).

'A THERSITES OF 'THE PLEASANCE'

CLEG KELLY was out of his latitude, and knew it. He was a Pleasance laddie, and he lived in one of the garret rooms of a big 'land,' as full of passages and bye-ways as a rabbit warren. He was not a Christian, was Cleg Kelly. Neither was his father. *He* said he was a 'snow-shoveller,' and as his profession could be carried on during a very limited number of days in the year, he made his fellow-citizens chargeable for his keep during the rest of the year, and personally collected the needful. So his fellow-citizens thoughtfully provided for his accommodation a splendid edifice on the side of the Calton—the same which American tourists wax enthusiastic about as they come into the Scots metropolis by the North British Railway, mistaking its battlemented towers for those of Edinburgh Castle. . . . Cleg Kelly was out of his latitude, and he did not like it. It was Sunday afternoon, and he had been across the narrow isthmus of houses which separates the Alps of the Salisbury Crag from the Lombard plain of the Meadows. He had been putting in his attendances at five Sunday Schools that day, for it was the leafy month of June when 'trips' abound, and Cleg Kelly was not quite so green as the summer foliage;

besides all which, about five o'clock there are lots of nice clean children in that part of the town on their way home from 'Congregational' Sabbath-schools. These did not speak to Cleg, for he only went to the Mission schools which were especially adapted for such as he. Also, he wore no stockings. But Cleg Kelly was not bashful, so he readily spoke to them. He noted, especially, a spruce party of three leaving a chemist's shop on the shortest track between the park and the Meadows, and he followed them down through the narrow defile of Gifford Park—thoughts of petty larceny crystallizing in his heart. Ere they could escape through the needle's eye at the further end, Cleg Kelly had accosted them after his kind.

'Hey, you, gie's that gundy, or I'll knock your turnip heids thegither!' The three lambs stood at bay, huddled close together, and helplessly bleated feeble derisives at the wolf who had headed them off from safety; but their polite and *Englishy* tone was a source of Homeric laughter to this Thersites of the Pleasance. He mocked their decent burgher attire; he sparred up to them—his 'neives' describing stately circles like a paddle wheel—and, shaking a murky fist an inch below their several noses, he invited them individually to 'smell that,' and then inform him where they would like it applied—together with other resourceful amenities, as the auctioneer's advertisements say, too numerous to mention. While the marauding wolf was thus at play with his innocent victims, scorning their feeble efforts at rejoinder, and circumventing without difficulty their yet feebler efforts at flight, it so happened that a member of the city force, to whom

Master Cleg Kelly was well known, stopped for a moment to look down the aristocratic avenues of the park, bordered with frugal lines of 'ash buckets' for all ornament. The coincidence of necessity and presence is remarkable, but not unprecedented. He was a young officer of but eighteen months' standing, and his district had been previously in the 'Sooth Back,' a district to which the talent of Master Kelly was indigenious. Had the officer been six months more in the service, he would probably have contented himself with a warning trumpet note which would have sent the enemy flying; but being young and desirous of small distinctions, he determined to 'nab the young scamp and take him along.' He had full justification for this, for at this moment a howl told that the assault had reached the stage of battery, and that the young 'gundy' garrotter was qualifying for the cat at an early age, by committing robbery with violence.

It was at this moment that Cleg felt that there's no place like home. He was a stranger in a strange land, where he knew not even the walls that had nicks in them, climbable by the sooty toe of an eleven-year-old city boy. He could not tell whether any particular 'land' had a ladder and trap-door—valuable right-of-way upon the roof. He knew not the alleys which gave double exit by unexpected elbows, and he could not shun those which invited fair promises, but which were really traps with no way of escape. He did not wish, in that awful moment, that he had been a better boy, as his young Sunday-school teacher in Hunker Court had often urged him to become; what he wanted was the 'Sooth Back,' ten yards start, and the rigour of

the game. But there was no time for meditation, for the heavy-footed but alert young 'bobby' was almost upon him. Cleg Kelly sprang sideways and dived into the first convenient entry. Then he skimmed up some steps that wound skyward, down again, and along a passage with not a single side turning. He heard his pursuer lumbering after him, and his own heart kettle-drumming in his ears. An unexpected doorway gave outward as his weight came on it, and he found himself in a curious court somewhere at the back of Simon Square, as near as he could make out. There was a strange square block towards one side of the open space, round which he ran ; and, climbing up a convenient zone of water pipe, he squirmed himself through a stair window, crossed the landing of an uninhabited house, and looked down on the interior of a court which was well known to him, from the safe elevation of a first-floor window. As he rested, panting, he said to himself that he 'kenned where he was noo.'

S. R. CROCKETT.

THE ROMAUNT OF ST. MARY'S WYND

I

OF Scotland's cities, still the rarest
Is ancient Edinburgh town ;
And of her ladies, still the fairest
There you see walk up and down ;
Be they gay, or be they gayless,
There they beck and there they bow,
From the Castle to the Palace,
In farthingale and furbelow.

Says Lady Jane to Lady Janet,
‘Thy gown, I vow, is stiff and grand ;
Though there were feint a body in it,
Still I trow that it would stand.’
And Lady Janet makes rejoinder :
‘Thy boddice, madam, is sae tend,
The bonny back may crack asunder,
But, by my faith, it winna bend.’

But few knew one both fairer, kinder,
The fair maid of St. Mary’s Wynd ;
Among the great you will not find her,
For she was of the humbler kind.
For her minnie, spinning, plodding,
She wore no ribbons to her shune,
No mob-cap on her head nid-nodding,
But aye the linsey-woolsey gown.

No Lady Jane in silks and laces,
How fair soever she might be,
Could match the face, the nature’s graces
Of this poor, humble Marjory :
Her eyes they were baith mirk and merry,
Her lire was as the lily fair,
Her lips were redder than the cherry,
And flaxen was her glossy hair.

Ye bucks who wear the coats silk-braided,
With satin ribbon at your knee,
And cambric ruffles starched and plaited,
With cockèd bonnets all ajee,
Who walk with mounted canes at even,
Up and down so jauntilie,
Ye would have given a blink of heaven
For one sweet smile from Marjory.

But Marjory's care was aye her minnie,
And day by day she sat and span ;
Nor did she think it ought but sin aye,
To bear the stare of gentleman :
She doated on her own dear Willie,
For dear to her fond heart was he,
Who, though his sire was poor, yet still he
Was far above the low degree.

It was aye said his father's father
Did claim some Spanish pedigree,
Which many well believed, the rather
That he was not of our countrie :
His skin was brown as nut of hazel,
His eye was black as Scottish sloe,
And all so bright that it would dazzle
The eye that looked that eye into.

There came into his head a notion,
Which wrough and wrough within his brain,
That he would cross th' Atlantic Ocean,
And seek the land of Spanish Main ;
And there amass a routh of treasure,
And then come back with bosom leal
To his own Marjory, and release her
From rock and reel and spinning-wheel.

Up spake the minnie—it did not please her
That he should ' gae sae far fra hame ' ;
' Thoul't reap less in yon Abiezer
Than thou wilt glean in this Ephraim ;
For there's a proverb faileth never :
A lintie safe within the hand,
Though lean and lank, is better ever
Than is a fat finch on the wand.'

Then Marjory, with eye so tearful,
Whispered in dark Willie's ear,
'Thou wilt not go and leave me careful,
Friendless, lonely, starving here ;
My minnie God hath gien a warning,
And I can do nae mair spin,
And slowly, slowly comes the earning
That with my wheel I daily win.'

'Oh, fear not, Marjory dear—content ye,
Blackfriar John hath to me sworn,
That man of God will kindly tent ye
Until I again return ;
And he has promised fair to write me
Of how ye live and prosper twain,
And I will faithfully requite ye
With my true love to you again.'

II

Dark Willie took his sad departure,
And left at home his Marjory dear
To doubt and fear from every quarter,
Weep—weeping sadly on the pier ;
And o'er the sea, all dangers scorning,
And o'er the sea he boldly sailed,
Until upon the fortieth morning
The promised land at last he hailed.

Now ! thou one of the fateful sisters
That spins for man the silver thread,
Spin one of gold that glints and glisters
For one who stands in meikle need ;
Spin it quick and spin it finely,
Till Willie's golden fortune's made,

And send him back to Marjory kindly,
Who spins at home for daily bread.

There was a rich old Spanish señor,
Who bore dark Willie's Spanish name,
And came to feel the kindly tenor
Of plighted friendship's sacred claim ;
He gave his right hand to dark Willie,
With shares of a great companie,
Which sent forth goods far o'er the billow,
In ships that sailed on every sea.

Don Pedro had an only daughter,
The Donna Clara, passing fair,
Who, when her sire took his departure,
Would be her father's only heir :
Her eyes, so like two sterns of even,
Shining the murky clouds among,
And black her ringlets as the raven,
That o'er her marble shoulders hung.

Oh, Willie ! Willie ! have thou care, man !
And give unto thine heart a stay,
For there are witcheries working there, man,
May steal that heart of thine away.
No need ! to him blue eyes are glowing,
To him most beautiful of all,
No need ! for flaxen hair is flowing
To keep his loving heart in thrall.

III

A year had passed, and he had written
Of loving letters more than one,
The while gold pieces still remitting
All to holy Blackfriar John ;

Yet still no answer had he gotten ;
And as the days still passed away,
He fell to musing, and deep thought on
What had caused the strange delay. . . .

But time would tell : there came a letter
That filled his soul with dire dismay,
And told him his dark fears' abettor,
His Marjory's health had flown away :
Even as the clay her cheek was paling,
Her azure eyes were waxing dim,
Her hair unkempt, and loose, and trailing,
And all for hopeless love of him.

Sad harbinger of things to harrow,
Another came, ah ! soon a day,
To tell him his dear winsome marrow
From this sad world had passed away.
No more for him those eyes so merry,
That were to him so sweet to see !
No more those lips red as the cherry,
That were to him so sweet to pree !

IV

Alas ! there are of things—we see them
Without the aid of wizard's spell ;
But there are other things—we dree them,
No art of wizard can foretell :
Strange thing the heart where love and power,
So tossed with joy or racked with pain !
Dark Willie from that fatal hour
Seemed fated ne'er to smile again.

In vain now Clara's sembling gladness,
Plies the magic of her wile,

To draw him off from his great sadness,
And cheat him of a loving smile :
The more her sympathy she tenders,
The more he will by art defy
All beauty which but contrast renders
With his own dear lost Marjory.

V

Now Time's big silent, solemn billow
Rolls quietly on from year to year ;
Don Pedro lies on his green pillow,
With love-lorn Clara sleeping near.
But, ere he died, he did declare it
His pleasures when his days were told,
And Clara dead, with none to share it,
Don William should heir all his gold.

Gift vain, oh vain ! would wealth restore him
His long-lost Marjory to his arms ?
Nay, would it wake and bring before him
One only of her envied charms ?
No, it might cause another courtship,
A love he could not now control :
Great Mammon lured him to his worship,
And lorded in his inmost soul.

What though ten years away had stolen ?
'Twas not to him all weary time,
Who every day was pleased to roll in
The tempting Mammon's golden shrine.
But when he laid him on his pillow,
His fancy sought the farthest east,
And conjured up some lonely willow
That waved o'er her he loved the best.

Change still—a passion changed to pity !
No other solace would he have—
A wish to see his native city,
And sit and weep o'er Marjory's grave.
To see that house, yea, buy the sheiling
In that old wynd of St. Marie,
A hermit there to live and dwell in,
Then sleep beside his Marjory.

VI

Blow soft, ye winds, and tender-hearted
This hermit waft to yonder shore,
From which for sordid gold he parted
Ten weary years and one before.
Ho ! there's the pier where last he left her,
That dear, loved one, to weep alone,
And for that love of gold bereft her
Of all the pleasures she could own.

He's now within the ancient borough !
He sought the well-known White Horse Inn,
And there he laid him down in sorrow,
Some strengthening confidence to win ;
Then up the street, with none to greet him,
He held his sad and sorrowing way,
When lo ! who should there be to meet him
But Friar John ?—who slunk away.

Strange thing ! but lo ! the sacred sheiling
In that old wynd of St. Marie—
The window where with mirthful feeling
He tap't the sign to Marjory.
He sought the lobby dark and narrow,
Groped gently for the well-known door,

Where he might hear of his winsome marrow,
Who died there many years before.

He drew the latch, and quietly entered :
There someone spinning merrilie !
A faltering question then he ventured :
' My name, kind sir, is Marjory.'
' Great God !' he cried, in voice all trembling,
And sank upon a crazy chair,
And tried to trace a strange resembling
In her who sat beside him there.

A maiden she still young and buxom,
Nor change but what ten years may bring,
Her hair still of the glossy flaxen,
Her eyes still blue as halcyon's wing.
He traced the lines, he knew each feature
Of all her still unfaded charms ;
And now this long lost, worshipped creature
Is locked fast in his loving arms. . . .

' 'Twas Friar John wrote me a letter,
He said he saw thee on thy bier ;
And sore I mourned with tears, oh, bitter !
For one I ever loved so dear.'
' Oh, wae befa' that wicked friar,
Wha sairly tried my love to gain ;
Wae, wae befa' that wicked liar,
Wha brought on us sae meikle pain.'

.

And he has bought a noble mansion,
And stocked it with all things genteel
Of costly price—nor need we mention
The rock and reel and spinning-wheel ;



LADY STAIR'S CLOSE

And he has bought a noble carriage,
With servants in gay liverie,
I trow there was an unco marriage
In that ancient wynd of Saint Marie.

ALEXANDER LEIGHTON.

SOME CHARACTERS OF HAGMAN'S CLOSE

HAGMAN'S CLOSE, North Pleasance, in the city of Edinburgh, occupied one of the oldest and most unreformed situations of that still ancient and unreformed town. It was called by its present highly honourable name owing to the fact that formerly it had contained the official residence of the city headsmen, the blade and 'hag clog' of whose profession were still to be traced over the low door of the tall, old, grimy 'land.'

There are few 'lands' like that in Edinburgh now—that is, of the older sort. Thirty years ago, however, they were the rule. And, as the number of those who know what an actual old-time 'land' was, is growing steadily fewer, I will try to sketch this towering rabbit warren in a few sentences.

A cliff-like face of grimy grey stone, broken by rows upon rows of small windows with small panes, many of them broken, stuffed with rags, and mended with paper. Seven and eight stories the rule, ten and eleven the exception. Four families, sometimes eight, on each landing. These landings lit by day through one narrow arrow slit in the tower of the turnpike stair—by night not lit at all. Thirty to sixty families in all, exclusive of lodgers and casuals, lived in that grimy barrack, all going to and fro upon their occasions up and down that winding staircase.

. . . Children swarmed under foot at all stages of the ascent, and it was a constant miracle how more of them did not tumble over, and so achieve (what was the best thing for them) Nirvana at the earliest age possible.

Some did, and were happy ever after. The others survived, and were both sorry for it themselves and made others sorry also.

Such was a 'land'—the outside of it, that is, before you entered the separate dwellings of which this vast human warren was composed.

.
'I'm wee Kid McGhie—I'm wee Kid McGhie'

(the impersonal voice said),

' My faither killed himsel'
An' my mither killed me !'

Over and over he said it, like the burden of a song. The stroke of Tom Dinwiddie's spanner had somehow struck out in that small brain the faint semblance of a rhyme.

.
'I'm wee Kid McGhie—I'm wee Kid McGhie !
My faihter killed himsel'
An' my mither killed me !'

It was a curious life for a country-bred boy. The Kid's mother, erstwhile Mag McGhie, had on her arrival in town, promptly remarried with a certain 'Knifer' Jackson, who when required, for purposes of law and order, to specify his profession, said vaguely, that he was 'employed upon the streets.'

'Knifer' was not tall, but very broad. His arms swung to his knees, the elbows out a little like an ape's trying to walk erect. The most prominent part of his face was his chin, and an upper lip which

stuck out like the ram of an ironclad. There was at most times a kind of doubtful smile on Knifer's face, and 'Don't provoke me' was his word—'I know my weakness. Don't provoke me!'

And as Knifer's best-known weakness was homicide—and homicide, too, with but a faint dividing line between it and murder—few people did care to provoke Knifer Jackson. Most certainly, however, he had worked a strange reformation in Mad Mag, his new wife, before she had kept house a month in Hagman's Close. It was whispered in Number Seven Land that Mag had once seen the Knifer in wrath. The other man died.

And from this and a few other circumstances had grown her respect for her husband. At any rate, the respect was there, as well as a curious desire to please her master. And as Mad Mag was well-looking in a bold, gusty way, though burnt so brown that her china-blue eyes made holes in her face, Knifer Jackson rather liked to be seen out of doors with his wife on Sunday afternoons. They went down the length of the Pleasance, disappeared into a close, came out among the respectable houses in Arthur Street, and so downhill into the Queen's Park. There, as was customary, they went arm in arm.

It was on such an excursion, up among the gorse of the Whinny Hill, that Knifer earned his wife's admiration. It was soon after they were married, and Mag, having let her hair down so that the wind could blow through it, was wondering in her heart if she could wind this man round her finger as she had done Davie McGhie.

S. R. CROCKETT.

LAMENT FOR THE AULD EDINBURGH HOSTELS

' Oh Edinburgh, hich and triumphand toun,
 Within thy bounds rycht merrie haif I bene !'
 Sae Sir David Lyndsay, that slie loun,
 Wha kenned what merrines wes rycht well, I
 wene ;
 And sae say I, that monie a bouse haif sene,
 In quiet houses round the Cross
 (Haply now harbour for the vyle and meane),
 In the High Street, or else in wynd and close,
 Renowned for punche and aill, and eke hie-relished
 soss.

But now, alas for thee, decayit Dun-Edin,
 Thy dayis of glory are depairit quite ;
 For all those places that we once were fed in,
 And where we decently got foue o' night,
 Those havyns of douce comforte and delighte,
 Are closed, degraded, burnt, or changed, or gone,
 Whyle our old hostesses have ta'en their flight,
 To far-off places, novel and unknowne,
 About whose verie names we scarcely may depone.

Whair now is Douglas's ? whair Clerihugh's ?
 Whair is John's Coffee-house ? and tell me whair
 Is Mistress P——'s ? to which, when these old shoes
 Were new, at eight we used to make repair ;
 By her own ladye hand showne up the staire,
 Through a long trance, into a panyled roome
 Whair lords had erst held feist wyth ladies faire,
 And which had still an air of lordly gloome,
 That scarss two sturdie mouldes colde utterlie
 illum.

Oh for the pen of Fergusson to painte,
‘ The parloure splendours of that festyf place !’
The niche, sumtyme the shrine of some auld sainte,
The ceiling that still bore, in antique grace,
Many a holye, chubby, white-washt face ;
The dark-brown landscape, done of old by Norie,
On the broad panel o’er the chimney-brace ;
The blue-tiled fire-place gleamin’ in its glorye,
Relating, verse for verse, some moral scripture
storye.

Then on the wall was hung that rare and rych
Memoriall of a tyme and mode gone by,
The ‘ sampler,’ showing every kind of stitch
E’er known or practised underneath the sky ;
Thread-circled holes denominated ‘ pye,’
Embattled lines, of square-tayled lambs a paire,
Strange cloven-footed letters awkwardlye
Contriving to make up the Lorde hys prayer,
And names of John and Jean and William all were
thair.

Thair, also, hung around the wainscot wall,
Each in its panel, of old prynts a store ;
Adam in paradyse before the Fall ;
The sailours mutinying at the Nore ;
Flora, Pomona, and the Seasons four ;
Lord Nelson’s victory at Trafalgar ;
The death of Cooke on Otaheite’s shore ;
Lord North rigged out in garter and in star ;
With manie more from Histories of the War.

Then thair were tablis also, squayr and round,
Derke as the face of old antiquity,
Yet, when inspected, each a mirror found,
So that ilke feature you full well could spye ;

The jugges and glasses on those planes did lye,
Like summer barques in glassye seas reflected ;
And chairs were there, as vertical and high
As the proud race upon them once erected,
In each of whom, 'tis said, ane poker was rejected.

But ah, the mere externe of this olde haunte,
Preciouse althoughe in every lineamente,
Wes the leaste worthie subject of descante ;
The sorrow which mine anxious muse would vent,
Regards alone the happy moments, spent
Sae cozilie, within this humble dome,
In nights of other years, jocoseness blent
With courtesie, the decencies of home,
Yet o'er the realmes of talk for ever free to roam.

To me who love the olde with such regrette,
What charm can be apparent in the new ;
Divans, saloons, and cafés may beset
The hearts of youth, and seem to fancy's view
Places more fit to lounge in, while the stewe
Of numbers has a charme ; but oh, how far
From hearty is the pleasure they pursue,
Each man his single rummyr and cigarre,
Puffing, all by himself—a sulky, smoky warre !

But vain it is to sorrow for the past,
Dun-Edin stands not now quhair once it stode :
Ilka thing of old is hastenyng from it fast,
And brydges it must haif, althoch no floode ;
The auld wes cozie, and the auld wes goode,
And Mistress P—— of hostelress wes the quene ;
But dinging down is now the reigning moode,
And auld-toun hostels are extynguyshed clene ;
I haif, in troth, ane end of all perfection seen.

ROBERT CHAMBERS.

A FEW EDINBURGH PORTRAITS

The pilgrim strolls away into the Canongate, . . . and still the storied figures of history walk by his side or come to meet him at every close and wynd. John Knox, Robert Burns, Tobias Smollett, David Hume, Dugald Stuart, John Wilson, Hugh Miller—Gay, led onward by the blythe and gracious Duchess of Queensberry, and Dr. Johnson, escorted by the affectionate and faithful James Boswell, the best biographer that ever lived,—these and many more, the lettered worthies of long ago, throng into this haunted street and glorify it with the rekindled splendours of other days. You cannot be lonely here. This it is that makes the place so eloquent and so precious.

WILLIAM WINTER.



SIR WALTER SCOTT

SCOTT is representative of the mind of his age : and because he is the greatest man born amongst us, and intended for the enduring type of us, all our principal faults must be laid on his shoulders, and he must bear down the dark marks to the latest ages ; while the smaller men, who have some special work to do, perhaps not so much belonging to this age as leading out of it to the next, are often kept providentially quit of the encumbrances which they had not strength to sustain, and are much smoother and pleasanter to look at, in their way : only that is a smaller way.

Thus, the most startling fault of the age being its faithlessness, it is necessary that its greatest man should be faithless. Nothing is more notable or sorrowful in Scott's mind than its incapacity of steady belief in anything. He cannot even resolve hardily to believe in a ghost, or a water-spirit ; always explains them away in an apologetic manner, not believing, all the while, even in his own explanation. He never can clearly ascertain whether there is anything behind the arras but rats ; never draws sword, and thrusts at it for life or death ; but goes on looking at it timidly, and saying, ' it must be the wind.' He is educated a Presbyterian, and remains one, because it is the most sensible thing he can do if he is to live in Edinburgh. . . .

The excellence of Scott's work is precisely in proportion to the degree in which it is sketched from

present nature. His familiar life is inimitable ; his quiet scenes of introductory conversation, as the beginning of *Rob Roy* and *Redgauntlet*, and all his living Scotch characters, mean or noble, from Andrew Fairservice to Jeanie Deans, are simply right, and can never be bettered. . . . It was necessary that Scott should know nothing of art. He neither cared for painting nor sculpture, and was totally incapable of forming a judgment about them. He had some confused love of Gothic architecture, because it was dark, picturesque, old, and like Nature. . . . Like all pure moderns, he supposes the Gothic barbarous, notwithstanding his love of it ; admires, in an equally ignorant way, totally opposite styles ; is delighted with the new town of Edinburgh ; mistakes its dullness for purity of taste, and actually compares it, in its deathful formality of street, as contrasted with the rudeness of the old town, to Britomart taking off her armour. Again : as in reverence and irreverence, so in levity and melancholy, we saw that the spirit of the age was strangely interwoven. Therefore, also, it is necessary that Scott should be light, careless, unearnest, and yet eminently sorrowful. Throughout all his work there is no evidence of any purpose but to while away the hour. His life had no other object than the pleasure of the instant, and the establishing of a family name. All his thoughts were, in their outcome and end, less than nothing, and vanity. And yet, of all poetry that I know, none is so sorrowful as Scott's. Other great masters are pathetic in a resolute and predetermined way, when they choose ; but, in their own minds, are evidently stern, or hopeful, or serene ; never really melancholy. Even Byron is rather sulky and desperate than

melancholy ; Keats is sad because he is sickly ; Shelley because he is impious ; but Scott is inherently and consistently sad. Around all his power, and brightness, and enjoyment of eye and heart, the far-away Æolian knell is for ever sounding ; there is not one of those loving or laughing glances of his but it is brighter for the film of tears ; his mind is like one of his own hill rivers,—it is white, and flashes in the sun fairly, careless, as it seems, and hasty in its going, but

‘ Far beneath, where slow they creep
From pool to eddy, dark and deep,
Where alders moist, and willows weep,
You hear her streams repine.

Life begins to pass from him very early ; and while Homer sings cheerfully in his blindness, and Dante retains his courage, and rejoices in hope of Paradise, through all his exile, Scott, yet hardly past his youth, lies pensive in the sweet sunshine and among the harvests of his native hills.

JOHN RUSKIN.

CHRISTOPHER NORTH

(PROFESSOR WILSON*)

THERE are many Newtons in England : yet, for all that, there is but one Newton for earth and the children of earth ; which Newton is Isaac, and Kepler is his prophet. There are many Wilsons in Scotland, and indeed many out of Scotland ; yet, for all that, Mother Earth and her children recognize but one, which one sits in the Edinburgh chair of Moral Philosophy. And when *that* is said, all is said ; is there anything to say more ? . . . Such a radiance,

* Part author of the celebrated ‘Noctes Ambrosianæ.’

which extinguishes all lesser lights, has its own evils. If a man like Mr. Touchwood of the *Hottle* in 'St. Ronan's Well' should find his way to *Tim*- (or to *Tom*-) *bucktoo*, no matter which, for *Tim* and *Tom* are very like each other (especially *Tim*)—in that case, he might have occasion to draw a bill upon England. And such a bill would assuredly find its way to its destination. The drawer of this bill might probably be intercepted on his homeward route, but the bill would *not*. Now, if this bill were drawn upon 'John Wilson,' *tout court*, not a post-office in Christendom would scruple to forward it to the Professor. The Professor, in reply, would endorse upon it '*no effects*.' But in the end he would pay it, for his heart would yearn with brotherly admiration towards a man who had thumped his way to the very navel of Africa. . . . From Oxford, on returning to Scotland, Wilson rejoined his mother, then living in Queen Street, Edinburgh. He adopted the law as his nominal profession, with no fixed resolution, perhaps, to practise it. . . . We think it was [in 1817] that *Blackwood's Magazine* was established, which, from the seventh number downwards (though latterly by intermitting fits), has continued to draw more memorable support from *him* than ever journal did from the pen of an individual writer. . . . Out of these magazine articles has been drawn the occasion of a grave reproach to Professor Wilson. Had he, it is said, thrown the same weight of energy and the same fiery genius into a less desultory shape, it is hard to compute how enormous and systematic a book he might have written. *That* is true: had he worked a little at the book every day of his life, on the principle of the Greek painter—*nulla dies*

sine linea—by this time the book would have towered into that altitude as to require long ladders and scaffoldings for studying it; and, like the Vicar of Wakefield's family picture, could find its way into no human chambers without pulling down the sides of the house. In the foot-notes, where the street lamps would keep him in order, the Professor might have carried on soberly enough. But in the upper part of the page, where he would feel himself striding away *in nubibus*, oh crimini! what larkings there would have been, what sprees with the Aurora Borealis! What a rise he would have taken out of us poor wretches below! The man in the moon would have been frightened into *apogee* by the menaces of the crutch. And, after all, the book never *could* have been suffered to stay at home; it must have been exported to Central Asia on Dr. Johnson's principle, who said to Miss Knight, a young Englishwoman of very large dimensions, when she communicated to the doctor her design to live on the Continent, 'Do, my dear, by all means—really you are too big for an island.' Certainly, awful thoughts of capsizing flit across the fancy, when one sees too vast a hulk shipped on board our light little Britannic ark. But, speaking seriously, the whole doctrine, from which exhales this charge against the Professor of misapplied powers, calls for revision. . . . To the author of every big book, so far from regarding him as a benefactor, the torture ought to be administered instantly by this interrogative dilemma: Is there anything new (which is not false) in your book? If he says *no*, then you have a man, by his own confession, ripe for the gallows. If he says—*yes*, then you reply: What a wretch in that case must you be,

that have hidden a thing, which you suppose important to mankind, in that great wilderness of a book where I and other honest men must spend half a life in running about to find it ! It is, besides, the remark of a clever French writer in our own days, that hardly any of the cardinal works, upon which revolve the capital interests of man, are large works. Plato, for instance, has but one of his many works large enough to fill a small *octavo*. Aristotle, as a bulk, is a mere pamphleteer, if you except perhaps four works ; and each of those might easily be crowded into a *duodecimo*. Neither Shakespeare nor Milton has written any long work. Newton's *Principia*, indeed, makes a small quarto ; but this arises from its large type and its diagrams : it might be printed in a pocket shape. And, besides all this, even when a book is a large one, we usually become acquainted with it but by extracts or by abstracts and abridgments. All poets of any length are read by snatches and fragments, when once they have ascended to great popularity ; so that the logic of reproach against Professor Wilson is like that logic which Mr. Bald, the Scottish engineer, complained of in the female servants of Edinburgh. ' They insist,' said he, ' upon having large blocks of coal furnished to them ; they will not put up with any that are less : and yet every morning the Cynic, who delights in laughing at female caprices, may hear these same women down in areas braying to pieces the unmanageable blocks, and using severe labour, for no purpose on earth but at last to bring the coal into that very state in which, without any labour at all, they might have had it from our collieries.' So of Professor Wilson's works—they lie now in short

and detached papers—that is, in the very state fitted for reading ; and, if he had hearkened to his counsellors, they would have been conglutinated into one vast block, needing a quarryman's or a miner's skill to make them tractable for household use. . . . A philosophy of human nature, like the philosophy of Shakespeare, and of Jeremy Taylor, and of Edmund Burke . . . is scattered through the miscellaneous papers of Professor Wilson. Such philosophy by its very nature is of a far higher and more aspiring nature than any which lingers upon more scholastic conundrums. It is a philosophy that cannot be presented in *abstract* forms, but hides itself as an *incarnation* in voluminous mazes of eloquence and poetic feeling. Look for this amongst the *critical* essays of Professor Wilson, which, for continual glimpses and revelations of hidden truth, are perhaps absolutely unmatched.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

A PORTRAIT OF ROBERT BURNS

It was a curious phenomenon, in the withered, unbelieving, secondhand eighteenth century, that of a hero starting up, among the artificial pasteboard figures and productions, in the guise of a Robert Burns. Like a little well in the rocky desert places,—like a sudden splendour of heaven in the artificial Vauxhall ! People knew not what to make of it. They took it for a piece of the Vauxhall fire-work ; alas ! it *let* itself be so taken, though struggling half-blindly, as in bitterness of death, against that ! Perhaps no man had such a false reception from his fellow-men. Once more a very wasteful life-drama

was enacted under the sun. . . . No lot could be more perverse than Burns's. Among those second-hand acting-figures, *mimes* for most part, of the eighteenth century, once more a giant original man ; one of those men who reach down to the perennial deeps, who take rank with the heroic among men : and he was born in a poor Ayrshire hut. The largest soul of all the British lands came amongst us in the shape of a hard-handed Scottish peasant. . . .

One of the most considerable Saxon men of the eighteenth century was an Ayrshire peasant named Robert Burns. Yes, I will say, here too was a piece of the right Saxon stuff : strong as the Harz-rock, rooted in the depths of the world ;—rock, yet with wells of living softness in it ! A wild impetuous whirlwind of passion and faculty slumbered quiet there ; such heavenly *melody* dwelling in the heart of it. A noble rough genuineness ; homely, rustic, honest ; true simplicity of strength : with its lightning-fire, with its soft dewy pity ;—like the old Norse Thor, the peasant-god !—

Burns's brother Gilbert, a man of much sense and worth, has told me that Robert, in his young days, in spite of their hardship, was usually the gayest of speech ; a fellow of infinite frolic, laughter, sense and heart ; far pleasanter to hear there, stript cutting peats in the bog, or such-like, than he ever afterwards knew him. I can well believe it. This basis of mirth (*fond gaillard*, as old Marquis Mirabeau calls it), a primal-element of sunshine and joyfulness, coupled with his other deep and earnest qualities, is one of the most attractive characteristics of Burns. A large fund of hope dwells in him ; spite of his tragical history, he is not a mourning man. He

shakes his sorrows gallantly aside ; bounds forth victorious over them. It is as the lion shaking ' dew-drops from his mane ' ; as the swift-bounding horse, that *laughs* at the shaking of the spear.—But indeed, hope, mirth, of the sort like Burns's, are they not the outcome properly of warm generous affection,—such as is the beginning of all to every man ? . . .

My last remark is on that notablest phasis of Burns's history,—his visit to Edinburgh. Often it seems to me as if his demeanour there were the highest proof he gave of what a fund of worth and genuine manhood was in him. If we think of it, few heavier burdens could be laid on the strength of a man. So sudden ; all common *lionism*, which ruins innumerable men, was as nothing to this. It is as if Napoleon had been made a king of, not gradually, but at once from the artillery lieutenancy in the Regiment La Fère. Burns, still only in his twenty-seventh year, is no longer even a ploughman ; he is flying to the West Indies to escape disgrace and a jail. This month he is a ruined peasant, his wages seven pounds a year, and these gone from him : next month he is in the blaze of rank and beauty, handing down jewelled duchesses to dinner ; the cynosure of all eyes. Adversity is sometimes hard upon a man ; but for one man who can stand prosperity, there are a hundred that will stand adversity. I admire much the way in which Burns met all this. Perhaps no man one could point out, was ever so sorely tried, and so little forgot himself. Tranquil, unastonished ; not abashed, not inflated, neither awkwardness nor affectation : he feels that *he* there is the man Robert Burns ; that the ' rank is but the guinea-stamp ' ; that the celebrity is but the candle-light, which will show

what man, not in the least make him a better or other man ! Alas, it may readily, unless he look to it, make him a *worse* man ; a wretched inflated wind-bag,—inflated till he *burst* and become a *dead* lion ; for whom, as some one has said, ‘ there is no resurrection of the body ’ ; worse than a living dog !—Burns is admirable here.

And yet, alas, as I have observed elsewhere, these lion-hunters were the ruin and death of Burns. It was they that rendered it impossible for him to live ! They gathered round him in his farm ; hindered his industry ; no place was remote enough from them. He could not get his lionism forgotten, honestly as he was disposed to do so. He falls into discontents, into miseries, faults ; the world getting ever more desolate for him ; health, character, peace of mind all gone ;—solitary enough now. It is tragical to think of. These men came but to *see* him ; it was out of no sympathy with him, nor no hatred to him. They came to get a little amusement : they got their amusement ;—and the hero’s life went for it !

THOMAS CARLYLE.

A PORTRAIT OF JOHN KNOX

IN the history of Scotland I can find properly but one epoch : we may say it contains nothing of world-interest at all but this Reformation by Knox. . . . This that Knox did for his nation . . . we may really call a resurrection as from death. It was not a smooth business ; but it was welcome surely, and cheap at that price, had it been far rougher. On the whole, cheap at any price ;—as life is. The people began to *live* ; they needed first of all to do

that, at what cost and costs soever. Scotch literature and thought, Scotch industry; James Watt, David Hume, Walter Scott, Robert Burns: I find Knox and the Reformation acting in the heart's core of every one of these persons and phenomena; I find that without the Reformation they would not have been. . . . He is the one Scotchman to whom, of all others, his country and the world owe a debt. He has to plead that Scotland would forgive him for having been worth to it any million 'unblamable' Scotchmen that need no forgiveness! He bared his breast to the battle; had to row in French galleys, wander forlorn in exile, in clouds and storms; was censured, shot at through his windows; had a right sore fighting life: if this world were his place of recompense, he had made but a bad venture of it. I cannot apologize for Knox. To him it is very indifferent, these two hundred and fifty years or more, what men say of him. But we, having got above all those details of his battle, and living now in clearness on the fruits of his victory, we, for our own sake, ought to look through the rumours and controversies enveloping the man, into the man himself.

For one thing, I will remark that this post of prophet to his nation was not of his seeking; Knox had lived forty years quietly obscure, before he became conspicuous. He was the son of poor parents; had got a college education; became a priest; adopted the Reformation, and seemed well content to guide his own steps by the light of it, nowise unduly intruding it on others. He had lived as tutor in gentlemen's families; preaching when any body of persons wished to hear his doctrine; resolute he to walk by the truth, and speak the truth when called

to do it ; not ambitious of more ; not fancying himself capable of more. In this entirely obscure way he had reached the age of forty ; was with the small body of reformers who were standing siege in St. Andrews Castle,—when one day in their chapel, the preacher after finishing his exhortation to these fighters in the forlorn hope, said suddenly, that there ought to be other speakers, that all men who had a priest's heart and gift in them ought now to speak ;—which gifts and heart one of their own number, John Knox the name of him, had : had he not ? said the preacher, appealing to all the audience : what then is *his* duty ? The people answered affirmatively ; it was a criminal forsaking of his post, if such a man held the word that was in him silent. Poor Knox was obliged to stand up ; he attempted to reply ; he could say no word ;—burst into a flood of tears, and ran out. It is worth remembering, that scene. He was in grievous trouble for some days. He felt what a small faculty was his for this great work. He felt what a baptism he was called to be baptized withal. He ' burst into tears.' . . .

This Knox cannot live but by fact : he clings to reality as the shipwrecked sailor to the cliff. He is an instance to us how a man, by sincerity itself, becomes heroic : it is the grand gift he has. We find in Knox a good honest intellectual talent, no transcendent one ;—a narrow, inconsiderable man, as compared with Luther : but in heartfelt instinctive adherence to truth, in *sincerity*, as we say, he has no superior ; nay, one might ask, What equal he has ? The heart of him is of the true prophet cast. ' He lies there,' said the Earl of Morton at his grave, ' who never feared the face of man.' He resembles, more



JOHN KNOX'S HOUSE

than any of the moderns, an Old-Hebrew prophet, . . . an Old-Hebrew prophet in the guise of an Edinburgh minister of the sixteenth century. We are to take him for that ; not require him to be other.

Knox's conduct to Queen Mary, the harsh visits he used to make in her own palace, to reprove her there, have been much commented upon. Such cruelty, such coarseness fills us with indignation. On reading the actual narrative of the business, what Knox said, and what Knox meant, I must say one's tragic feeling is rather disappointed. They are not so coarse, these speeches ; they seem to me about as fine as the circumstances would permit ! Knox was not there to do the courtier ; he came on another errand. Whoever, reading these colloquies of his with the Queen, thinks they are vulgar insolences of a plebeian priest to a delicate high lady, mistakes the purport and essence of them altogether. It was unfortunately not possible to be polite with the Queen of Scotland, unless one proved untrue to the nation and cause of Scotland. A man who did not wish to see the land of his birth made a hunting-field for intriguing ambitious Guises, and the cause of God trampled underfoot of falsehoods, formulas and the devil's cause, had no method of making himself agreeable ! ' Better that women weep,' said Morton, ' than that bearded men be forced to weep.' Knox was the constitutional opposition-party in Scotland : the nobles of the country, called by their station to take that post, were not found in it ; Knox had to go or no one. The hapless Queen ; but the still more hapless country, if *she* were made happy ! Mary herself was not without sharpness enough, among

her other qualities : ' Who are you,' said she once, ' that presume to school the nobles and sovereign of this realm ?'—' Madam, a subject born within the same,' answered he. Reasonably answered ! If the ' subject ' have truth to speak, it is not the ' subject's ' footing that will fail him here. . . .

I am not prepared to say that Knox had a soft temper ; nor do I know that he had what we call an ill-temper. An ill-nature he decidedly had not. Kind, honest affections dwell in the much-enduring, hard-worn, ever-battling man. That he *could* rebuke Queens, and had such weight among those proud turbulent nobles, proud enough whatever else they were ; and could maintain to the end a kind of virtual presidency and sovereignty in that wild realm, he who was only ' a subject born within the same ' : this of itself will prove to us that he was found, close at hand, to be no mean acrid man ; but at heart a healthful, strong, sagacious man. . . . Withal, unexpectedly enough, this Knox has a vein of drollery in him ; which I like much, in combination with his other qualities. He has a true eye for the ridiculous. His *History*, with its rough earnestness, is curiously enlivened with this. When the two prelates, entering Glasgow Cathedral, quarrel about precedence ; march rapidly up, take to hustling one another, twitching one another's rochets, and at last flourishing their crosiers like quarter-staves, it is a great sight for him everyway ! Not mockery, scorn, bitterness alone ; though there is enough of that too. But a true, loving, illuminating laugh mounts up over the earnest visage ; not a loud laugh ; you would say, a laugh in the *eyes* most of all. An honest-hearted, brotherly man ; brother to the high, brother

also to the low ; sincere in his sympathy with both. He has his pipe of Bourdeaux too, we find, in that old Edinburgh house of his ; a cheery social man, with faces that loved him ! They go far wrong who think this Knox was a gloomy, spasmodic, shrieking fanatic. Not at all : he is one of the solidest of men. Practical, cautious-hopeful, patient ; a most shrewd, observing, quietly discerning man. In fact, he has very much the type of character we assign to the Scotch at present : a certain sardonic taciturnity is in him ; insight enough ; and a stouter heart than he himself knows of.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

SIR DAVID LYND SAY

' Davie Lyndsay, " still thy verse has charms." '

HE was a man of middle age ;
 In aspect manly, grave, and sage,
 As on King's errand come ;
 But in the glances of his eye,
 A penetrating, keen, and sly
 Expression found its home ;
 The flash of that satiric rage,
 Which, bursting on the early stage,
 Branded the vices of the age,
 And broke the keys of Rome.
 On milk-white palfrey forth he paced ;
 His cap of maintenance was graced
 With the proud heron-plume.
 From his steed's shoulder, loin, and breast,
 Silk housings swept the ground,
 With Scotland's arms, device, and crest,
 Embroider'd round and round.

The double tressure might you see,
First by Achaius borne,
The thistle and the *fleur-de-lis*,
And gallant unicorn.
So bright the King's armorial coat,
That scarce the dazzled eye could note,
In living colours, blazon'd brave,
The Lion, which his title gave :
A train which well beseem'd his state,
But all unarm'd, around him wait.
Still is thy name in high account,
And still thy verse has charms,
Sir David Lyndsay of the Mount,
Lord Lion King-at-arms !

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

GEORGE HERIOT

WORTH of character, goodness of heart, and rectitude of principle, were necessary to one who laid no claim to high birth [or] romantic sensibility. . . . A person who has left the most magnificent proofs of his benevolence and charity that the capital of Scotland has to display. To the Scottish reader little more need be said than that the man alluded to is George Heriot. But for those south of the Tweed, it may be necessary to add, that the person so named was a wealthy citizen of Edinburgh, and the King's goldsmith, who followed James to the English capital, and was so successful in his profession, as to die, in 1624, extremely wealthy for that period. He had no children ; and after making a full provision for such relations as might have claims upon him, he left the residue of his fortune to establish an hospital,

in which the sons of Edinburgh freemen are gratuitously brought up and educated for the station to which their talents may recommend them, and are finally enabled to enter life under respectable auspices. The hospital in which this charity is maintained is a noble quadrangle of the Gothic order, and as ornamental to the city as a building, as the manner in which the youths are provided for and educated, . . . many of whom have done honour to their country in different situations.

The founder of such a charity as this may be reasonably supposed to have walked through life with a steady pace, and an observant eye, neglecting no opportunity of assisting those who were not possessed of the experience necessary for their own guidance.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

WRITTEN IN EDINBURGH

Poor Gillies never rose above that course of extravagance in which he was at that time living, and which soon reduced him to poverty and all its degrading shifts, mendicinity being far from the worst. I grieve whenever I think of him, for he was far from being without genius, and had a generous heart, not always to be found in men given up to profusion. He was nephew of Lord Gillies the Scotch judge.

FROM the dark chambers of dejection freed,
Spurning the unprofitable yoke of care,
Rise, Gillies, rise; the gales of youth shall bear
Thy genius forward like a wingèd steed.
Though bold Bellerophon (so Jove decreed
In wrath) fell headlong from the fields of air,
Yet a rich guerdon waits on minds that dare,
If aught be in them of immortal seed,
And reason govern that audacious flight

Which heavenward they direct—Then droop not thou,
Erroneously renewing a sad vow
In the low dell 'mid Roslin's faded grove :
A cheerful life is what the Muses love,
A soaring spirit is their prime delight.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

R. L. S.

THESE familiar initials are, I suppose, the best beloved in recent literature, certainly they are the sweetest to me, but there was a time when my mother could not abide them. She said 'That Stevenson man' with a sneer, and it was never easy to her to sneer. At thought of him her face would become almost hard, which seems incredible, and she would knit her lips and fold her arms, and reply with a stiff 'oh' if you mentioned his aggravating name. In the novels we have a way of writing of our heroine, 'she drew herself up haughtily,' and when mine draw themselves up haughtily I see my mother thinking of Robert Louis Stevenson. He knew her opinion of him, and would write, 'My ears tingled yesterday; I sair doubt she has been miscalling me again.' But the more she miscalled him the more he delighted in her, and she was informed of this, and at once said, 'The scoundrel!' If you would know what was his unpardonable crime, it was this: he wrote better books than mine.

I remember the day she found it out, which was not, however, the day she admitted it. That day, when I should have been at my work, she came upon me in the kitchen, 'The Master of Ballantrae' beside me, but I was not reading: my head lay heavy on the

table, and to her anxious eyes, I doubt not, I was the picture of woe. 'Not writing!' I echoed, no, I was not writing, I saw no use in ever trying to write again. And down, I suppose, went my head once more. She misunderstood, and thought the blow had fallen; I had awakened to the discovery, always dreaded by her, that I had written myself dry; I was no better than an empty ink-bottle. She wrung her hands, but indignation came to her with my explanation, which was that while R. L. S. was at it we others were only 'prentices cutting our fingers on his tools. 'I could never thole his books,' said my mother immediately, and indeed vindictively.

'You have not read any of them,' I reminded her.

'And never will,' said she with spirit.

And I have no doubt that she called him a dark character that very day. For weeks too, if not for months, she adhered to her determination not to read him, though I, having come to my senses and seen that there is a place for the 'prentice, was taking a pleasure, almost malicious, in putting 'The Master of Ballantrae' in her way. I would place it on her table so that it said good-morning to her when she rose. She would frown, and carrying it downstairs, as if she had it in the tongs, replace it on its book-shelf. I would wrap it up in the cover she had made for the latest Carlyle: she would skin it contemptuously and again bring it down. I would hide her spectacles in it, and lay it on the top of the clothes-basket and prop it up invitingly open against her tea-pot. And at last I got her, though I forget by which of many contrivances. What I recall vividly is a key-hole view, to which another member of the family invited me. Then I saw my mother

wrapped up in 'The Master of Ballantrae' and muttering the music to herself, nodding her head in approval, and taking a stealthy glance at the foot of each page before she began at the top. Nevertheless she had an ear for the door, for when I bounced in she had been too clever for me; there was no book to be seen, only an apron on her lap, and she was gazing out at the window. Some such conversation as this followed:—

'You have been sitting very quietly, mother.'

'I always sit quietly, I never do anything, I'm just a finished stocking.'

'Have you been reading?'

'Do I ever read at this time of day?'

'What is that in your lap?'

'Just my apron.'

'Is that a book beneath the apron?'

'It might be a book.'

'Let me see.'

'Go away with you to your work.'

But I lifted the apron. 'Why, it's 'The Master of Ballantrae!' I exclaimed, shocked.

'So it is!' said my mother, equally surprised. But I looked sternly at her, and perhaps she blushed.

'Well, what do you think: not nearly equal to mine?' said I with humour.

'Nothing like them,' she said determinedly.

'Not a bit,' said I, though whether with a smile or a groan is immaterial; they would have meant the same thing. Should I put the book back on its shelf? I asked, and she replied that I could put it wherever I liked for all she cared, so long as I took it out of her sight (the implication was that it had stolen on to her lap while she was looking out at the window). My behaviour may seem small, but I

gave her a last chance, for I said that some people found it a book there was no putting down until they reached the last page.

‘I’m no that kind,’ replied my mother.

Nevertheless our old game with the haver of a thing, as she called it, was continued, with this difference, that it was now she who carried the book covertly upstairs; and I who replaced it on the shelf, and several times we caught each other in the act, but not a word said either of us; we were grown self-conscious. Much of the play no doubt I forget, but one incident I remember clearly. She had come down to sit beside me while I wrote, and sometimes, when I looked up, her eye was not on me, but on the shelf where ‘The Master of Ballantrae’ stood inviting her. Mr. Stevenson’s books are not for the shelf, they are for the hand; even when you lay them down, let it be on the table for the next comer. Being the most sociable that man has penned in our time, they feel very lonely up there in a stately row. I think their eye is on you the moment you enter the room, and so you are drawn to look at them, and you take a volume down with the impulse that induces one to unchain a dog. And the result is not dissimilar, for in another moment you two are at play. Is there any other modern writer who gets round you in this way? Well, he had given my mother the look which in the ball-room means, ‘Ask me for this waltz,’ and she ettled to do it, but felt that her more dutiful course was to sit out the dance with this other less entertaining partner. I wrote on doggedly, but could hear the whispering. . . .

‘The Master of Ballantrae’ is not the best. Conceive the glory, which was my mother’s, of knowing from

a trustworthy source that there are at least three better awaiting on the same shelf. She did not know Alan Breck yet, and he was as anxious to step down as Mr. Bally himself. John Silver was there, getting into his leg, so that she should not have to wait a moment, and roaring, 'I'll lay to that!' when she told me consolingly that she could not thole pirate stories. Not to know these gentlemen, what is it like? It is like never having been in love. But they are in the house! That is like knowing that you will fall in love to-morrow morning. With one word, by drawing one mournful face, I could have got my mother to abjure the jam-shelf—nay, I might have managed it by merely saying that she had enjoyed 'The Master of Ballantrae.' For you must remember that she only read it to persuade herself (and me) of its unworthiness, and that the reason she wanted to read the others was to get further proof. All this she made plain to me, eyeing me a little anxiously the while, and of course I accepted the explanation. Alan is the biggest child of them all, and I doubt not that she thought so, but curiously enough her views of him are among the things I have forgotten. But how enamoured she was of 'Treasure Island,' and how faithful she tried to be to me all the time she was reading it! I had to put my hands over her eyes to let her know that I had entered the room, and even then she might try to read between my fingers, coming to herself presently, however, to say 'It's a haver of a book.'

'Those pirate stories are so uninteresting,' I would reply without fear, for she was too engrossed to see through me. 'Do you think you will finish this one?' . . .

I remember how she read 'Treasure Island,' holding it close to the ribs of the fire (because she could not spare a moment to rise and light the gas), and how, when bed-time came, and we coaxed, remonstrated, scolded, she said quite fiercely, clinging to the book, 'I dinna lay my head on a pillow this night till I see how that laddie got out of the barrel.' . . .

At times . . . some podgy, red-sealed, blue-crossed letter arrived from Vailima, inviting me to journey thither. (His directions were, 'You take the boat at San Francisco, and then my place is the second to the left.') Even London seemed to her to carry me so far away that I often took a week to the journey (the first six days in getting her used to the idea), and these letters terrified her. It was not the finger of Jim Hawkins she now saw beckoning me across the seas, it was John Silver, waving a crutch. Seldom, I believe, did I read straight through one of these Vailima letters ; when in the middle I suddenly remembered who was upstairs and what she was probably doing, and I ran to her, three steps at a jump, to find her, lips pursed, hands folded, a picture of gloom.

'I have a letter from——'

'So I have heard.'

'Would you like to hear it ?'

'No.'

'Can you not abide him ?'

'I canna thole him.'

'Is he a black ?'

'He is all that.'

Well, Vailima was the one spot on earth I had any great craving to visit, but I think she always knew I would never leave her. Sometime, she said, she should like me to go, but not until she was laid

away. 'And how small I have grown this last winter. Look at my wrists. It canna be long now.' No, I never thought of going, was never absent for a day or two from her without reluctance, and never walked so quickly as when I was going back. In the meantime that happened which put an end for ever to my scheme of travel. I shall never go up the Road of Loving Hearts now, on a 'wonderful clear night of stars,' to meet the man coming toward me on a horse. It is still a wonderful clear night of stars, but the road is empty. So I never saw the dear king of us all. But before he had written books he was in my part of the country with a fishing-wand in his hand, and I like to think that I was the boy who met him that day by Queen Margaret's burn, where the rowans are, and busked a fly for him, and stood watching, while his lithe figure rose and fell as he cast and hinted back from the crystal waters of Noran-side.

J. M. BARRIE.

APPARITION

R. L. S.

THIN-LEGGED, thin-chested, slight unspeakably,
Neat-footed and weak-fingered : in his face—
Lean, large-boned, curved of beak, and touched
with race,
Bold-lipped, rich-tinted, mutable as the sea,
The brown eyes radiant with vivacity—
There shines a brilliant and romantic grace,
A spirit intense and rare, with trace on trace
Of passion and impudence and energy.
Valiant in velvet, light in ragged luck,

Most vain, most generous, sternly critical,
 Buffoon and poet, lover and sensualist :
 A deal of Ariel, just a streak of Puck,
 Much Antony, of Hamlet most of all,
 And something of the Shorter-Catechist.

W. E. HENLEY.

THE MEMORIAL TO R. L. S. IN ST. GILES'S

THIS memorial of Stevenson, in my judgment, will not be his true and permanent memorial; that memorial will be in the school he has founded, in the infinite number of readers and almost idolaters of his works that exist throughout the world, and last, but not least, in his writings, that remain an almost unparalleled memorial of a great man of genius. And yet it is well that we should have our memorial here. Is it not a pathetic thought that this Scottish genius, so pre-eminently Scottish, should have laid his bones, not in the Lothians that he loved so well, or even in the land which he adorned with his genius, but in the far distant islands of the Pacific? There seems something anomalous in that, and yet genius is world-wide, and we should not grudge to Samoa that it holds the remains of Robert Louis Stevenson. For long years to come those who love these Lothians, and, indeed, all Scotland, will come with not undue reverence to visit the memorial.

LORD ROSEBERY.

A PORTRAIT OF LORD BRAXFIELD PAINTED BY RAEBURN

ANOTHER portrait which irresistibly attracted the eye was the half-length of Robert M'Queen, of Brax-

field, Lord Justice-Clerk. If I know gusto in painting when I see it, this canvas was painted with rare enjoyment. The tart, rosy, humorous look of the man, his nose like a cudgel, his face resting squarely on the jowl, has been caught and perpetuated with something that looks like brotherly love. A peculiarly subtle expression haunts the lower part, sensual and incredulous, like that of a man tasting good Bordeaux with half a fancy it has been somewhat too long uncorked. From under the pendulous eyelids of old age the eyes look out with a half-youthful, half-frosty twinkle. Hands, with no pretence to distinction, are folded on the judge's stomach. So sympathetically is the character conceived by the portrait-painter, that it is hardly possible to avoid some movement of sympathy on the part of the spectator. And sympathy is a thing to be encouraged, apart from humane considerations, because it supplies us with the materials for wisdom. It is probably more instructive to entertain a sneaking kindness for any unpopular person, and, among the rest, for Lord Braxfield, than to give way to perfect raptures of moral indignation against his abstract vices. He was the last judge on the Scotch bench to employ the pure Scotch idiom. His opinions, thus given in Doric, and conceived in a lively, rugged, conversational style, were full of point and authority. Out of the bar, or off the bench, he was a convivial man, a lover of wine, and one who 'shone peculiarly' at tavern meetings. He has left behind him an unrivalled reputation for rough and cruel speech; and to this day his name smacks of the gallows. . . . After having made profession of sentiments so cynically anti-popular as these, when the trials were

at an end, which was generally about midnight, Braxfield would walk home to his house in George Square with no better escort than an easy conscience. I think I see him getting his cloak about his shoulders, and, with perhaps a lantern in one hand, steering his way along the streets in the mirk January night. It might have been that very day that Skirving had defied him in these words: 'It is altogether unavailing for your lordship to menace me; for I have long learned to fear not the face of man'; and I can fancy, as Braxfield reflected on the number of what he called *Grumbletonians* in Edinburgh, and of how many of them must bear special malice against so upright and inflexible a judge, nay, and might at that very moment be lurking in the mouth of a dark close with hostile intent—I can fancy that he indulged in a sour smile, as he reflected that he also was not especially afraid of men's faces or men's fists, and had hitherto found no occasion to embody this insensibility in heroic words. For if he was an inhumane old gentleman (and I am afraid it is a fact that he was inhumane), he was also perfectly intrepid. You may look into the queer face of that portrait for as long as you will, but you will not see any hole or corner for timidity to enter in.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

ROBERT FERGUSON

WRITTEN UNDER THE PORTRAIT OF FERGUSON

CURSE on ungrateful man, that can be pleas'd,
And yet can starve the author of the pleasure!
O thou, my elder brother in misfortune,

By far my elder brother in the muses,
 With tears I pity thy unhappy fate !
 Why is the bard unpitied by the world,
 Yet has so keen a relish of its pleasures ?

LINES ON FERGUSSON

Ill-fated genius ! Heaven-taught Fergusson !
 What heart that feels and will not yield a tear,
 To think life's sun did set ere well begun
 To shed its influence on thy bright career ?
 Oh, why should truest worth and genius pine
 Beneath the iron grasp of Want and Woe,
 While titled knaves and idiot greatness shine
 In all the splendour Fortune can bestow !

EPITAPH ON FERGUSSON

' No sculptur'd marble here, nor pompous lay,
 " No storied urn nor animated bust " ;
 This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way
 To pour her sorrows o'er her poet's dust.'
 ROBERT BURNS.

A POEM,

DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE LEARNED AND
 EMINENT MR. WILLIAM LAW, PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY
 IN THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH

WHICH, from the crowded journal of thy fame,—
 Which of thy many titles shall I name ?
 For, like a gallant prince, that wins a crown,
 By undisputed right before his own,
 Variety thou hast : our only care
 Is what to single out, and what forbear.

Though scrupulously just, yet not severe ;
 Though cautious, open ; courteous, yet sincere ;
 Though reverend, yet not magisterial ;
 Though intimate with few, yet loved by all ;
 Though deeply read, yet absolutely free
 From all the stiffnesses of pedantry ;
 Though circumspectly good, yet never sour ;
 Pleasant with innocence, and never more.
 Religion, worn by thee, attractive show'd,
 And with its own unborrow'd beauty glow'd :
 Unlike the bigot, from whose watery eyes
 Ne'er sunshine broke, nor smile was seen to rise ;
 Whose sickly goodness lives upon grimace,
 And pleads a merit from a blubber'd face.
 Thou kept thy raiment for the needy poor,
 And taught the fatherless to know thy door ;
 From griping hunger set the needy free ;
 That they were needy, was enough to thee.

Thy fame to please, while others restless be,
 Fame laid her shyness by, and courted thee ;
 And though thou bade the flattering thing give o'er,
 Yet, in return, she only woo'd thee more.

ROBERT BLAIR

(born in Edinburgh 1699).

AN EDINBURGH MAGISTRATE

‘ MY name is Middleburgh—Mr. James Middleburgh, one of the present magistrates of the city of Edinburgh.’

‘ It may be sae,’ answered Deans laconically, and without interrupting his labour.

‘ You must understand,’ he continued, ‘ that the duty of a magistrate is sometimes an unpleasant one.’

‘It may be sae,’ replied David; ‘I hae naething to say in the contrair’; and he was again doggedly silent.

‘You must be aware,’ pursued the magistrate, ‘that persons in my situation are often obliged to make painful and disagreeable inquiries of individuals, merely because it is their bounden duty.’

‘It may be sae,’ again replied Deans; ‘I hae naething to say anent it, either the tae way or the t’other. But I do ken there was ance in a day a just and God-fearing magistracy in yon town o’ Edinburgh, that did not bear the sword in vain, but were a terror to evil-doers, and a praise to such as kept the path. In the glorious days of auld worthy faithfu’ Provost Dick, when there was a true and faithfu’ General Assembly of the Kirk, walking hand in hand with the real noble Scottish-hearted barons, and with the magistrates of this and other towns, gentles, burgesses, and commons of all ranks, seeing with one eye, hearing with one ear, and upholding the ark with their united strength—and then folk might see men deliver up their silver to the State’s use, as if it had been as muckle slate stanes. My father saw them toom the sacks of dollars out o’ Provost Dick’s window intill the carts that carried them to the army at Dunse Law; and if ye winna believe his testimony, there is the window itsell still standing in the Luckenbooths—I think it’s a claith-merchant’s booth the day—at the airn stanchells, five doors abune Gossford’s Close.—But now we haena sic spirit amang us; we think mair about the warst wally-draigle in our ain byre, than about the blessing which the angel of the covenant gave to the Patriarch even at Peniel and Mahanaim, or the binding obligation of our national vows; and we wad

rather gie a pund Scots to buy an unguent to clear our auld rannell-trees and our beds o' the English bugs as they ca' them, than we wad gie a plack to rid the land of the swarm of Arminian caterpillars, Socinian pismires, and deistical Miss Katies, that have ascended out the bottomless pit, to plague this perverse, insidious, and lukewarm generation.'

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THREE EDINBURGH FRIENDS

ONE November afternoon in 1810—the year in which *Waverley* was resumed and laid aside again, to be finished off, its last two volumes in three weeks, and made immortal in 1814, and when its author, by the death of Lord Melville, narrowly escaped getting a civil appointment in India — three men, evidently lawyers, might have been seen escaping like school-boys from the Parliament House, and speeding arm-in-arm down Bank Street and the Mound, in the teeth of a surly blast of sleet.

The three friends sought the *biold* of the low wall old Edinburgh boys remember well, and sometimes miss now, as they struggle with the stout west wind.

The three were curiously unlike each other. One, 'a little man of feeble make, who would be unhappy if his pony got beyond a foot pace,' slight, with 'small, elegant features, hectic cheek, and soft hazel eyes, the index of the quick, sensitive spirit within, as if he had the warm heart of a woman, her genuine enthusiasm, and some of her weaknesses.' Another, as unlike a woman as a man can be; homely, almost common, in look and figure; his hat and his coat, and indeed his entire covering, worn to the quick, but

all of the best material ; what redeemed him from vulgarity and meanness were his eyes, deep-set, heavily thatched, keen, hungry, shrewd, with a slumbering glow far in, as if they could be dangerous ; a man to care nothing for at first glance, but somehow, to give a second and not-forgetting look at. The third was the biggest of the three, and though lame, nimble, and all rough and alive with power ; had you met him anywhere else, you would say he was a Liddersdale store-farmer, come of gentle blood ; ‘ a stout, blunt carle,’ as he says of himself, with the swing and stride and the eye of a man of the hills—a large, sunny, out-of-door air all about him. On his broad and somewhat stooping shoulders, was set that head which, with Shakespeare’s and Bonaparte’s, is the best known in all the world.

He was in high spirits, keeping his companions and himself in roars of laughter, and every now and then seizing them and stopping, that they might take their fill of the fun ; there they stood shaking with laughter, ‘ not an inch of their body free ’ from its grip. At George Street they parted, one to Rose Court, behind St. Andrew’s Church, one to Albany Street, the other, our big and limping friend, to Castle Street.

We need hardly give their names. The first was William Erskine, afterwards Lord Kinnedder, chased out of the world by a calumny, killed by its foul breath,—

‘ And at the touch of wrong, without a strife,
Slipped in a moment out of life.’

There is nothing in literature more beautiful or more pathetic than Scott’s love and sorrow for this friend of his youth.

The second was William Clerk, — the *Darsie Latimer of Redgaunlet*; ‘a man,’ as Scott says, ‘of the most acute intellects and powerful apprehension,’ but of more powerful indolence, so as to leave the world with little more than the report of what he might have been, — a humorist as genuine, though not quite so savagely Swiftian as his brother, Lord Eldin, neither of whom had much of that commonest and best of all the humours, called good.

The third we all know. What has he not done for every one of us? Who else ever, except Shakespeare, so diverted mankind, entertained and entertains a world so liberally, so wholesomely? We are fain to say, not even Shakespeare, for his is something deeper than diversion, something higher than pleasure, and yet who would care to split this hair?

Had anyone watched him closely before and after the parting, what a change he would see! The bright, broad laugh, the shrewd jovial word, the man of the Parliament House and of the world; and next step, moody, the light of his eye withdrawn, as if seeing things that were invisible; his shut mouth, like a child’s, so impressionable, so innocent, so sad; he was now all within, as before he was all without; hence his brooding look. As the snow blattered in his face, he muttered, ‘How it raves and drifts! On-ding o’ snaw—ay, that’s the word—on-ding.’ He was now at his own door, ‘Castle Street, No. 39.’ He opened the door, and went straight to his den; that wondrous workshop, where, in one year, 1823, when he was fifty-two, he wrote *Peveril of the Peak*, *Quentin Durward*, and *St. Ronan’s Well*, besides much else. . . .

He sat down in his large, green morocco elbow-

chair, drew himself close to his table, and glowered and gloomed at his writing apparatus, 'a very handsome old box, richly carved, lined with crimson velvet, and containing ink-bottles, taper-stand, etc., in silver, the whole in such order, that it might have come from the silversmith's window half an hour before.' He took out his paper, then, starting up angrily, said, "'Go spin, you jade, go spin.'" No, d—— it, it won't do—

'My spinnin' wheel is auld and stiff,
The rock o't wunna stand, sir,
To keep the temper-pin in tiff
Employs ower aft my hand, sir.'

I am off the fang. I can make nothing of *Waverley* to-day; I'll awa' to Marjorie. Come wi' me, Maida, you thief.' The great creature rose slowly, and the pair were off, Scott taking a *maud* (a plaid) with him. 'White as a frosted plum-cake, by jingo!' said he, when he got to the street. Maida gambolled and whisked among the snow, and his master strode across to Young Street, and through it to 1, North Charlotte Street, to the house of his dear friend, Mrs. William Keith of Corstorphine Hill, a niece of Mrs. Keith of Ravelston. . . .

Sir Walter was in that house almost every day, and had a key, so in he and the hound went, shaking themselves in the lobby. 'Marjorie! Marjorie!' shouted her friend, 'where are ye, my bonnie wee croodlin doo?' In a moment a bright, eager child of seven was in his arms, and he was kissing her all over. Out came Mrs. Keith. 'Come yer ways in, Wattie.' 'No, not now. I am going to take Marjorie wi' me, and you may come to your tea in Duncan Roy's sedan, and bring the bairn home in

your lap.' 'Tak' Marjorie, and it *on-ding o' snaw!*' said Mrs. Keith. He said to himself, 'On-ding—that's odd—that is the very word.' 'Hoot, awa! look here,' and he displayed the corner of his plaid, made to hold lambs—(the true shepherd's plaid, consisting of two breadths sewed together, and uncut at one end, making a poke or *cul-de-sac*). 'Tak' yer lamb,' said she, laughing at the contrivance, and so the Pet was first well happit up, and then put, laughing silently, into the plaid neuk, and the shepherd strode off with his lamb,—Maida gambolling through the snow, and running races in her mirth.

Didn't he face 'the angry airt,' and make her bield his bosom, and into his own room with her, and lock the door, and out with the warm, rosy, little wifie, who took it all with great composure! There the two remained for three or more hours, making the house ring with their laughter; you can fancy the big man's and Maidie's laugh.

JOHN BROWN, M.D.

CADIES

THERE is at Edinburgh a society or corporation of errand-boys called cadies, who ply in the streets at night with paper lanterns, and are very serviceable in carrying messages. These fellows, though shabby in their appearance, and rudely familiar in their address, are wonderfully acute, and so noted for fidelity, that there is no instance of a cadie's having betrayed his trust. Such is their intelligence, that they know not only every individual of the place, but also every stranger, by the time he has been four-and-twenty hours in Edinburgh; and no transaction,

even the most private, can escape their notice. They are particularly famous for their dexterity in executing one of the functions of Mercury ; though, for my own part, I never employed them in this department of business. Had I occasion for any service of this nature, my own man, Archy M'Alpin, is as well qualified as e'er a cadie in Edinburgh ; and I am much mistaken if he has not been heretofore of their fraternity. Be that as it may, they resolved to give a dinner and a ball at Leith, to which they formally invited all the young noblemen and gentlemen that were at the races ; and this invitation was reinforced by an assurance that all the celebrated ladies of pleasure would grace the entertainment with their company. I received a card on this occasion, and went thither with half a dozen of my acquaintance. In a large hall, the cloth was laid on a long range of tables joined together, and here the company seated themselves to the number of about fourscore, lords and lairds, and other gentlemen, courtezans and cadies, mingled together, as the slaves and their masters were in the time of Saturnalia in ancient Rome. The toast-master, who sat at the upper end, was one Cadie Fraser, a veteran pimp, distinguished for his humour and sagacity, well-known and much respected in his profession by all the guests. He had bespoke the dinner and the wine. He had taken care that all his brethren should appear in decent apparel and clean linen ; and he himself wore a periwig with three tails, in honour of the festival. I assure you the banquet was both elegant and plentiful and seasoned with a thousand sallies, that promoted a general spirit of mirth and good-humour. After the dessert, Mr. Fraser pro-

posed the toasts, which I don't pretend to explain. . . . All these toasts being received with loud bursts of applause, Mr. Fraser called for pint glasses, and filled his own to the brim. Then standing up, and all his brethren following his example, 'Ma lords and gentlemen,' cried he, 'here is a cup of thanks for the great and undeserved honour you have done your poor errand-boys this day.' So saying, he and they drank off their glasses in a trice, and, quitting their seats, took their station each behind one of the other guests, exclaiming, 'Noo we're your honours' cadies again.'



TOBIAS SMOLLETT.

'THE CADIE'

IN Smollett's time . . . the people all inhabited in the Old Town of Edinburgh, packed together, family above family, for aught I know clan above clan, in little more than one street, the houses of which may, upon an average, be some dozen stories in height. The aerial elevation, at which an immense proportion of these people had fixed their abode, rendered it a matter of no trifling moment to ascend to them. . . . To seek out a stranger among a hundred or two such staircases, was of course an undertaking. And so it became a matter of absolute necessity that Edinburgh should possess some body of citizens set apart, and destined *ab ovo*, for climbing staircases and carrying messages.

From this necessity sprung the high lineage of 'The Cadies of Auld Reekie.' When I use the word 'lineage,' I do not mean to say that their trade ran

in their blood, or that the cadies, as the Lake poet sings :

‘ To sire from grandsire, and from sire to son,
Throughout their generations, did pursue
With purpose, and hereditary love,
Most stedfast and unwavering, the same course
Of labour, not unpleasant, nor unpaid.’

The cadies bore more resemblance in this respect to the Janissaries and Mamelukes of Modern, than to hereditary hammermen, cooks, physicians, and priests of ancient Egypt. . . . Every year brought from the fastnesses of Lochaber and Braemar a new supply of scions to be engrafted upon the stock rooted immovably in the heart of Auld Reekie. . . . However produced and sustained ; whatever might be the beauties or the blemishes of their pedigree, this race continued for many generations, to perform with the same zeal and success the same large variety of good offices to the citizens of Edinburgh. The cadie preserved, amidst all his functions, not a little of the air and aspect natural to him in his own paternal wilderness.

‘ A savage wildness round him hung,
As of a dweller out of doors ;
In his whole figure and his mien
A savage character was seen,
Of mountains and of dreary moors.’

He climbed staircases with the same light and elastic spring which had been wont to carry him unfatigued to the brow of Cairngorm or Ben-Nevis ; and he executed the commands of his employer *pro tempore*, whatever they might be, in the same spirit of unquestioning submission and thorough-going zeal with which he had been taught from his infancy to obey the orders of Maccallamore, Glen-

gary, Gordon, Grant, or whosoever the chieftain of his clan might be. In order to qualify him for the exercise of this laborious profession, it was necessary that the apprentice-cadie should make himself minutely familiar with every staircase, every house, every family, and every individual in the city, and to one who had laid in this way a sound and accurate foundation of information, it could be no difficult matter to keep on a level with the slight flood of mutation, which the city and its population was at that period accustomed to. The moment a stranger arrived in Edinburgh, his face was sure to attract the observation of some of this indefatigable tribe, and they knew no rest till they had ascertained his name, residence, and condition—considering it, indeed, as a sort of insult upon their body that any man should presume to live within the bounds of their jurisdiction, and yet remain unpenetrated by the perspicacity of their unwearied *espionage*.

J. G. LOCKHART.

ALEXANDER SMITH

WARRISTON, not more beautiful than Dean, is perhaps more beautiful in situation ; certainly it commands a more beautiful prospect. You will visit Warriston for the sake of Alexander Smith ; for you have not forgotten the *Life Drama*, the *City Poems*, *Edwin of Deira*, *Alfred Hagart's Household*, and *A Summer in Skye*. He lies in the north-east corner of the ground, at the foot of a large Iona cross which is bowered by a chestnut tree. The cross is thickly carved with laurel, thistle, and holly, and it bears upon its front

the face of the poet, in bronze, and the harp that betokens his art. It is a bearded face, having small, refined features, a slightly pouted, sensitive mouth, and being indicative more of nervous sensibility than of rugged strength. . . . Standing by his grave, at the foot of this cross, you can gaze straight away southward to Arthur's Seat, and behold the whole line of imperial Edinburgh at a glance, from the Catton Hill to the Castle. It is such a spot as he would have chosen for his sepulchre—face to face with the city that he loved so dearly.

WILLIAM WINTER.

THE POETS IN EDINBURGH

I have no dearer aim than to have it in my power . . . to make leisurely pilgrimages through Caledonia ; to sit on the fields of her battles ; to wander on the romantic banks of her rivers ; and to muse by the stately towers or venerable ruins, once the honoured abodes of her heroes.

ROBERT BURNS.

Edinburgh . . . with Stevenson it is the burden of the song.

MARGARET ARMOUR.

BEN JONSON IN EDINBURGH

'Edinburgh—The heart of Scotland, Britaine's other eye.'—
BEN JONSON.*

THE day before I came from Edenborough I went to Leeth, where I found my long approved and assured good friend, Master Benjamin Jonson, at one Master John Stuart's house: I thanke him for his great kindnesse towards me; for at my taking leave of him, he gave me a piece of gold of two and twenty shillings to drink his health in England; and withal willed me to remember his kind commendations to all his friends. So with a friendly farewell, I left him as well as I hope never to see him in a worse estate; for he is amongst Noblemen and Gentlemen that knowe his true worth, and their own honours, where with much respective love he is worthily entertained.

JOHN TAYLOR.

MY PICTURE, LEFT IN SCOTLAND

I now think, Love is rather deaf than blind,
For else it could not be,
That she
Whom I adore so much, should so slight me,
And cast my suit behind:
I'm sure my language to her was as sweet,
And every close did meet
In sentence of as subtile feet,

* Of Ben Jonson's lost poem, 'Edinburgh,' only this line exists.

As hath the youngest he
That sits in shadow of Apollo's tree.

Oh ! but my conscious fears,
That fly my thoughts between,
Tell me that she hath seen
My hundreds of gray haire
Told six and forty years,
Read so much waste as she cannot embrace
My mountain belly and my rocky face,
And all these, through her eyes, have stopt her ears.

BEN JONSON.

EDINBURGH'S CALL TO BURNS

TO THE NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN OF THE CALEDONIAN
HUNT

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN :

A Scottish Bard, proud of the name, and whose highest ambition is to sing in his country's service—where shall he so properly look for patronage as to the illustrious names of his native land ; those who bear the honours and inherit the virtues of their ancestors ? The Poetic Génius of my Country found me, as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha—at the PLOUGH ; and threw her inspiring mantle over me. She bade me sing the loves, the joys, the rural scenes and rural pleasures of my native soil, in my native tongue : I tuned my wild, artless notes, as she inspired. She whispered me to come to this ancient Metropolis of Caledonia, and lay my Songs under your honoured protection : I now obey her dictates.

Though much indebted to your goodness, I do not approach you, my Lords and Gentlemen, in the usual style of dedication, to thank you for past

favours : that path is so hackneyed by prostituted learning, that honest rusticity is ashamed of it. Nor do I present this Address with the venal soul of a servile author, looking for a continuation of those favours : I was bred to the plough, and am independent. I come to claim the common Scottish name with you, my illustrious Countrymen ; and to tell the world that I glory in the title. I come to congratulate my country, that the blood of her ancient heroes still runs uncontaminated ; and that from your courage, knowledge, and public spirit, she may expect protection, wealth, and liberty. In the last place, I come to proffer my warmest wishes to the Great Fountain of Honour, the Monarch of the Universe, for your welfare and happiness.

When you go forth to waken the echoes, in the ancient and favourite amusement of your forefathers, may Pleasure ever be of your party : and may social Joy await your return ! When harassed in courts or camps with the jostlings of bad men and bad measures, may the honest consciousness of injured worth attend your return to your native seats ; and may domestic happiness, with a smiling welcome, meet you at your gates ! May corruption shrink at your kindling indignant glance ; and may tyranny in the ruler, and licentiousness in the people, equally find you an inexorable foe !

I have the honour to be,
With the sincerest gratitude and highest respect,
My Lords and Gentlemen,
Your most devoted humble Servant,
ROBERT BURNS.

EDINBURGH, *April 4, 1787.*

BURNS IN EDINBURGH

*' As I came in by Glenap
I met an aged woman,
And she bade me cheer up my heart,
For the best of my days was coming.'*

THIS stanza was one of Burns's favourite quotations ; and he told a friend, many years afterwards, that he remembered humming it to himself, over and over, on his way from Mossgiel to Edinburgh. . . . In so small a capital, where everybody knows everybody, that which becomes a favourite topic in one leading circle of society soon excites an universal interest ; and before Burns had been a fortnight in Edinburgh, we find him writing to his earliest patron, Gavin Hamilton, in these terms : ' For my own affairs, I am in a fair way of becoming as eminent as Thomas à Kempis or John Bunyan ; and you may expect, henceforth, to see my birthday inscribed among the wonderful events in *The Poor Robin* and *Aberdeen Almanacks*, along with the Black Monday and the Battle of Bothwell Bridge. . . .' He is thus addressed by one of his old associates who was meditating a visit to Edinburgh : ' By all accounts, it will be a difficult matter to get a sight of you at all, unless your company is bespoke a week beforehand. There are great rumours here of your intimacy with the Duchess of Gordon and other ladies of distinction. I am really told that

" Cards to invite, fly by thousands each night " ;

and if you had one, there would also, I suppose, be " bribes for your old secretary." I observe you are resolved to make hay while the sun shines, and

avoid, if possible, the fate of poor Fergusson. In this proud career, however, the popular idol needed no slave to whisper whence he had risen, and whither he was to return in the ebb of the spring-tide of fortune. His "prophetic soul" was probably furnished with a sufficient memento every night, when, from the soft homage of glittering saloons or tumultuous applause of convivial assemblies, he made his retreat to the humble garret of a *writer's* apprentice, a native of Mauchline, and as poor as himself. . . . 'It was' [says Cromek], 'in the house of a Mrs. Carfrae, Baxter's Close, Lawnmarket, first scale stair on the left hand in going down, first door in the stair.' . . . The *bucks* of Edinburgh accomplished, in regard to Burns, that in which the *boors* of Ayrshire had failed. After residing some months in Edinburgh, he began to estrange himself, not altogether, but in some measure, from graver friends. Too many of his hours were now spent at the table of persons who delighted to urge conviviality. . . . He was not yet irrevocably lost to temperance and moderation. . . . 'I leave Edinburgh' [he writes] 'in the course of ten days or a fortnight. I shall return to my rural shades, *in all likelihood never more to quit them*. I have formed many intimacies and friendships here, *but I am afraid they are all of too tender a construction to bear carriage a hundred and fifty miles*. . . .'

The magnificent scenery of the capital itself filled the poet with extraordinary delight. In the spring mornings he walked very often to the top of Arthur's Seat, and, lying prostrate on the turf, surveyed the rising of the sun out of the sea in silent admiration; his chosen companion on such occasions being that

ardent lover of Nature and learned artist, Mr. Alexander Nasmyth. The Braid Hills, to the south of Edinburgh, were also among his favourite morning walks ; and it was in some of these that Mr. Dugald Stewart tells us ' he charmed me still more by his private conversation than he had ever done in company. He was passionately fond of the beauties of Nature ; and I recollect once he told me, when I was admiring a distant prospect in one of our morning walks, that the sight of so many smoking cottages gave a pleasure to his mind which none could understand who had not witnessed, like himself, the happiness and the worth which they contained.'

J. G. LOCKHART.

TO ROBERT BURNS

FROM HIS FRIEND ON LEAVING EDINBURGH

WHILE Reekie's bards your muse commen',
 An' praise the numbers o' your pen,
 Accept this kin'ly frae a frien'
 Your Dainty Davie,
 Wha ace o' hearts does still remain,
 Ye may believe me.

I ne'er was muckle gi'en to praisin',
 Or else ye might be sure o' fraisin' :
 For trowth I think, in solid reason,
 Your kintra reed
 Plays sweet as Robin Fergusson,
 Or his on Tweed. . . .

Brave Ramsay now an' Fergusson,
 Wha hae sae lang time fill'd the throne

O' poetry, may now lie down
 Quiet in their urns,
 Since fame, in justice, gies the crown
 To Robert Burns.

Hail ! happy bard ! ye're now confest
 The king of singers i' the West :
 Edina hath the same exprest ;
 Wi' joy they fin'
 That ye're, when tried by Nature's test,
 Gude sterlin' coin. . . .

Sae to conclude, auld frien' an' neebor,
 Your muse forgetna weel to feed her,
 Then steer thro' life wi' birr an' vigour,
 To win a horn
 Whase soun' shall reach ayont the Tiber,
 Many ears unborne.

DAVID SILLAR.

ROBERT BURNS RETURNS HOME FROM EDINBURGH

ELLISLAND,
March 4, 1789.

TO MRS. DUNLOP.

Here am I, my honoured Friend, returned safe
 from the Capital. To a man who has a HOME, how-
 ever humble or remote ; if that HOME is like mine,
 the scene of Domestic comfort ; the bustle of Edin-
 burgh will soon be a business of sickening disgust.

Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate you !

When I must skulk into a corner, lest the rattling
 equipage of some gaping blockhead, contemptible
 puppy, or detestable scoundrel should mangle me

in the mire, I am tempted to exclaim—‘ What merits have these wretches had, or what demerits have I had, in some state of Pre-existence, that they are ushered into this state of being with the sceptre of rule and the key of riches in their puny fists ; and I am kicked into the world, the sport of their folly or the victim of their pride ?’ I have read somewhere of a monarch, in Spain I think it was, who was so out of humour with the Ptolemean system of astronomy, that he said, had he been of the Creator’s council he could have saved Him a great deal of labour and absurdity. I will not defend this blasphemous speech ; but often as I have glided in humble stealth through the pomp of Princes Street, it has suggested itself to me as an improvement on the present Human figure, that a man in proportion to his own conceit of his consequence in the world, could have pushed out the longitude of his common size, as a snail pushes out his horns, or as we draw out a perspective. This trifling alteration, not to mention the prodigious saving it would be in the tear and wear of the neck and limb-sinews of many of his Majesty’s liege subjects in the way of tossing the head and tiptoe strutting, would evidently turn out a vast advantage in enabling us at once to adjust the ceremonials in making a bow or making way to a Great Man, and that, too, within a second of the precise spherical angle of reverence or an inch of the particular point of respectful distance, which the important creature itself requires ; as a measuring glance at its towering altitude would determine the affair like instinct. . . . I have the honour to be, Madam, your obliged friend and humble servt.,

ROBT. BURNS.



ARTHUR'S SEAT, HOLYROOD, AND THE BURNS MONUMENT

SHELLEY IN EDINBURGH

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

Direct to the Edinburgh Post-Office—my own name. I passed to-night with the Mail. Harriet is with me. We are in a slight pecuniary distress. We shall have seventy-five pounds on Sunday, until when can you send £10? Divide it in two.

Yours,

PERCY SHELLEY.

This letter was written by my friend at York, in passing through at midnight; it did not come to me by the post, but was brought to my lodgings the next morning from the inn. I wrote immediately to Shelley detailing my projects, and promising to be with him almost as soon as my letter. I took my seat on the outside of a stage coach, a front seat—carpet bags were not yet discovered, but I saw my small leathern portmanteau placed in front boot.

Prudence prescribes as little luggage as possible on a journey; in genteel society an excuse serves a traveller quite as well as the most fashionable dress-coat; with vulgar people tawdry finery is indispensable, but the immortal gods hate the man who trusts himself under the same roof with them. The day was in the first week of September, the time of day was the afternoon; the weather was dry and fine. . . .

From a hill, a mile or two before we came to Berwick, there was a noble prospect of the sea, the mouth of the Tweed, and much besides; and I beheld for the first time the hills of Scotland, behind which I was to find my incomparable friend again.

We descended to the river Tweed, and passed it by a very long bridge, upon which then stood an ancient gateway, with a picturesque and remarkable effect. Thirty years later, when I came again to this old town to grow very familiar with it, the old gateway had vanished. Our coach drew up at an inn not very far from the bridge ; here we were to remain some time, and to dine. The inn was superlatively nasty, and the dinner impracticable, impregnable. I was glad to escape from the smell of stale fish, and from the other noisome smells, and to take a turn upon the walls ; the scene was sparkling and pleasant. We continued our journey, and after riding a few miles farther I was informed that we had entered Scotland. The evening was delightful ; at some points of the road we had fine sea views, and a bold, rocky coast ; at one spot the guard made us get down and look from a bridge into a deep, woody ravine ; he called the place, I think, Pease Bridge. There were open uninclosed fields, with excellent crops of corn in some places, very clean and promising, and a surprising breath of flourishing turnips, as well Swedes as the common kind. I remarked at many of the farms small windmills ; these, I was informed, were used to turn winnowing and threshing machines ; they were new to me. At other portions of the road we crossed extensive moors ; and we passed through Dunbar, a dirty, stinking, fishing town. We saw for some time the Bass Rock, over the summit of which hovered prodigious flocks of sea birds. On the whole, I found much of pleasure and interest in what I saw of Scotland this afternoon.

Nor did I want for information and instruction. At the back of the coach sat a little, serious, middle-

aged man, whom we picked up somewhere after entering Scotland ; he, learning that I was a stranger, and that this was my first visit to a region which he assured us was the finest, happiest, most refined and civilized country in the known world, kindly took upon himself the trouble of informing, and indeed of forming my mind. He stood up at his place, behind a stack of luggage, and continually addressed me across the roof of the coach. He discoursed, or rather, I may say, lectured concerning the excellence of the district and of its inhabitants ; of the agriculture of the Lothians, and its vast and infinite superiority to all other farming. Having discovered that I was going to Edinburgh, he expounded the admirable nature and character of that city, and told me all that I ought to see, and to believe on his authority.

‘ You will find it a most remarkable city ; by far the most remarkable under the heavens, without any exception !’

‘ Yes ! And it has a Review, as remarkable as itself !’ . . .

Mr. Pennant, with all the gravity of a Welshman and a naturalist, writes in perfect seriousness : ‘ Asses are very rare in Scotland ; there are none in the north.’ But a greater and a graver than Pennant was there ; and he asseverated that Oxford was for ever silenced : that University was totally annihilated ; she could never show her face again,—never hold up her head ; she was extinguished ; she must at once retire ; she must leave the work of education to abler hands than her own. Shoals of students would come flocking thence by thousands to Edinburgh, to Aberdeen, to St. Andrews, and to the other renowned

Scottish Universities. He spoke much about the Oxford *Strabbo*, without appearing at all to know what he meant. I longed to ask him, what he supposed the Oxford *Strabbo* really was ; but I did not venture. He talked very largely of 'Mr. Francis Jeffrey, of Edinburgh, advocate'; but he did not seem to be personally acquainted with him ; and indeed he admitted, in answer to my question, that he was not. 'Mr. Francis Jeffrey, of Edinburgh, advocate'—for he always gave the name of the learned editor in full, with the additions—'is a little man, and a very clever man.' Both these facts are undoubted. I had afterwards abundant opportunity to verify them myself. 'He very wisely holds that ridicule is the real and genuine, and indeed the sole test of truth : that it is still more necessary than even the laws themselves for the due maintenance of order in a state of high civilization. And, accordingly, he has used it most unsparingly, as you will yourself allow, in his critical journal ; and he purposes to continue so to use it.'

It began to grow dark ; and at the approach of night all creatures feel fatigue, even the most persevering, and grow weary at last, even of wearying others. The little prig himself got tired of lecturing ; he became silent, and at some place, where we changed horses, quietly withdrew.

It was the first time I ever underwent this sort of thing ; I have suffered it often since, God knows how often—so often, in truth, that being once told that it was impossible accurately to define a philosopher, I was provoked to answer : 'Oh no ! A philosopher is a Scotch clerk in a public office in England !'

We entered Edinburgh in the dark, through mean,

narrow streets, the aspect of which, by the faint light of dim lamps, ill accorded with the magnificent promises of the splendour of the proud metropolis of the whole earth—of the capital of social elegance, and of perfect refinement.

I remained for the night at the wretched inn where the coach stopped, for I knew of no other, although it was a disgusting place. Nobody appeared to regard me. I didn't understand what they said; neither could I make the people understand me. In truth, they did not care to know what I wanted. However, I succeeded, with some difficulty, in catching hold of a stupid, red-haired, bare-necked, bare-footed, dirty girl, by the arm; I held her fast, and made her conduct me upstairs to a squalid little bedroom. When we got there, she found out what I required: another light, besides that which she held in her hand, of a sudden broke upon her, and she exclaimed with vivacity, 'Oh! you will want a chamber.' I observed the impressions of naked and muddy feet, of bare toes and heels, on the hearth and on the floor, but no other traces of social elegance: the young wench was half naked, as it was; had she been stark, most assuredly I should not have taken her for one of the three Graces, whatever the little lecturer might have affirmed. I took the candle from her, and she withdrew, muttering some words of her sweet northern Doric, which probably signified, 'Good night!' The bed was less distasteful than the chamber. I had passed thirty hours, or more, in the open air, on the top of the coach, and had travelled two hundred miles: this was a powerful opiate. . . . When I awoke in the morning, it was quite light: bell there was none; calling out, however loud, was dis-

regarded, my little sylph would not come, nor would any of her fairy sisters, if she had any. I put on my clothes, and went downstairs into a common room, an uncommonly dirty, dingy hole ; here I procured some breakfast, which was not so much amiss. I then sallied forth to discover if the rest of the New Jerusalem was as mean and shabby as what I had already seen ; I more than half suspected that it was. I soon emerged from the narrow streets ; and then, O ! glorious spectacle, by force of contrast made still more noble, more glorious ; I wandered about, lost in admiration. I ascended the Castle-hill, the Calton-hill, my delight still increasing. Yet it was a meeting of extremes : I beheld magnificence—triumphs of art and of nature ; yet I saw many odious and revolting objects, which I had never met with, even in the poorest places in England, and which I forbear to describe.

Having at once satisfied and inflamed my curiosity, I began to think of the main purpose of my long journey—my college friend. I had written to him that I would join him here, but I had not given him any address, for I did not know any, neither had I received a direction from him. Was there a better, a speedier course, than the hope of a chance meeting in the streets of a large city ? I bethought me of the post-office ; he might have sent a letter for me thither. I was standing musing on the bridge which connects the New Town with the Old : a grave, white, middle-aged man was passing. I inquired of him for the post-office.

‘Come with me, I am going there myself. You are a stranger ?’

‘Yes.’

‘ You never saw so fine a bridge before, as this is, I am very sure. It is the finest in the known world !’

‘ I have seen a finer river; one with more water in it.’

He seemed much disconcerted. I told him how I was situated.

‘ They will give you the address you require at the post-office, they are sure to have it ; we will go to the post-office together ; but you must first see our new University, as you are a stranger.’

We passed the post-office and came to a large building, not only unfinished, but not in progress. It appeared that the work had ceased for want of funds.

‘ What do you think of that, sir ?’

‘ When it is completed it will be a very handsome building, and, I dare say, very commodious.’

‘ Not only that, but if all the buildings at Oxford and Cambridge were moulded and amalgamated together into one edifice, the effect would not be the same ; it would be far inferior !’

I had learned that it was most discreet to be silent. We returned to the post-office. There was no letter for me, but they gave me my friend’s address in George Street. Whether he had left it there for me, or for his own letters, I did not ask.

‘ I am going in that direction, myself. I will point out George Street to you.’

We returned on our steps.

‘ That is the Register-Office,’ said my kind, grave guide ; ‘ it is the finest building on the habitable earth.’

I looked him in the face ; I had wounded his feelings about the bridge, without at all diminishing his obliging good-nature.

‘ It is universally acknowledged to be so ! But you must see the interior !’

We entered it; it was a handsome structure, certainly; perhaps needlessly large. We walked along Princes Street together; at the corner of a cross street he took leave of me with sundry profound and solemn bows, having previously pointed out George Street. I soon set foot in George Street, a spacious, noble, well-built street; but a deserted street, or rather a street which people had not yet come fully to inhabit. I soon found the number indicated at the post-office; I have forgotten it, but it was on the left side—the side next to Princes Street. I knocked at the door of a handsome house; it was all right; and in a handsome front-parlour I was presently received rapturously by my friend. He looked just as he used to look at Oxford, and as he looked when I saw him last in April, in our trellised apartment; but now joyous at meeting again, not as then sad at parting. I also saw—and for the first time—his lovely young bride, bright as the morning—as the morning of that bright day on which we first met; bright, blooming, radiant with youth, health, and beauty. I was hailed triumphantly by the new-married pair; my arrival was more than welcome; they had got my letter and expected to rejoice at my coming every moment. ‘We have met at last once more!’ Shelley exclaimed, ‘and we will never part again! You must have a bed in the house!’ It was deemed necessary, indispensable. At that time of life a bed a mile or two off, as far as I was concerned, would have done as well: but I must have a bed in the house. The landlord was summoned; he came instantly. A bed in the house; the necessity was so urgent that they did not give him time to speak. When the poor man was permitted to answer, he said, ‘I have a spare bedroom, but it is at the top

of the house. It may not be quite so pleasant.' He conducted me up a handsome stone staircase of easiest ascent; the way was not difficult, but very long. It appeared well nigh interminable. We came at length to an airy, spacious bedroom. 'This will do very well.' A stone staircase is handsome and commodious, and, in case of fire, it must be a valuable security; but whenever a door was shut it thundered; the thunder rolled pealing for some seconds. I was to lodge with Jupiter Tonans at the top of Olympus. Of all the houses in London, with which I am acquainted, those in Fitzroy Square alone remind me, by their sonorous powers, of Edinburgh, and of the happy days which I passed in that beautiful city. On returning to my friends our mutual greetings were repeated; each had a thousand things to tell and to ask of the rest. Our joy being a little calmed, we agreed to walk. 'We are in the capital of the unfortunate Queen Mary,' said Harriet; 'we must see her palace first of all.' We soon found Holyrood House. . . . We saw Mary's bedroom, the stains of Rizzio's blood, and all the other relics. These objects, intrinsically mean and paltry, greatly interested my companions, especially Harriet, who was well-read in the sorrowful history of the unhappy queen. Bysshe must go home and write letters, I was to ascend Arthur's Seat with the lady. We marched up the steep hill boldly, and reached the summit. The view may be easily seen, it is impossible to describe it. It was a thousand pities Bysshe was not with us, and then we might remain there; one ought never to quit so lovely a scene.

'Let us sit down; probably when he has finished writing he will come to us.'

We sat a long time, at first gazing around, after-

wards we looked out for the young bridegroom, but he did not appear. It was fine while we ascended ; it was fine, sunny, clear, and still, whilst we remained on the top ; but when we began to descend, the wind commenced blowing. Harriet refused to proceed ; she sat down again on the rock, and declared that we would remain there for ever ! For ever is rather a long time ; to sit until the wind abated would have been to sit there quite long enough. Entreaties were in vain. I was hungry, for I had not dined on either of the two preceding days. The sentence—never to dine again—was a severe one, and although it was pronounced by the lips of beauty, I ventured to appeal against it ; so I left her and proceeded slowly down the hill, the wind blowing fresh. She sat for some time longer, but finding that I was in earnest, she came running down after me. Harriet was always most unwilling to show her ankles, or even her feet, hence her reluctance to move in the presence of a rude, indelicate wind, which did not respect her modest scrupulousness. If there was not much to admire about these carefully concealed ankles, certainly there was nothing to blame.

The accommodations at our lodgings in George Street were good, and the charges reasonable ; the food was abundant and excellent ; everything was good, the wine included : in one particular only was there a deficiency, the attendance was insufficient, except at meals, when our landlord officiated in person. One dirty little nymph, by name Christie, was the servant of the house—the domestic, she was termed ; she spoke a dialect which we could not comprehend, and she was, for the most part, unable to understand what we southerners said to her, or

indeed anything else, save only perchance political economy and metaphysics. After ringing the well-hung bells many times in vain, she would suddenly open the door, and exclaiming, 'Oh! The kittle!' darted off to be brought back again, after a long delay, by the like exertions and with the like result. Her sagacity had discovered that we drank much tea, and therefore often required the services of the tea-kettle. However, if she was of no great use to us, the poor little girl at least afforded us some amusement.

Shelley was of an extreme sensibility—of a morbid sensibility—and strange, discordant sounds he could not bear to hear; he shrank from the unmusical voice of the Caledonian maiden. Whenever she entered the room, or even came to the door, he rushed wildly into a corner and covered his ears with his hands. We had, to our shame be it spoken, a childish mischievous delight in tormenting him; in catching the shy virgin and making her speak in his presence. The favourite interrogatory so often administered was, 'Have you had your dinner to-day, Christie?' 'Yes.' 'And what did you get?' 'Sengit heed and bonnocks,' was the unvarying answer, and its efficacy was instantaneous and sovereign. Our poor sensitive poet assumed the air of the Distracted Musician, became nearly frantic, and, had we been on the promontory, he would certainly have taken the Leucadian leap for Christie's sake, and to escape for ever from the rare music of her voice.

'Oh! Bysshe, how can you be so absurd? What harm does the poor girl do you?'

'Send her away, Harriet! Oh! send her away; for God's sake, send her away!'

On the whole, nothing could be better than our position in George Street ; yet few things are absolutely perfect even in Scotland, even in Edinburgh itself. It is allowable to discern spots in the sun ; science, it is believed, derives benefit from such discoveries. . . .

It was the year of the famous comet, and of the still more famous vintage, the year 1811 ; the weather was fine, and often hot ; not one drop of rain fell all the time I was in Edinburgh. The nights were clear and bright ; we often contemplated the stranger comet from Princes Street ; and not only the comet, but the ordinary array of the shining hosts of heaven. The heavens are the home of a divine poet ; the stars are his nearest kindred : Shelley frequently turned his wild, wandering eyes homewards ; he was fond of looking at the stars, and of speculating about the heavenly bodies, and of reading and hearing the speculations of astronomers. He had, however, a leaning, as became a poet, towards the systems, hypotheses, and figments of the first and ancient star-gazers ; moreover, his attention had been first called towards celestial matters by his beloved Pliny, the greater part of whose vast and inestimable work on Natural History he had translated at Eton ; he dearly loved to ponder over that author's inexplicable doctrines, and to endeavour to comprehend and expound them. . . .

I soon found, to my sorrow, that my project of making pedestrian excursions from Edinburgh was quite impracticable ; my friend could not possibly leave his young bride alone : to have gone by myself, which I would willingly have done, if I might, would have been unpopular, being accounted unkind : the

scheme therefore was entirely relinquished, although not without regret ; and I never could find another opportunity of executing the design, consequently I know nothing more of Scotland than the little which I could learn during my first and only visit to its majestic and picturesque capital.

THOMAS JEFFERSON HOGG.

SCOTT'S HOME LIFE IN EDINBURGH

ON the 12th of May, 1818, Scott left Abbotsford, for the summer session in Edinburgh. . . . He at this time occupied as his *den* a square small room, behind the dining parlour in Castle Street. It had but a single Venetian window, opening on a patch of turf not much larger than itself, and the aspect of the place was on the whole sombrous. The walls were entirely clothed with books ; most of them folios and quartos, and all in that complete state of repair which at a glance reveals a tinge of bibliomania. A dozen volumes or so, needful for immediate purposes of reference, were placed close by him on a small movable frame—something like a dumb-waiter. All the rest were in their proper niches, and wherever a volume had been lent, its room was occupied by a wooden block of the same size, having a card with the name of the borrower and date of the loan tacked on its front. The old bindings had obviously been retouched and regilt in the most approved manner ; the new, when the works were of any mark, were rich but never gaudy—a large proportion of blue morocco—all stamped with his *device* of the portcullis, and its motto, *Clausus tulus ero*—being an anagram of his name in Latin. Every case and shelf

was accurately lettered, and the works arranged systematically; history and biography on one side, poetry and the drama on another, law books and dictionaries behind his chair. The only table was a massive piece of furniture which he had had constructed on the model of one at Rokeby; with a desk and all its appurtenances on either side, that an amanuensis might work opposite to him when he chose; and with small tiers of drawers, reaching all round to the floor. The top displayed a goodly array of session papers, and on the desk below were, besides the MS. at which he was working, sundry parcels of letters, proof-sheets, and so forth, all neatly done up with red tape. His own writing apparatus was a very handsome old box, richly carved, lined with crimson velvet, and containing ink-bottles, taper-stand, etc., in silver, the whole in such order that it might have come from the silversmith's window half an hour before. Besides his own huge elbow-chair, there were but two others in the room, and one of these seemed, from its position, to be reserved exclusively for the amanuensis. I observed, during the first evening I spent with him in this *sanctum*, that while he talked, his hands were hardly ever idle—sometimes he folded letter-covers—sometimes he twisted paper into matches, performing both tasks with great mechanical expertness and nicety; and when there was no loose paper fit to be so dealt with, he snapped his fingers, and the noble Maida aroused himself from his lair on the hearth-rug, and laid his head across his master's knees, to be caressed and fondled. The room had no space for pictures except one, an original portrait of Claverhouse, which hung over the chimneypiece, with a

Highland target on either side, and broadswords and dirks (each having its own story) disposed star-fashion round them. A few green tin-boxes, such as solicitors keep title-deeds in, were piled over each other on one side of the window; and on the top of these lay a fox's tail, mounted on an antique silver handle, wherewith, as often as he had occasion to take down a book, he gently brushed the dust off the upper leaves before opening it. I think I have mentioned all the furniture of the room except a sort of ladder, low, broad, well-carpeted, and strongly guarded with oaken rails, by which he helped himself to books from his higher shelves. On the top step of this convenience, Hinse of Hinsfeldt—(so called from one of the German *Kinder-märchen*)—a venerable tom-cat, fat and sleek, and no longer very locomotive, usually lay watching the proceedings of his master and Maida with an air of dignified equanimity; but when Maida chose to leave the party, he signified his inclinations by thumping the door with his huge paw, as violently as ever a fashionable footman handled a knocker in Grosvenor Square; the Sheriff rose and opened it for him with courteous alacrity, and then Hinse came down purring from his perch, and mounted guard by the footstool, *vice* Maida absent upon furlough. Whatever discourse might be passing, was broken every now and then by some affectionate apostrophe to these four-footed friends. He said they understood everything he said to them, and I believe they did understand a great deal of it. . . .

Scott managed to give and receive great dinners, . . . at least as often as any other private gentleman in Edinburgh; but he very rarely accompanied his

wife and daughters to the evening assemblies, which commonly ensued under other roofs—for *early to rise*, unless in the case of spare-fed anchorites, takes for granted *early to bed*. When he had no dinner engagement, he frequently gave a few hours to the theatre ; but still more frequently, when the weather was fine, and still more, I believe, to his own satisfaction, he drove out with some of his family, or a single friend, in an open carriage ; the favourite rides being either to the Blackford Hills, or to Ravelston, and so home by Corstorphine ; or to the beach of Portobello, where Peter was always instructed to keep his horses as near as possible to the sea. More than once, even in the first summer of my acquaintance with him, I had the pleasure of accompanying him on these evening excursions ; and never did he seem to enjoy himself more fully than when placidly surveying, at such sunset or moonlight hours, either the massive outlines of his 'own romantic town,' or the tranquil expanse of its noble estuary. He delighted, too, in passing, when he could, through some of the quaint windings of the ancient town itself, now deserted, except at mid-day, by the upper world. How often have I seen him go a long way round about rather than miss the opportunity of halting for a few minutes on the vacant esplanade of Holyrood, or under the darkest shadows of the Castle rock, where it overhangs the Grassmarket, and the huge slab that still marks where the gibbet of Porteous and the Covenanters had its station. His coachman knew him too well to move at a Jehu's pace amidst such scenes as these. No funeral hearse crept more leisurely than did his landau up the Canongate or the Cow-

gate ; and not a queer tottering gable but recalled to him some long-buried memory of splendour or bloodshed, which, by a few words, he set before the hearer in the reality of life. . . .

Whatever might happen on the other evenings of the week, Scott always dined at home on Sunday, and usually some few friends were then with him, but never any person with whom he stood on ceremony. These were, it may be readily supposed, the most agreeable of his entertainments. He came into the room rubbing his hands, his face bright and gleesome, like a boy arriving at home for the holidays, his Peppers and Mustards gambolling about his heels, and even the stately Maida grinning and wagging his tail in sympathy. . . .

The sound of music—even, I suspect, of any sacred music but psalm-singing—would be considered indecorous in the streets of Edinburgh on a Sunday night ; so, upon the occasions I am speaking of, the harp was silent, and *Otterburne* and *The Bonnie House of Airlie* must needs be dispensed with. To make amends, after tea in the drawing-room, Scott usually read some favourite author for the amusement of his little circle ; or Erskine, Ballantyne, or Terry did so, at his request. He himself read aloud high poetry with far greater simplicity, depth, and effect, than any other man I ever heard ; and, in *Macbeth* or *Julius Cæsar*, or the like, I doubt if Kemble could have been more impressive. . . .

39, *Castle Street*, *June* 18, 1823.—‘Miss Edgeworth is at present the great lioness of Edinburgh, and a very nice lioness ; she is full of fun and spirit ; a little slight figure, very active in her motions, very good-humoured, and full of enthusiasm. . . .

February 14th, 1826.—‘ I have not seen a creature at dinner since the direful 17th of January, except my own family and Mr. Laidlaw. The love of solitude increases by indulgence ; I hope it will not diverge into misanthropy. It does not mend the matter that this is the first day that a ticket for sale is on my house, poor No. 39. One gets accustomed even to stone walls, and the place suited me very well. All our furniture, too, is to go—a hundred little articles that seemed to me connected with all the happier years of my life. It is a sorry business. But *sursum corda*.

February 16th, 1826.—‘ “ Misfortune’s growling bark ” comes louder and louder.

March 1st, 1826.—‘ Looked out a quantity of things, to go to Abbotsford ; for we are flitting, if you please. It is with a sense of pain that I leave behind a parcel of trumpery prints and little ornaments, once the pride of Lady S——’s heart, but which she sees consigned with indifference to the chance of an auction. Things that have had their day of importance with me I cannot forget, though the merest trifles. . . .

March 15th, 1826.—‘ This morning I leave No. 39, Castle Street, for the last time. “ The cabin was convenient,” and habit had made it agreeable to me. I never reckoned upon a change in this particular so long as I held an office in the Court of Session. In all my former changes of residence it was from good to better ; this is retrograding. I leave this house for sale, and I cease to be an Edinburgh citizen, in the sense of being a proprietor, which my father and I have been for sixty years at least. So farewell, poor 39, and may you never harbour worse people than those who now leave you.

Not to desert the Lares all at once, Lady S. and Anne remain till Sunday. As for me, I go, as afore-said, this morning.

“Ha til mi tulidh !”*

‘So farewell, poor No. 39. What a portion of my life has been spent there ! It has sheltered me from the prime of life to its decline ; and now I must bid good-bye to it. I have bid good-bye to my poor wife, so long its courteous and kind mistress, and I need not care about the empty rooms ; yet it gives me a turn. Never mind ; all in the day’s work.’

LOCKHART’S *Life of Scott*.

CRABBE

It was during the last of my father’s very active seasons in London, 1822, that he had the satisfaction of meeting with Sir Walter Scott ; and the baronet, who was evidently much affected on seeing Crabbe, would not part with him until he had promised to visit him in Scotland the ensuing autumn. But I much regret that the invitation was accepted for that particular occasion ; for, as it happened, the king fixed on the same time for his northern progress ; and, instead of finding Sir Walter in his own mansion in the country, when Crabbe reached Scotland, in August, the family had all repaired to Edinburgh, to be present amidst a scene of bustle and festivity little favourable to the sort of intercourse with a congenial mind, to which he had looked forward with such pleasing anticipations. He took up his residence, however, in Sir Walter’s house in North Castle Street, Edinburgh, and was treated by him and all his con-

* ‘I return no more.’

nections with the greatest kindness, respect, and attention ; and though the baronet's time was much occupied with the business of the royal visit, and he had to dine almost daily at his majesty's table, still my father had an opportunity not to be undervalued of seeing what was to him an aspect of society wholly new. The Highlanders, in particular, their language, their dress, and their manners were contemplated with exceeding interest. I am enabled by the kindness of one of my father's friends to offer some extracts from a short journal, which he kept for her amusement during his stay in the northern metropolis :—

‘ Whilst it is fresh in my memory I should describe the day which I have just passed, but I do not believe an accurate description to be possible. What avails it to say, for instance, that there met at the sumptuous dinner, in all the costume of the Highlanders, the great chief himself and officers of his company. This expresses not the singularity of appearance and manners—the peculiarities of men, all gentlemen, but remote from our society—leaders of clans—joyous company. Then we had Sir Walter Scott's national songs and ballads, exhibiting all the feelings of clanship. I thought it an honour that Glengarry even took notice of me, for there were those, and gentlemen, too, who considered themselves honoured by following in his train. There were also, Lord Errol, and the Macleod, and the Frazer, and the Gordon, and the Ferguson ; and I conversed at dinner with Lady Glengarry, and did almost believe myself a harper, or bard, rather—for harp I cannot strike—and Sir Walter was the life and soul of the whole. It was a splendid festivity, and I felt I know not how much younger.

‘ I went to the palace of Holyrood House, and was much interested ; the rooms, indeed, did not affect me,—the old tapestry was such as I had seen before, and I did not much care about the leather chairs, with three legs each, nor the furniture, except in one room—that where Queen Mary slept. The bed has a canopy very rich, but time-stained. We went into the little room where the Queen and Rizzio sat, when his murderers broke in and cut him down as he struggled to escape : they show certain stains on the floor ; I see no reason why you should not believe them made by his blood, if you can.

‘ Edinburgh is really a very interesting place,—to me very singular. How can I describe the view from the hill that overlooks the palace ; the fine group of buildings which form the castle ; the bridges, uniting the two towns ; and the beautiful view of the Firth and its islands ?

‘ But Sunday came, and the streets were forsaken ; and silence reigned over the whole city. London has a diminished population on that day in her streets ; but in Edinburgh it is a total stagnation—a quiet that is in itself devout.

‘ A long walk through divers streets, lanes, and alleys, up to the Old Town, makes me better acquainted with it ; a lane of cobblers struck me particularly ; and I could not but remark the civility and urbanity of the Scotch poor ; they certainly exceed ours in politeness, arising, probably, from minds more generally cultivated.

‘ This day I dined with Mr. Mackenzie, the Man of Feeling, as he is commonly called. He has not the manner you would expect from his works ; but a rare sportsman, still enjoying the relation of a good day,

though only the ghost of the pleasure remains. What a discriminating and keen man is my friend ; and I am disposed to think highly of his son-in-law, Mr. Lockhart—of his heart—his understanding will not be disputed by anyone.'

At the table of Mr. Lockhart, with whom Crabbe commonly dined when Sir Walter was engaged to the King, he one day sat down with three of the supposed writers or symposiasts of the inimitable *Noctes Ambrosianæ* ; namely, his host himself, the far-famed Professor Wilson, whom he termed 'that extraordinary man,' and the honest Shepherd of Ettrick, who amused him much by calling for a can of ale, while champagne and claret, and other choice wines were in full circulation. . . .

Before he retired at night, he had generally the pleasure of half an hour's confidential conversation with Sir Walter, when he spoke occasionally of the Waverley Novels—though not as compositions of his own, for that was yet a secret—but without reserve upon all other subjects in which they had a common interest. These *were* evenings !

'It is true,' writes Lockhart, 'that in consequence of Sir Walter's being constantly consulted about the details of every procession and festival of that busy fortnight, the pleasing task of showing Crabbe the usual *lions* of Edinburgh fell principally to my share. . . . The literary persons in company with whom I saw him most frequently were Sir Walter and Henry Mackenzie ; and between two such thorough men of the world as they were, perhaps his *apparent* simplicity of look and manners struck one more than it might have done under different circumstances : but all three harmonized admirably together.

Crabbe's avowed ignorance about Gaels, and clans, and tartans, and everything that was at the moment uppermost in Sir Walter's thoughts, furnishing him with a welcome apology for dilating on such topics with enthusiastic minuteness, while Crabbe's countenance spoke the quiet delight he felt in opening his imagination to what was really a new world, and the venerable "Man of Feeling," though a fiery Highlander himself at bottom, had the satisfaction of lying by and listening until some opportunity offered itself of hooking it, between the links, perhaps, of some grand chain of poetical imagery, some small comic or sarcastic trait, which Sir Walter caught up, played with, and, with that art so peculiarly his own, forced into the service of the very impression it seemed meant to disturb. . . . Crabbe seemed to admire, like other people, the grand natural scenery about Edinburgh; but when I walked with him to the Salisbury Crags, where the superb view had then a lively foreground of tents and batteries, he appeared to be more interested with the stratification of the rocks about us than with any other feature in the landscape. As to the city itself, he said he soon got weary of the New Town, but could amuse himself for ever in the Old one. He was more than once detected rambling after nightfall by himself, among some of the obscurest wynds and closes; and Sir Walter, fearing that, at a time of such confusion, he might get into some scene of trouble, took the precaution of desiring a friendly *caddie*, from the corner of Castle Street, to follow him the next time he went out alone in the evening.'

Life of Crabbe, by HIS SON.

THOMAS CAMPBELL

WHEN the author of *The Pleasures of Hope* went to Edinburgh, his friend Hamilton Paul said to him, 'Thomas, I see from the way poetry is coming upon you, that whatever other profession you try, it will be the one through which you will be most distinguished in the world.' It is probable, indeed most certain, that the rough copy of *The Pleasures of Hope* yet existing in manuscript, was all that the poet brought to Edinburgh. . . . That he must have well employed his residence in Edinburgh is hardly doubtful. Few anecdotes of him made public relate to that time. It appears, that while there he was much given to solitude. He was often seen wandering alone over bridge or in the vicinity of the city, perhaps mentally working up the verses of his poem, and nurturing flattering visions of the future. At times he went saunteringly along, unobservant of all around him. . . . As a literary critic, Dr. Anderson was distinguished by a warm and honest sensibility to the beauties of poetry, and by extreme candour. His character was marked by the most urbane manners, the most honourable probity in his dealings, and by unshaken constancy in friendship. He was an encouraging friend to young writers, and to him the author of *The Pleasures of Hope*, who was long and mutually attached to him, dedicated his first production. This is, at least, declaratory of the poet's recollection of past obligations, of which he was never unmindful to show his acknowledgment, when they occurred to him, for it is necessary to premise this. . . . No man existing had a better heart, or was more ready to perform a friendly action. He spoke

in the kindest manner of Dugald Stewart, too, who was one of his first Edinburgh acquaintance. . . . Dr. Anderson introduced young Campbell to the best Edinburgh society, among which were Jeffrey, Brougham, and one of his earliest and best friends, Mr. Thompson of Clithero. There, too, Campbell found an old friend in Grahame, author of *The Sabbath*, whom he had known in Glasgow. At this time he seems to have made the acquaintance of Scott. Lockhart states as much, and that Scott was amongst the foremost to welcome him to Edinburgh. . . . Returning, after an absence, the poet became for a time the lion of Edinburgh.

‘The last time I saw you,’ said a lady of advanced age, to the poet, ‘was in Edinburgh, when you were swaggering about in a Suwarrow jacket.’

‘Yes,’ replied Campbell, ‘I was then a contemptible puppy.’

‘But that was thirty years ago and more,’ she remarked.

‘Whist, whist!’ said Campbell, ‘it is unfair to reveal both our puppyism and our years. . . .’

I remember he dwelt [in later years] even with pathos, upon recollections of his early life, as I never heard him do before, for he was exceedingly reserved about all that related to his personal feelings, as if he would fain have it thought he was indifferent to that which most affected mankind in general. He spoke of calling upon some friends in Edinburgh, and of Professor Wilson, who was not at home when he came through. He spoke of Sir Walter Scott, and of hearing that he was not in as good health as everybody wished; of the continued changes he observed in the Scottish capital, to which he expressed a great

attachment, and wound up all by remarking that he thought the locality of a vast city like London had this recommendation in its favour, that it made personal changes less visible, and buried in its perpetual round of bustle and anxiety the acuteness of those feelings which in the country, from their causes being continually present, were sure to be prolonged to no good end. What did it matter, we ran the same inevitable round towards age, less perceptibly in London than in the country ; here

‘Tempora labunter, tacitis que senescimus annis,’

it was some consideration not to have the continued observation of it before our eyes.

CYRUS REDDING.

SAMUEL ROGERS : HIS EDINBURGH MEMORIES

WHEN a young man, I went to Edinburgh, carrying letters of introduction . . . to Adam Smith, Robertson, and others. When I first saw Smith, he was at breakfast, eating strawberries ; and he descanted on the superior flavour of those grown in Scotland. I found him very kind and communicate. He was (what Robertson was not) a man who had seen a great deal of the world. Once, in the course of conversation, I happened to remark of some writer, that ‘he was rather superficial,—a *Voltaire*.’—‘Sir,’ cried Smith, striking the table with his hand, ‘there has been but *one* Voltaire !’

Robertson, too, was very kind to me. He, one morning, spread out the map of Scotland on the floor, and got upon his knees, to describe the route I ought to follow in making a tour on horseback through the Highlands.

At Edinburgh I became acquainted with Henry Mackenzie, who asked me to correspond with him; which I (then young, romantic, and an admirer of his *Julia de Roubigné*) willingly agreed to. . . .

The most memorable day, perhaps, which I ever passed was at Edinburgh,—a Sunday; when, after breakfasting with Robertson, I heard him preach in the forenoon, and Blair in the afternoon, then took coffee with the Piozzis, and supped with Adam Smith. Robertson's sermon was excellent both for matter and manner of delivery. Blair's was good but less impressive; and his broad Scotch accent offended my ears greatly.

My acquaintance with Mr. and Mrs. Piozzi began at Edinburgh, being brought about by the landlord of the hotel where they and I were staying. He thought that I should be gratified by hearing 'Mr. Piozzi's pianoforte': and they called upon me, on hearing from the landlord who I was, and that Adam Smith, Robertson, and Mackenzie had left cards for me.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

ROBERT FERGUSON

'Of Fergusson, the bauld and slee.'—BURNS.

I COULD once reckon among my dearest and most familiar friends, Robert Burns and Robert Fergusson. . . . Youth is the season of warm friendships and romantic wishes and hopes. We say of the child, in its first attempts to totter along the wall, or when it has first learned to rise beside its mother's knee, that it is yet too weak to stand alone; and we may employ the same language in describing a young and ardent mind. It is, like the child, too weak to

stand alone, and anxiously seeks out some kindred mind on which to lean. I had had my intimates at school, who, though of no superior cast, had served me, if I may so speak, as resting-places, when wearied with my studies, or when I had exhausted my lighter reading; and now, at St. Andrews, where I knew no one, I began to experience the unhappiness of an unsatisfied sociality. . . . Among the students of the upper classes, however, there was at least one individual with whom I longed to be acquainted. He was apparently much about my own age, rather below than above the middle size, and rather delicately than robustly formed; but I have rarely seen a more elegant figure or more interesting face. His features were small, and there was what might perhaps be deemed a too feminine delicacy in the whole contour; but there was a broad and very high expansion of forehead, which, even in those days, when we were acquainted with only the phrenology taught by Plato, might be regarded as the index of a capacious and powerful mind; and the brilliant light of his large black eyes seemed to give earnest of its activity.

‘Who, in the name of wonder, is that?’ I inquired of a class-fellow, as this interesting-looking young man passed me for the first time.

‘A clever, but very unsettled fellow from Edinburgh,’ replied the lad; ‘a capital linguist, for he gained our first bursary three years ago; but our Professor says he is certain he will never do any good. He cares nothing for the company of scholars like himself; and employs himself—though he excels, I believe, in English composition—in writing vulgar Scotch rhymes, like Allan Ramsay. His name is Robert Fergusson.’

I felt, from this moment, a strong desire to rank

among the friends of one who cared nothing for the company of such men as my class-fellow, and who, though acquainted with the literature of England and Rome, could dwell with interest on the simple poetry of his native country.

There is no place in the neighbourhood of St. Andrews where a leisure hour may be spent more agreeably than among the ruins of the Cathedral. I was not slow in discovering the eligibilities of the spot ; and it soon became one of my favourite haunts. One evening, a few weeks after I had entered on my course at college, I had seated myself among the ruins in a little ivied nook fronting the setting sun, and was deeply engaged with the melancholy Jaques in the forest of Ardennes, when, on hearing a light footstep, I looked up, and saw the Edinburgh student whose appearance had so interested me, not four yards away. He was busied with his pencil and his tablets, and muttering, as he went, in a half audible voice, what, from the inflection of the tones, seemed to be verse. On seeing me, he started, and apologizing, in a few hurried but courteous words, for what he termed the involuntary intrusion, would have passed ; but, on my rising and stepping up to him, he stood. . . . We quitted the ruins together, and went sauntering along the shore. There was a rich sunset glow on the water, and the hills that rise on the opposite side of the Firth stretched their undulating line of azure under a gorgeous canopy of crimson and gold. My companion pointed to the scene : ' These glorious clouds,' he said, ' are but wreaths of vapour ; and these lovely hills, accumulations of earth and stone. And it is thus with the past—with the past of our own little histories, that

borrows so much of its golden beauty from the medium through which we survey it—with the past, too, of all history. There is poetry in the remote ; the bleak hill seems a darker firmament, and the chill wreath of vapour a river of fire. . . .’ We walked out together [again] in the direction of the ruins : the evening was calm and mild as when I had walked out on the preceding one ; but the hour was earlier, and the sun hung higher over the hill. A newly formed grave occupied the level spot in front of the little ivied corner.

‘Let us seat ourselves here,’ said my companion, ‘and I will tell you a story—I am afraid a rather tame one ; for there is nothing of adventure in it, and nothing of incident ; but it may at least show you that I am not unfitted to be your friend. It is now nearly two years since I lost my father. He was no common man—common neither in intellect nor in sentiment ; but though he once fondly hoped it should be otherwise—for in early youth he indulged in all the dreams of the poet—he now fills a grave as nameless as the one before us. He was a native of Aberdeenshire ; but held, latterly, an inferior situation in the office of the British Linen Company in Edinburgh, where I was born. Ever since I remember him, he had awakened too fully to the realities of life, and they pressed too hard on his spirits to leave him space for the indulgence of his earlier fancies ; but he could dream for his children, though not for himself ; or, as I should perhaps rather say, his children fell heir to all his more juvenile hopes of fortune, and influence, and space in the world’s eye ; and, for himself, he indulged in hopes of a later growth and firmer texture, which pointed from the present scene of things to the future. I have an only

brother, my senior by several years, a lad of much energy, both physical and mental; in brief, one of those mixtures of reflection and activity which seem best formed for rising in the world. My father deemed him most fitted for commerce, and had influence enough to get him introduced into the counting-house of a respectable Edinburgh merchant. I was always of a graver turn—in part, perhaps, the effect of less robust health—and me he intended for the Church. I have been a dreamer, Mr. Lindsay, from my earliest years—prone to melancholy, and fond of books and of solitude; and the peculiarities of this temperament the sanguine old man, though no mean judge of character, had mistaken for a serious and reflective disposition. You are acquainted with literature, and know something, from books at least, of the lives of literary men. Judge, then, of his prospect of usefulness in any profession, who has lived, ever since he knew himself, among the poets. My hopes, from my earliest years, have been hopes of celebrity as a writer; not of wealth, or of influence, or of accomplishing any of the thousand aims which furnish the great bulk of mankind with motives. You will laugh at me. There is something so emphatically shadowy and unreal in the object of this ambition, that even the full attainment of it provokes a smile. . . .’

I visited Edinburgh in the latter part of the autumn of 1773. . . . It was a fine calm morning, one of those clear sunshiny mornings of October, when the gossamer goes sailing about in long cottony threads, so light and fleecy that they seem the skeleton remains of extinct cloudlets; and when the distant hills, with their covering of grey frost rime, seem, through the clear cold atmosphere, as if chiselled in

marble. The sun was rising over the town through a deep blood-coloured haze—the smoke of a thousand fires ; and the huge fantastic piles of masonry that stretched along the ridge looked dim and spectral through the cloud like the ghosts of an army of giants. I felt half a foot taller as I strode on towards the town. It was Edinburgh I was approaching—the scene of so many proud associations to a lover of Scotland ; and I was going to meet as an early friend one of the first of Scottish poets. I entered the town. There was a bookstall in a corner of the street ; and I turned aside for half a minute to glance my eye over the books.

‘ Fergusson’s Poems ! ’ I exclaimed, taking up a little volume.

I again set foot in Edinburgh. Alas ! for my unfortunate friend ! He was now an inmate of the asylum, and on the verge of dissolution. . . . The asylum in which my unfortunate friend was confined, at this time the only one in Edinburgh, was situated in an angle of the city wall. It was a dismal-looking mansion, shut in on every side, by the neighbouring houses, from the view of the surrounding country ; and so effectually covered up from the nearer street, by a large building in front, that it seemed possible enough to pass a lifetime in Edinburgh without coming to the knowledge of its existence. I shuddered as I looked up to its blackened walls, thinly sprinkled with miserable-looking windows, barred with iron, and thought of it as a sort of burial-place of dead minds. But it was a Golgotha, which, with more than the horrors of the grave, had neither its rest nor its silence. I was startled, as I entered the

cell of the hapless poet. . . . The mother and sister of Fergusson were sitting beside his pallet, on a sort of stone settle which stood out from the wall ; and the poet himself, weak and exhausted, and worn to a shadow, but apparently in his right mind, lay extended on the straw. He made an attempt to rise as I entered ; but the effort was above his strength, and, lying down, he extended his hand.

‘ This is kind, Mr. Lindsay,’ he said ; ‘ it is ill for me to be alone in these days ; and yet I have few visitors, save my poor old mother and Margaret. But who cares for the unhappy ? . . . ’ We parted, and, as it proved, for ever. Robert Fergusson expired during the night ; and when the keeper entered the cell the next morning, to prepare him for quitting the asylum, all that remained of this most hapless of the children of genius was a pallid and wasted corpse, that lay stiffening on the straw. I am now a very old man, and the feelings wear out ; but I find that my heart is even yet susceptible of emotion, and that the source of tears is not yet dried up.

HUGH MILLER.

WILLIAM AND DOROTHY WORDSWORTH IN EDINBURGH

Thursday, September 15th [1803].—Arrived at Edinburgh a little before sunset. As we approached, the Castle rock resembled that of Stirling—in the same manner appearing to rise from a plain of cultivated ground, the Firth of Forth being on the other side, and not visible. Drove to the White Hart in the Grassmarket, an inn which had been mentioned to us, and which we conjectured would better suit

us than one in a more fashionable part of the town. It was not noisy, and tolerably cheap. Drank tea, and walked up to the Castle, which luckily was very near. Much of the daylight was gone, so that except it had been a clear evening, which it was not, we could not have seen the distant prospect.

Friday, September 16th.—The sky the evening before, as you may remember the ostler told us, had been 'gay and dull,' and this morning it was downright dismal: very dark, and promising nothing but a wet day, and before breakfast was over the rain began, though not heavily. We set out upon our walk, and went through many streets to Holyrood House, and thence to the hill called Arthur's Seat, a high hill, very rocky at the top, and below covered with smooth turf, on which sheep were feeding. We climbed up till we came to St. Anthony's Well and Chapel, as it is called, but it is more like a hermitage than a chapel,—a small ruin, which from its situation is exceedingly interesting, though in itself not remarkable. We sat down on a stone not far from the chapel, overlooking a pastoral hollow as wild and solitary as any in the heart of the Highland mountains: there, instead of the roaring torrents, we listened to the noises of the city, which were blended in one loud indistinct buzz,—a regular sound in the air, which in certain moods of feeling, and at certain times, might have a more tranquillizing effect upon the mind than those which we are accustomed to hear in such places. The Castle rock looked exceedingly large through the misty air: a cloud of black smoke overhung the city, which combined with the rain and mist to conceal the shapes of the houses,—an obscurity which added much to the grandeur of the

sound that proceeded from it. It was impossible to think of anything that was little or mean, the goings-on of trade, the strife of men, or everyday city business :—the impression was one, and it was visionary ; like the conceptions of our childhood of Bagdad or Balsora when we have been reading the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*. Though the rain was very heavy, we remained upon the hill for some time, then returned by the same road by which we had come, through green flat fields, formerly the pleasure-grounds of Holyrood House, on the edge of which stands the old roofless chapel, of venerable architecture. It is a pity that it should be suffered to fall down, for the walls appear to be yet entire. . . . When we found ourselves once again in the streets of the city, we lamented over the heavy rain, and indeed, before leaving the hill, much as we were indebted to the accident of the rain for the peculiar grandeur and affecting wildness of those objects we saw, we could not but regret that the Firth of Forth was entirely hidden from us, and all distant objects, and we strained our eyes till they ached, vainly trying to pierce through the thick mist. We walked industriously through the streets, street after street, and, in spite of wet and dirt, were exceedingly delighted. The old town, with its irregular houses, stage above stage, seen as we saw it, in the obscurity of a rainy day, hardly resembles the work of men, it is more like a piling up of rocks, and I cannot attempt to describe what we saw so imperfectly, but must say that, high as my expectations had been raised, the city of Edinburgh far surpassed all expectation. Gladly would we have stayed another day.

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH.

TO MY OLD FAMILIARS

Do you remember—can we e'er forget ? —
How, in the coiled perplexities of youth,
In our wild climate, in our scowling town,
We gloomed and shivered, sorrowed, sobbed and
feared ?

The belching winter wind, the missile rain,
The rare and welcome silence of the snows,
The laggard morn, the haggard day, the night,
The grimy spell of the nocturnal town,
Do you remember ? Ah, could one forget !

.

I have since then contended and rejoiced ;
Amid the glories of the house of life
Profoundly entered, and the shrine beheld :
Yet when the lamp from my expiring eyes
Shall dwindle and recede, the voice of love
Fall insignificant on my closing ears,
What sound shall come but the old cry of the wind
In our inclement city ? what return
But the image of the emptiness of youth,
Filled with the sound of footsteps and that voice
Of discontent and rapture and despair ?
So, as in darkness, from the magic lamp,
The momentary pictures gleam and fade
And perish, and the night resurges—these
Shall I remember, and then all forget.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THE SEASONS IN EDINBURGH

Traced like a map, the landscape lies
In cultured beauty, stretching wide :
There Pentland's green acclivities,—
There ocean, with its azure tide,—
There Arthur's Seat, and gleaming through
Thy southern wing, Dun-Edin blue !
While in the orient, Lammer's daughters,—
A distant giant range,—are seen ;
North Berwick Law, with cone of green.
And Bass amid the waters.

DELTA.



SPRINGTIME VISION

THIS morning, when the stormy front of March
Is mask'd with June, and has as sweet a breath,
And sparrows fly with straws, and in the elms
Rooks flap and caw, then stream off to the fields,
And thence returning, flap and caw again,
I gaze in idle pleasantness of mood,
Far down upon the harbour and the sea—
The smoking steamer half-way 'cross the Firth
Shrunk to a beetle's size, the dark-brown sails
Of scattered fishing-boats, and still beyond,
Seen dimly through a veil of tender haze,
The coast of Fife endorsed with ancient towns,—
As quaint and strange to-day as when the queen,
In whose smile lay the headsman's glittering axe,
Beheld them from her tower of Holyrood,
And sigh'd for fruitful France, and turning, cower'd
From the lank shadow, Darnley, at her side.

Behind, the wondrous city stretches dim
With castle, spire, and column, from the line
Of wavy Pentland, to the pillar'd range
That keeps in memory the men who fell
In the great war that closed at Waterloo.
Whitely the pillars gleam against the hill,
While the light flashes by. The wondrous town,
That keeps not summer, when the summer comes,
Without her gates, but takes it to her heart !
The mighty shadow of the castle falls
At noon athwart deep gardens, roses blow
And fade in hearing of the chariot-wheel.

High-lifted capital that look'st abroad,
 With the great lion couchant at thy side,
 O'er fertile plains emboss'd with woods and towns ;
 O'er silent Leith's smoke-huddled spires and masts ;
 O'er unlink'd Forth, slow wandering with her isles
 To ocean's azure, spreading faint and wide,
 O'er which the morning comes—if but thy spires
 Were dipp'd in deeper sunshine, tenderer shade,
 Through bluer heavens rolled a brighter sun,
 The traveller would call thee peer of Rome,
 Or Florence, white-tower'd, on the mountain side.

Burns trod thy pavements with his ploughman's
 stoop

And genius-flaming eyes. Scott dwelt in thee,
 The homeliest-featured of the demigods ;
 Apollo, with a deep Northumbrian burr,
 And Jeffrey with his sharp-cut critic face,
 And Lockhart with his antique Roman taste,
 And Wilson, reckless of his splendid gifts,
 As hill-side of its streams in thunder rain ;
 And Chalmers, with those heavy slumberous lids,
 Veiling a prophet's eyes ; and Miller, too.
 Primeval granite amongst smooth-rubb'd men ; . . .
 Aytoun—with silver bugle at his side,
 That echo'd through the gorges of romance.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

APRIL IN SCOTLAND

BENEATH the green fir branches where doves sit wing
 to wing
 A maid comes up the pathway across the woods of
 Spring ;

Her face is lit with sunshine, her eyes are soft with
showers,

Her heart is filled with music, and both her hands
with flowers.

Her tresses touch the beeches, her feet dance in the
dew,

And fair about her shoulders the white clouds fleck
the blue ;

Primroses are her fortune and daffodils her care ;

Her hand is slipped in Summer's ere half the world's
aware.

The last snow fades before her, and looking in her
eyes,

Spelled by their witching magic the last rude storm-
wind dies,

And on the cradle branches down all the woodlands
deep,

Like a child tired of playing drops suddenly to sleep.

She stands within our garden at breaking of the day,

One hand holds dying snowdrops and one holds
budding may ;

She stands within our garden at falling of the night,

One foot on silver dewdrops and one on hoar-frost
white.

A month before her coming the thrush to song has
thrilled,

A month behind her passing the nesting swallows
build ;

And this is happy April, fair maid of sun and showers,

With her heart filled with music and both her hands
with flowers !

WILL H. OGILVIE.

JUNE IN EDINBURGH

WHITE lamps the chestnut-tree adorn,
The lilacs and the golden-rain,
The snowy and the rosy thorn
Are rife with blossom once again.

Though on this pleasance June bestows
His gifts with such a lavish hand,
Not like a beggar hence he goes ;
His largess reaches all the land.

But from the Bridge I lean and look,
Going and coming, late and soon,
And thank God for this flowery nook,
The Paradise of peerless June.

HENRY JOHNSTON.

SUMMER IN EDINBURGH

SUMMER has leaped suddenly on Edinburgh like a tiger. The air is still and hot above the houses ; but every now and then a breath of east wind startles you through the warm sunshine—like a sudden sarcasm felt through a strain of flattery, and passes on detested of every organism. But, with this exception, the atmosphere is so close, so laden with a body of heat, that a thunderstorm would be almost welcomed as a relief. Edinburgh, on her crags, held high towards the sun—too distant the sea to send cool breezes to street and square—is at this moment an uncomfortable dwelling-place. Beautiful as ever, of course—for nothing can be finer than the ridge of the Old Town etched on hot summer azure—but close, breathless, suffocating. Great volumes of

white smoke surge out of the railway station ; great choking puffs of dust issue from the houses and shops that are being gutted in Princes Street. The Castle rock is gray ; the trees are of a dingy olive ; languid 'swells,' arm-in-arm, promenade uneasily the heated pavement ; water-carts everywhere dispense their treasures ; and the only human being really to be envied in the city is the small boy who, with trousers tucked up, and unheeding of maternal vengeance, marches coolly in the fringe of the ambulating shower-bath. Oh for one hour of heavy rain ! Thereafter would the heavens wear a clear and tender, instead of a dim and sultry hue. Then would the Castle rock brighten in colour, and the trees and grassy slopes doff their dingy olives for the emeralds of April. Then would the streets be cooled, and the dust be allayed. Then would the belts of city verdure, refreshed, pour forth gratitude in balmy smells ; and Fife—low-lying across the Forth—break from its hot neutral tint into the greens, purples, and yellows that of right belong to it. But rain won't come ; and for weeks, perhaps, there will be nothing but hot sun above, and hot street beneath ; and for the respiration of poor human lungs an atmosphere of heated dust, tempered with east wind.

Moreover, one is tired and jaded. The whole man, body and soul, like sweet bells jangled, out of tune, and harsh, is fagged with work, eaten up of impatience, and haunted with visions of vacation. One 'babbles o' green fields,' like a very Falstaff ; and the poor tired ears hum with sea-music like a couple of sea-shells. At last it comes, the 1st of August, and then—like an arrow from a Tartar's bow, like a bird from its cage, like a lover to his mistress—one is off ;

and before the wild scarlets of sunset die on the northern sea, one is in the silence of the hills, those eternal sun-dials that tell the hours to the shepherd, and in one's nostrils is the smell of peat-reek, and in one's throat the flavour of usquebaugh. Then come long floating summer days, so silent the wilderness, that one can hear one's heart beat ; then come long silent nights, the waves heard upon the shore, although *that* is a mile away, in which one snatches the ' fearful joy ' of a ghost story, told by shepherd or fisher, who believes in it as in his own existence. Then one beholds sunset, not through the smoked glass of towns, but gloriously through the clearness of enkindled air. Then one makes acquaintance with sunrise, which to the dweller in a city, who conforms to the usual proprieties, is about the rarest of this world's sights.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

THANKS FOR A SUMMER'S DAY

O PERFECT light which shade away
The darkness fra the light,
An' set a ruler o'er the day,
Another o'er the night.

Thy glory, when the day forth flics,
More vively does appear,
Nor at mid-day unto our eyes
The shinin' sun is clear.

The shadow of the earth anon
Removes and drawis by,
Syne in the east, when it is gone,
Appears a clearer sky.

For joy the birds with boulden throats,
Against his visage sheen,
Tak' up their kindly music notes
In woods and gardens green.

The misty reek, the clouds of rain
From tops of mountain skails,
Clear are the highest hills and plain,
The vapours tak' the vales.

The rayons dure descending down,
All kindle in a gleid ;
In city, nor in burrough town,
May none set forth their heid.

Back fra the blue paved whun,
An' fra ilk plaster wall,
The hot reflexing of the sun
Inflames the air an' all.

The caller wine in cave is sought,
Men's brothing breasts to cool ;
The water cold an' clear is brought,
An' sallets steep in ule.

Now noon is gone—gone is mid-day,
The heat does slake at last,
The sun descends down westaway,
For three o'clock is past.

Great is the calm, for everywhere
The wind is setting down,
The reek throws up right in the air,
From every tower an' town.

THE CHARM OF EDINBURGH

The gloamin' comes, the day is spent,
 The sun goes out o' sight,
 An' painted is the occident
 Wi' purple sanguine bright.

Through a' the land great is the gild
 Of rustic folk that cry ;
 Of bleating sheep, fra they be filled,
 Of calves an' rowting kye.

All labourers drawn home at even,
 And can to others say,
 Thanks to the gracious God of heaven,
 Who sent this summer day.

ALEXANDER HUME.

THE KING'S BIRTHDAY IN EDINBURGH

I SING the day sae aften sang,
 Wi' which our lugs hae yearly rang,
 In whase loud praise the Muse has dang
 A' kind o' print ;
 But wow ! the limmer's fairly flang ;
 There's naething in't.

I'm fain to think the joy's the same
 In London town as here at hame,
 Whare fouk o' ilka age and name,
 Baith blind an' cripple,
 Forgather aft, O fy for shame !
 To drink an' tippie.

O Muse, be kind, an' dinna fash us
 To flee awa' beyont Parnassus,

Nor seek for Helicon to wash us,
That heath'nish spring ;
Wi' Highland whisky scour our hawses,
An' gar us sing.

Begin then, dame, ye've drunk your fill,
You wouldna hae the thither gill ?
You'll trust me, mair would do you ill,
An' ding you doitet :
Troth 'twould be sair against my will,
To hae the wyte o't.

Sing then, how, on the fourth of June,
Our bells screed off a loyal tune,
Our ancient Castle shoots at noon,
Wi' flag-staff buskit,
Frae which the soger blades come down
To cock their musket.

Oh willawins ! Mons Meg, for you,
'Twas firing crak't thy muckle mou ;
What black mishanter gart ye spew
Baith gut an' ga' !
I fear they bang'd thy belly fu'
Against the law.

Right seenil am I gi'en to bannin,
But, by my saul, ye was a cannon,
Cou'd hit a man had he been stannin
In shire o' Fife,
Sax lang Scots miles ayont Clackmannan,
An' tak his life.

The hills in terror wou'd cry out,
An echo to thy dinsome rout ;

The herds wou'd gather in their nowt,
 That glowr'd wi' wonder,
 Haslins asleyed to bide thereout
 To hear thy thunder.

Sing likewise, Muse, how Blue-gown bodies,
 Like scar-craws new ta'en down frae woodies,
 Come here to cast their clouted duddies,

An' get their pay :
 Than them what magistrate mair proud is
 On king's birth-day ?

On this great day the city-guard,
 In military art weel lear'd,
 Wi' powder'd pow and shaven beard,
 Gang thro' their functions,
 By hostile rabble seldom spar'd
 O' clatty unctions.

O soldiers ! for your ain dear sakes,
 For Scotland's alias, *Land o' Cakes*,
 Gie not her bairns sic deadly pakes,
 Nor be sae rude,
 Wi' firelock or Lochaber aix,
 As spill their blude. . . .

ROBERT FERGUSON.

A NORTHERN SONG

THERE is music in the autumn aisles of sleep,
 And the plaintive woodland voices call me forth,
 Where the tide of leaves is flowing light and deep
 In the golden windy sunshine of the North.
 There are sudden floods of leaves whose tinkling
 speech
 Breaks in pools of gathered sunlight from the oak ;

There are scarlet waves of colour from the beech,
And they hide the happy earth as with a cloak.

There are belts of brooding mist that turn to gold
On the brackens, dusky-red, beneath the hill ;
There are fretted ferns all crumpled on the wold
With the light of summer evenings in them still.

Ah, the reminiscent reaches of the wood,
With the rose-flame of the sunset in the sky ;
Not a leaf but tells how beautiful it stood—
Not a leaf but murmurs softly, ' All things die !'

And the forest-shrine is bright with burnished gold,
Tiny sandals are the leaves from spirit-feet :
Let us worship in the temple as of old,
For the place is holy ground whereon we meet.

FRED. G. BOWLES.

SUMMER NIGHTFALL IN EDINBURGH

THE dark has come and this Edinburgh [has] . . . closed its own magnificent day. You are standing on the rocky summit of Arthur's Seat. From that superb mountain peak your gaze takes in the whole capital, together with the country in every direction for many miles around. The evening is uncommonly clear. Only in the west dense masses of black cloud are thickly piled upon each other, through which the sun is sinking, red and sullen with menace of the storm. Elsewhere and overhead the sky is crystal, and of a pale, delicate blue. A cold wind blows briskly from the east and sweeps a million streamers of white smoke in turbulent panic over the darkening roofs of the city, far below. In the north the lovely

Lomond Hills are distinctly visible across the dusky level of the Forth, which stretches away toward the ocean, one broad sheet of glimmering steel—its margin indented with many a graceful bay, and the little islands that adorn it shining like stones of amethyst set in polished flint. A few brown sails are visible, dotting the waters, and far to the east appears the graceful outline of the Isle of May,—which was the shrine of the martyred St. Adrian,—and the lonely, wave-beaten Bass Rock, with its millions of seagulls and solan geese. Busy Leith and picturesque Newhaven and every little village on the coast is sharply defined in the frosty light.

WILLIAM WINTER.

WINTER IN EDINBURGH

Snow on the Ochils and sun on the snow—
Ah, my brave Winter, if you can bestow
Out of your penury treasures like these,
Never grudge Summer her blossoms and bees !

Gardens in glory and balm in the breeze—
Ah, pretty Summer, e'en boast as you please,
Sweet are your gifts, but to Winter we owe
Snow on the Ochils and sun on the snow.

HENRY JOHNSTON.



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